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BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

REV. GEORGE W. WALKER,

BY

REV. MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS,
AUTHOR OF "FOOT-PRINTS OF AN ITINERANT," "SACRED HOUR," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D. D.

"WHERE SHOULD I DIE BUT AT MY POST?"

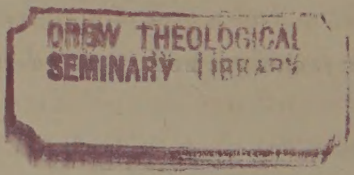
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PREFACE.

In pulling down a dilapidated house, in Gloucestershire, England, there was discovered, between the walls, a secret chamber. It was evident that several generations had passed away since any one had entered that room. It was a rude and cheerless apartment. There was a poor mattress, a stool, and a table; on the table lay an open Bible, a lamp, and a pair of spectacles. No doubt that the room had been prepared for some one of the brave sufferers for the rights of conscience; but who last slept on that bed, sat on that stool before the table—for whom the little lamp had last been trimmed—who had last opened that precious old Bible—no tradition or memory preserved the faintest record; whether it were a man or woman—whether spared by the soldiery or saved to a life of tranquillity, no one could know. There was no kind of "life writing"—all was vague

dream-land and conjecture. "He died and made no sign." The shadow of an unwritten life fell over that table and across that room. The being, whoever he was, that had last read or slept there, left in some sort a vague trace behind—a trace difficult to decipher. Yet such as it was in its vagueness, such also would be our ignorance of each other, of our *ancestors*, but for the pen of the *biographer*. We should every-where be haunted with the traces of human footsteps, but no where should we be able to meet a record.

For more than three years past I have taken a mournful pleasure in collecting incidents and instructive narratives in the life and experience of deceased itinerant ministers, and the deceased wives of our beloved ministers in the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences, with a view to their early publication in a book to be entitled, "CONFERENCE BIOGRAPHY." The contemplated issue from the press of such a volume has been heartily commended by the Cincinnati conference, as will be seen from the following resolution, which was passed with great unanimity:

"*Resolved*, That we most cordially approve of the praiseworthy undertaking of Mr. Gaddis to

publish a work with the above title, containing many interesting facts respecting deceased itinerant ministers and deceased wives of itinerant ministers, and heartily recommend its speedy publication; and that we will aid him as far as possible in procuring all necessary information to do justice to the memories of those worthy men and women of God who rest from their labors, and whose works do follow them."

By importunity through the religious and secular press, I have rescued from oblivion many important facts and thrilling incidents connected with the early labors of Methodist ministers in the west.

By personal research and persistent effort, at home and abroad, I have already collected ample material for a large folio, should the facts all be embodied in one volume. I am now fully convinced that to publish so large a work would not only be impolitic, but highly impracticable. I have, therefore, recently concluded to make selections from the richest portion of my gatherings in the west, and write several smaller volumes, which, I have no doubt, will be much more acceptable to the reading public. I have on my

"roll of the departed" the familiar names of FIFTY ministers, and also the names of *twenty-six* deceased wives of eminent ministers—making the total number SEVENTY-SIX—*sixty-six* of whom have died since my entrance upon the ministry in the year 1835. I find that the last name on the record of "transfers" from the "conference roll" to the "annual register" of the departed, is that of the much-loved and lamented Rev. George W. Walker.

In preparing this biography for the press, it will be seen that I have departed somewhat from the usual form; but I fondly hope that it will be no less acceptable to the reader on that account. I brought with me to the work, at the commencement, a warm heart, a spirit of sympathy, and a willing mind. My chief reliance for facts and incidents has been upon Mrs. Walker, whose cheerful presence, verbal and thrilling recitals, inspired my soul and nerved my feeble arm in this "work of *patience* and labor of love."

In compliance with the urgent request of Mrs. Walker, and my own desire to perpetuate the name and memory of her husband's usefulness as a minister of Christ, I have been induced to offer,

at this early period, a brief family narrative and biographical sketch of his public and private life, together with such of his familiar letters and extracts from correspondence as was deemed suitable for the work. It will be manifest in these pages that, as the biographer of Mr. Walker, I have not acted a *selfish part.* I have permitted many of his friends to bear *their willing testimony* to his many virtues, and to bring their fragrant offerings to this consecrated shrine in honor of the "noble dead." I am persuaded that these garlands and flowers, woven by other, loving hands, will lend an additional charm to the work, while the eloquent sermons and obituary addresses, and letters of condolence will profit and cheer many a "homeward-bound pilgrim."

When asked by Rev. William Simmons, "What message shall I bear to your brethren at conference?" well might Mr. Walker simply respond, with childlike confidence, "They all know Walker." Ay, and we loved him, too, with "pure hearts fervently." The striking and accurate likeness in the frontispiece, which reflects so much credit upon the skill of the artist, F. Edmund Jones, Esq., will recall Mr. Walker vividly to the minds

of all among whom he has gone preaching the Gospel of peace. But we shall see him no more on the battle-field, going forth with the "militant host" to put the "battle in array" or shout over the "spoils of victory." He fell nobly, with "trump in hand and his face to the foe." The dispensation by which one so well qualified for usefulness and so successful in his labors is removed from the Church, is indeed an inscrutable one. We should not captiously ask the "*reason why.*" Even so, Father, it seemed good in thy sight. "The Judge of all the earth will do right."

"When in this vale of tears I backward look,
And miss such numbers—numbers, too, of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtile game, I scarce believe
I still survive; and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible?"

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

West End, Dayton, O., February, 1857.

INTRODUCTION.

The life of the late Rev. George Washington Walker, by Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, is a volume filled with matter at once historical, feelingly religious, and possessing the attractions of romance, though its facts and incidents are strictly true, and without exaggeration. The volume, too, gives proof of considerable skill in practiced writing, and such as no one could easily produce without a previous schooling in such composition, which Mr. Gaddis has the good fortune to possess. The subject of the book furnishes matter, in his very useful life, considerably in advance of ordinary men; for Mr. Walker was a man, in many respects, above the ordinary rank of common ministers; and this will be the conclusion to which the readers of the volume will come.

The account of the conversion of Mr. Walker's parents, himself, and the whole family, from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, furnishes a most useful part of the book. The entire family was one of superior intellectual and moral qualities, inher-

iting a family nobility above common respectability. They were all trained with great diligence in the peculiarities of Romanism. To all of these they conscientiously and honestly adhered, till the light of truth and the influence of grace united, led them off, step by step, from the errors and corruptions of Popery, to the knowledge of the truth, and the experience of its privileges, and the practice of its duties. In their conversion, too, will be seen, graphically portrayed, the power of the Bible to instruct Roman Catholics, the influence of a good life on the part of Protestants to convince them of their errors, and lead them to Christ. It will be seen, too, that persecution of Protestants, or heretics, even unto death, if necessary, is an inseparable part of the creed of Rome, and it is one of the last things which a conscientious Romanist will give up. This was the case with Rev. G. W. Walker—it must be the case with all, as Mr. Walker himself stated up to his dying day; and when he renounced this doctrine of Rome, at his conversion to Christ, all the others were thrown to the winds with it.

The volume possesses great worth in furnishing a historical, convincing proof of the power of the religion of the Bible, and of Protestant institutions gradually undermining Popery. The history of the Walker family is the history of many thousands of Roman Catholic families, who have been delivered from the errors and superstitions of Rome, and

have been brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Multitudes of Romanists, both of native American origin and of foreign birth, have been saved from the darkness, the guilt, the power and pollution of sin, and have taken the Bible for their rule of faith, in the place of the commandments and ordinances of Rome. And, indeed, only few of the children of foreign Romanists continue in the faith of their parents, and fewer still of their grandchildren. There are now less than two millions and a quarter of professing Roman Catholics in the United States; whereas, there would be now over five millions, were parents, children, and grandchildren to remain in the faith in which they were originally instructed. The part of this volume which gives such interesting and reliable information on this subject, in the case of the Walker family, possesses surpassing interest.

The true ministerial call, according to Scripture, is well exemplified in the case of Mr. Walker. He erred, as he often said in after life, in not at once setting about preparation for the ministry, when he was convinced it was his duty, in the place of going to learn a trade. When men are called to this work, their entire endeavors should be put forth, either in the necessary preparation, or in actually engaging in it. A wise counselor, at this time, who could have read his case, might have saved him much loss, and rendered a good service to the Church.

Yet the powerful mind of Mr. Walker, and his

entire devotion to God, after he was placed in the Gospel harvest-field, overcame every obstacle. He grew in knowledge, and in grace, and in usefulness, and multitudes of sinners were converted to God through his very useful ministry.

The narrative of his missionary labors in Michigan is thrilling indeed. It shows the rising generation at what expense of labor, sacrifice, and suffering the Gospel has been planted in our new states and territories; and it also tells, by way of analogy, at what cost of labor, toil, and privation the Gospel is to be planted in all our new states and territories, as well as in heathen and Papal countries. Indeed, the toilsome labors of Mr. Walker, in cities, towns, and densely-settled counties in Ohio, teaches every minister, that to build up the Church of Christ any where will require endeavors, vigilance, and much self-denial.

The incidental episodes of Mr. Gaddis, which remind us of some portions of the bucolics and georgics of Virgil, greatly enhance the narrative, without marring it. They are well chosen, well placed, and well told, and form important parts of the biography, comprising facts that can not be spared, as they, in nature, parenthetically belong to the history of the general subject.

Mr. Walker was a man considerably above the common level of his race. His very personal appearance conveyed at once, at first sight, as it did to us, when we first saw him, twenty years ago,

that that noble personal appearance, of intellectuality, dignity, and courage, incased a soul of more than ordinary rank in the intellectual scale. The power of reasoning in this mind was strong and forcible. A sound judgment and discrimination were predominant. A generous, innate nobility was there. The social qualities were his in the highest degree. Nothing mean, or low, or inconsistent, or disreputable belonged to him, and yet he never knew how to assume, to dictate, or raise, or sustain himself at the expense of any human being. Equal rights, in all respects, he awarded to all, and would neither claim, receive, or exact more than what every one would concede to him, as entirely his own. The talents of Mr. Walker were such as would enable him to shine in any department, whether as a lawyer, a statesman, or a jurist.

As to a truly-religious character, he possessed it in a high degree. He enjoyed it in its first elements, and in its mature attainments. While he was well conversant, experimentally, in repentance, faith, regeneration, and the witness of the divine Spirit, he was no stranger to those higher attainments of grace which compose the character of the mature Christian. He was a sanctified Christian, and professed it in that modest way in which the purest Christian professed it. The work of the Spirit on the heart, as the convincer of sin, the regenerator of the soul, the comforter and the sanctifier, was fundamental in his creed, and deeply im-

bued, nay, controlled, his religious experience and his practice; and as a practical Christian, he was ready for every good work; and this he proved by contributions and services, in behalf of every benevolent object, to the utmost reach of his ability.

If we consider him as a minister of Christ, we rarely find his superior. His fidelity to every trust in the Church was such, that in no instance, during his whole life, did he even swerve from the exact line of trustworthiness. In labors and toils, he was unsparing of himself, so as to be constantly at work in his sacred calling. His success, too, in the ministry was very great. On every circuit, station, and district on which he labored, to a greater or less extent, his labors were blessed to the enlightenment and conviction of sinners, to their conversion, and the edification of believers. Many thousand souls were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. Great wisdom and prudence, as well as unbending firmness, marked his entire administration in Church matters. And any who differed from him could not be displeased with him as an opponent.

In ecclesiastical forensics he excelled. This was fully manifested on many occasions. In his own annual conference, he was master in this field. In the General conference, at several sessions, he exhibited superior powers and acquirements in this line. In 1848, at Pittsburg, he delivered an argument on the property question, which no one there

could answer, and no one ever will be able to answer it. The truth is, he studied this subject, to our knowledge, from the best law books, and made himself master of the fundamental principles of the subject, as contained in the Roman law, and as the points have been settled by the great jurists of the world, and decided in all the respectable courts of equity in Christendom. In 1852, at Boston, he was among the foremost there in all such matters. At Indianapolis, in 1856, his arguments in several appeals, as well as his speech on the greatest question before the body, placed him among the foremost on any question of the sort, that did, or could come before the conference.

The foregoing brief survey of Mr. Walker, and the references to the present volume, give only a faint and imperfect survey of his character. But the perusal of the book will very fully present the whole in an advantageous, yet true light. The performance shows that the biographer has come to his work with the advantages of previous training in such composition, and this is very manifest indeed in this volume. Much pains have been bestowed in the composition. Mrs. Walker furnished, herself, a portion of the material, with all the devotion worthy of herself and her noble and generous husband. Yet Mr. Gaddis has done a work that few would ever try to do; and most of those who would try, have not the industry or the tact to accomplish the task. Well, the Methodist Episcopal Church

is in debt to Mr. Gaddis for this very timely and useful volume, and all the relatives and friends of Mr. Walker owe thanks to his biographer. We need not, nor do we, exhort any to buy this book. It will, we doubt not, be bought, and read with great avidity, by thousands. Every one who knew Mr. Walker will buy and read it, and so will thousands of others.

The news of Mr. Walker's death reached me while in Iowa. On the occasion, I felt as if I had lost all my nearest relatives. I said to myself, there is not another George Walker left in the Cincinnati conference, among all its able and excellent ministers. A similar feeling pervaded multitudes of other persons, as I since learned.

CHARLES ELLIOTT.

CINCINNATI, *Jan.* 1, 1857.

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OF

REV. GEORGE W. WALKER.

CHAPTER I.

BRIEF FAMILY HISTORY.

The Lord God of heaven, which took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred.—GENESIS XXIV, 7.

IT would be impossible for a biographer much more highly endowed than the writer of these brief recollections to do ample justice to the character, superior moral worth, and many Christian virtues, ministerial gifts, and excellences of the late Rev. GEORGE W. WALKER, without furnishing the reader a condensed sketch of his paternal and maternal descent. I do this more cheerfully, because it will be found replete with such peculiar religious interest, that it can not fail to please and profit all who may peruse these pages with an unbiased mind and in a true catholic spirit.

His father, Mr. John Walker, sen., was a native of St. Mary's county, Maryland. Of the early history of John Walker, sen., we have had no special information. His mother died when he was an infant,

and his father died when he was only eighteen years of age. His older brothers had all married and left home previous to this sad event, and were engaged in business for themselves; consequently, on John devolved the responsible duty of taking care of the younger members of the household. His paternal and maternal ancestors were all members of the Roman Catholic Church. They had taught their children faithfully, from childhood, to believe the doctrines and to observe the peculiar rites and ceremonies of that Church. Immediately after the death of his father, according to custom, he had several masses performed to put his "spirit to rest," and also to procure his final release from "purgatory." At length, being fully satisfied that the soul of his dear father was at rest, he proceeded to the discharge of the important duties devolving upon him. The embarrassing circumstances under which he was placed induced him to form a matrimonial alliance at an early period in life. He was united in marriage to Miss Mary Davis, in the twenty-first year of his age. In this marriage union he was "highly favored of the Lord." Miss Davis was also a Roman Catholic, and proved herself to be every way worthy of the esteem and affection of her husband. They lived in love and sweetest harmony for the period of forty-four years. After their marriage they resided in Maryland nine years, during which time they were blessed with several children, whom they early "dedicated" and trained according to the order of the

Romish Church. In the fall of 1810, before the commencement of the late war with England, they concluded to leave their native state and seek a home in the wilds of the west. They first concluded to emigrate to Kentucky, but by the interposition of a wise and gracious Providence their steps were directed to Ohio. They settled first in Ross county, near the city of Chillicothe. In their new home in the far west they found themselves entirely out of the reach of a Catholic Church, and surrounded by Protestant neighbors. This they considered a great misfortune. If any one of them should die, they could find no priest to administer the "rite of extreme unction," and they could find no consecrated "burial-place" for the repose of the bodies of their departed loved ones. They could, it is true, commune with their Protestant neighbors in the common affairs of this life, and reciprocate the ordinary offices of kindness and humanity, but they could have no communion or fellowship with them upon the subject of religion. They confidently believed that, as a family, they were in possession of the "TRUE FAITH," and that their neighbors were all heretics. They looked upon all who professed to enjoy religion as a set of poor misguided and deluded fanatics. However, in the neighborhood of Chillicothe they formed an intimate acquaintance with several families who were devoted members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To their agreeable surprise they found them not only quite civil, kind and obliging, but upright in all

their dealings; and, although they could have no respect for *their religion*, yet they were favorably impressed by their daily walk and deportment. At length their prejudices were gradually overcome, and they began to mingle more freely in society with Protestants, and to attend their meetings occasionally. At first they were very cautious, and fearful lest they should be led into "mortal sin," incur the displeasure of the priests, receive the awful anathemas of the Romish Church, and finally be shut out of heaven.

However, in these pages will be found a truthful narrative of the way in which a God of infinite love was pleased to deliver them out of a "corrupt Church," to teach them the more excellent way of "walking by faith, and not by sight," and also to lead all the family to renounce their allegiance to the Roman hierarchy, and to embrace a purer form of Christianity.

Mr. John Walker, sen., had nine children, four daughters and five sons; of whom George Washington, the subject of this brief memoir, was the eldest son. He was born in Frederick county, Maryland, November 26, 1804, and died at Wilmington, in Clinton county, Ohio, July 31, 1856, in the thirtieth year of his effective itinerant ministry.

CHAPTER II.

THE SURPRISE DINNER PARTY.

Dine with me at noon.—GENESIS XLIII, 16.
And they asked each other of their welfare.—EXODUS XVIII, 7.

NOT long after Mr. Walker had settled in Chillicothe, he formed an acquaintance with a family by the name of Monnett. Mr. M. was a stanch Methodist, and had recently opened his house for circuit preaching. He felt a very great interest in the conversion of Mr. Walker and his family from Popish superstition. He had frequently tried to get them to go and hear a Protestant preacher, but without success. He at last concluded to resort to "*guile*," and, like St. Paul, "*being crafty*," finally succeeded in the accomplishment of his purpose. On a certain occasion he made a dinner party, and extended a pressing invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Walker to come over and share of their hospitality. They very cordially accepted the polite invitation, and on the day appointed repaired to the house of Mr. Monnett in good time. Mr. M. had made arrangements for this social gathering to come off on the day appointed for "circuit preaching." The guests were all present some time before the hour appointed for the commencement of the religious services. Friendly

greetings and hearty salutations were passing around among the little group, and all were inquiring of "each other's welfare," when, to the great surprise of at least one portion of the guests, a Methodist minister was suddenly ushered into the room. On learning the character and object of the stranger's visit, Mr. Walker was very much disconcerted. The minister was introduced to him, however, and remarked that he was going to preach soon, and hoped that they would all be glad to hear his message of salvation. At this Mr. W. was still much more surprised and confounded, and knew not what to say in reply; but a pleasant remark of the minister soon relieved him from all embarrassment. After mutual consultation with Mrs. Walker, they finally concluded to remain till after dinner, regardless of consequences. To leave the house, under such circumstances, would be a violation of all the rules of courtesy, and, perhaps, give offense to Mr. Monnett; and this they did not wish to do. But, alas! should they remain and listen to a heretic preach, they were in danger of being contaminated. To take either horn of the dilemma was disagreeable. In due time the people from the surrounding country gathered in, and the minister delivered his solemn message, met the class, and took his departure. As soon as dinner was over Mr. Walker started home. Let us look at this strange providence. In accepting an invitation to dinner at Mr. M.'s, they were unexpectedly invited to the "Gospel feast." A table was spread

in the wilderness, and they were called to partake of a "feast of fat things, of wines on the lees, well refined." It was, truly, a surprise dinner party to them. In the evening the merits and demerits of the preaching were freely discussed by Mr. Walker and his wife. The preacher, considered as a man and a gentleman, was all right in their estimation; but, then, he was not a "PRIEST"—was not in the line of the "succession" from St. Peter, and did not belong to "MOTHER CHURCH." He could not "*absolve the guilty*," grant "indulgences," and prepare the dying for heaven; and, therefore, he should not, in their opinion, attempt to preach. The sermon, to them, was strange also in manner and matter. The manner was *earnest*, and *energetic*, and effective. Some of the people wept and others shouted. They had never seen the like before at a religious meeting. The *matter*, to them, was also new and strange. A "new way" to heaven was presented to them for the first time, and declared to be the "only way;" namely, through the "blood of the Lamb," and not by penance and purgatorial fires, as they had been taught by their priests. This they would have liked well, could they have believed it true. It was more easy than by the way of "purgatory," unless their friends should have the means and willingness to pay for their speedy release. Mr. Walker had already paid large sums in "priest town," as it was then called, to procure the release of his own beloved father from the *burning fires* of PURGATORY.

They also spoke of the *duties* of this way as being new and strange—repentance instead of "penance" in order to pardon of sin—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ instead of "meritorious works." Confession was to be made through Christ to God, and not through the priest; and a life of obedience was insisted upon as being necessary to final "justification" at the bar of God. The minister, privately, had been apprised of their *real condition*, and *adapted* his discourse to suit the occasion. He was, no doubt, divinely directed and assisted. They also spoke of their "own emotions" and deportment during the delivery of the sermon. They had great fears that they were doing wrong in listening—that the preacher or the members might possess some "magic" or "witchcraft," by which they might become overpowered or infected. In order, however, to prevent this they kept repeating to themselves their "Romish" prayers. The Catholics kneel frequently in their public devotions, and always in their private and family prayers. It, therefore, required a great effort, on their part, to keep their seats during the opening prayer. But when the second prayer was offered, at the close, they instinctively fell on their knees with the congregation. In speaking of this Mr. Walker remarked to his wife, "I only kneeled on one knee; if I did wrong, I hope God will forgive me. I said *my own* prayers all the time." His wife replied, "I felt too bad to remain on my seat while the rest were all kneeling around me, but I

got down on both knees; but, like yourself, I said my own prayers; and I do not think there was any thing wrong in so doing." He replied, "It will be best for us to keep away from these meetings. I hope the time will come when we will have a priest and a Church of our own, if our lives should be spared. I like these Methodist people well enough, as neighbors. I have found them strictly honest in their dealings—good citizens—but, as to their religion, I can not tolerate it. You know, Mary, that we have always been taught that there is but 'one Church,' and that is *our own*, and there is no salvation in any other. I am truly sorry for these poor Methodists. I know they are all deluded, and we must keep away from their meetings in future."

In this way they continued to converse till a late hour of the night. This was certainly a new era in their history. In a "strange land" they had been providentially led in a "strange way." O, how often is the truth of this declaration exemplified in God's dealings with the children of men: "I will bring the blind by a way they know not: I will lead them into paths they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them. They shall be turned back, they shall be greatly ashamed, that trust in graven images, and say to the molten images, YE ARE OUR GODS." Isaiah xlii, 16, 17.

CHAPTER III.

EARTHQUAKES AND THE BIBLE.

And ye shall hear of wars, and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and EARTHQUAKES in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows.—MATTHEW XXIV, 6, 7, 8.

"Sure there is no need of social intercourse,
Benevolence and peace, and mutual aid
Between the nations in a world that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
Portentous unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail;
And nature, with a dim and sickly eye,
To wait the close of all?"

A GENERAL seriousness pervaded the public mind in the winter of 1811, and also in the spring of 1812, on account of the earthquakes, which were of frequent occurrence. These successive concussions of the earth had a salutary influence upon the minds of many, who, at that time, were "living without hope and without God in the world." These

strange convulsions and violent shakings of the earth have been considered, in all ages of the Christian world, as the precursors of the wrath of a justly-incensed God. "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth." Psalm xviii, 7.

While the waters of the sea roar, and the mountains are moved out of their places, the whole "earth" is called upon to "tremble at the presence of the Lord;" but in the midst of all these "earth-shakings," God is the refuge of his people—a very "present help in trouble." Although different portions of the old world have been visited frequently by most destructive and alarming earthquakes, we have had but few that have excited much alarm in the United States. In New England, from the year 1638 to 1783, five earthquakes occurred, worthy of note. Some of them were so severe as to throw down houses and stone fences, to sink wells, and to change the character and quality of the water. These *tremors* came from the north-west, and sometimes reached as far as Maryland. From the most authentic records that we can now obtain, we learn that an alarming shock of an earthquake was felt in the United States, previous to the late war with Great Britain and the sanguinary struggles with the confederate tribes of Indians in the north-west.

On Monday and Tuesday, 16th and 17th of December, 1811, the citizens of Dayton, and the surrounding country, were kept in continual alarm by

repeated shocks of an earthquake. The first, and by far the severest shock, was felt between two and three o'clock on Monday morning. It was so severe as to arouse every individual in the town from slumber. Some left their houses in affright, and all were much terrified by this unusual phenomenon. The horses and cattle were equally alarmed, and the fowls left their roosts in great consternation. At this place it was not preceded by the usual token, a rumbling noise. The earth on Monday and Tuesday was in a constant tremor. It is said that a surveyor went out on Monday, for the purpose of surveying in the neighborhood of this city, but being unable to get the needle to settle, he was compelled to desist. He tried it again on Tuesday, with the same effect.

This shock was felt with equal severity in almost every part of Ohio. Travelers along the Mississippi river at that time were awfully alarmed. Many islands, containing several hundred acres, sunk and suddenly disappeared. The banks of the river fell into the water. The ground cracked open in an alarming manner. Along the river, as low down as New Orleans, forty shocks were felt, from the 16th to the 20th. At Savannah, on the 16th, the shock was preceded by a noise resembling the motion of the waves of the sea. The ground heaved upward. The people were affected with giddiness and nausea. Is it any wonder that sinners are alarmed at such a time as this? When the Lord

of hosts visits a nation "with earthquakes and a great noise," at such a time guilty horrors appall the hearts of the ungodly. While nature is in wild amaze, and the earth is heaving and rocking under his feet, the sinner quakes and shrieks, and imagines that the dreadful day of God's wrath has already come. Falling down upon his knees, he exclaims, in anguish,

> "Who now shall live and face the throne,
> And see the Judge severe?
> When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
> O where shall I appear?"

The new year was ushered in, and still the earth rolled around upon its axis, and tranquillity was almost restored to the minds of the people generally, when another shock was felt in this city, on Thursday, January 23, 1812. It occurred between eight and nine o'clock, A. M., and was still more severe than the one that had been felt before the expiration of the old year. Four days afterward—the 27th—a still more alarming shock was felt. It shook the foundations of the buildings, and articles suspended to the ceilings in the stores were kept in motion for about one minute. These shocks were not accompanied by the usual noise. Yet they spread great alarm throughout the entire country.

What can be more alarming than one of these terrible convulsions of the earth, which has been experienced in many places, when whole towns and cities have been ingulfed, and hundreds and thousands

of human beings have been, without warning, buried beneath their ruins!

> But O! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
> These tottering feet? Earth to its center feels
> The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
> Throughout its pillars, and at every pore,
> Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave—
> Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers—
> The work of ages. Crushed beneath the weight
> Of general devastation, millions find one common grave.
> . . . . . Shield me, gracious Heaven!
> O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
> This solid globe, which thine own hands hath made
> So firm and sure—if this my steps betray;
> If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung
> Rise up with rage unnatural, to devour
> Her wretched offspring; whither shall I fly?
> Where look for succor? Where, but up to thee,
> Almighty Father? Save! O save! thy suppliant
> From horrors such as these."

On the seventh day of February, 1812, at an hour when men were generally wrapt in the most profound slumbers, this city, and the country generally, was visited by another shock of an earthquake. It was of greater severity and longer duration than any previous one yet. It occurred about forty-five minutes after three o'clock in the morning. The motion was from the south-west. A dim light was seen above the horizon in that direction, a short time previous. The air, at the time, was clear and very cold, but soon became hazy. Two more shocks were felt during the day. Many of the inhabitants, at this time, fled from their houses in great consternation. The cattle of the fields and the fowls manifested alarm. The usual noise, as of distant

thunder, preceded these last convulsions. The shock was so severe as to crack some of the houses at Troy, in Miami county. The last shocks seemed to vibrate east and west.

This was a memorable period in the history of this country, especially in the north and north-west. The country was in a state of commotion. "Wars, and rumors of wars, and earthquakes in divers places," filled many with great fear and dread. Mr. Walker and his family were greatly disturbed in their minds about the frequent earthquakes. They regarded them as tokens of coming vengeance and wrath. Their religion and early training had a natural tendency to fill their minds with superstitious notions; and consequently they were rendered miserable by the direful disturbances of the earth upon which they trod. They eagerly sought for all the information they could obtain upon the subject of earthquakes, but could not get much from any one of their neighbors that was very satisfactory. "Fears were on every side, and men's hearts failing them." Mr. Walker, when talking with his family, would often say, "Ah! we may not live to do this or that; I fear that we will all be destroyed soon by these awful visitations from God." Mr. Walker, on learning from some one that much was said in the Holy Bible about earthquakes, notwithstanding his former prejudices and notions about the laity reading it for themselves, immediately concluded to procure one the very first time that he went to Chillicothe. He

purchased it, as he informed his friends, with a view to see whether the doctrines and teachings of Methodist ministers comported with its declarations; but, more especially, as he afterward asserted, to learn for himself what it revealed upon the subject of "earthquakes." These were the peculiar circumstances under which God's holy book, without glossarial appendages, found its way for the first time into the midst of this Roman Catholic family. It was looked upon with great suspicion by all the children. In their estimation it was considered a dangerous book. But, reader, do not forget that it had a work to perform in that family circle, the consequences of which would be glorious and far-reaching, even into the revelations of eternity. The first use made of the Bible, after it had been procured, was to search out and read aloud all those passages that refer to "earthquakes," their indication and consequences. Then it was read in reference to its moral teachings, laws, commandments, and its doctrines, precepts, duties, and threatenings. The result was, that they soon learned that the peculiar dogmas of "Popery" found no support from this holy book. No purgatory or "middle place for souls to suffer after death," before entering heaven, was found revealed there—no authority for the "confessional," or "absolution" by priestly hands—no warrant for "praying to the Virgin Mary"—no "image worship," but a positive law against it—no support was found therein for "penance" in the place

of "*evangelical repentance toward God*"—nor for "works of merit," or "supererogation," instead of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—no assurance at all of being able to stand in the day of judgment, because of having received "extreme unction," in the dying hour, or a *dispensation* from "purgatorial fires" between the hour of death and the judgment day. No, no! but here they found that holiness of heart and obedience of life to all of God's commands were the only qualification required to enter upon the rest that remains for the people of God. The Bible soon exerted a powerful influence over the heart of Mr. Walker and his excellent wife. It presented Christianity before them in its true light. They saw their duty, privilege, and interest, in a different light altogether from what they had been taught by the Catholic priests. While thus engaged in reading the Holy Bible, they found many things of which they had been ignorant before. Light began gradually to dawn upon their dark and benighted minds. New scenes of wonder and beauty arose before their vision in reference to God, his work of creation, redemption, and providence.

"Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease;
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace."

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSION FROM ROMANISM.

Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.—Acts xiii, 41.

Mrs. Mary Walker, wife of John Walker, Sen., being early instructed, by her parents, in the faith of her forefathers, was dedicated and confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church, June 17, 1802. Mr. John Walker and his wife agreed fully in sentiment, and had walked together in love up to the period when they commenced attending the meetings held by Methodists in the neighborhood of Chillicothe. Mrs. W. now began to attend religious meetings more frequently among Protestants, and to converse more fully with those who professed to have obtained a knowledge of the remission of sins, and to compare their experience and the doctrines which they professed with the Bible. It was not long before she came to the conclusion, that, perhaps, the Methodists were not so far from having that faith which brings salvation as she had once supposed. In the spring of 1814, the family removed into Fairfield county, and settled in a neighborhood where a small Methodist society had just been organized. Their

neighbors soon paid them a friendly visit, and invited them to attend preaching, and also to mingle with them in their social meetings. The country was then new and sparsely settled, and there were no Papists residing in that region. This was a source of trouble to the family of Walkers, who were still very strict Catholics, and rigidly observed the "form" of reading prayers in the family, keeping Lent, and regularly abstaining from meats on every Friday, etc. A number of excellent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church manifested an especial interest in their spiritual welfare; among whom were James Bending and his wife, and Mrs. Mary Kinnear, mother of Judge Kinnear, of Pickaway county, and the grandmother of Revs. D. and J. Kinnear, of the North Ohio conference. These excellent Christians, and some others whose names I can not now learn, by their deep piety and godly example, obtained a powerful influence over Mrs. Walker and her husband. These good Christians improved every suitable opportunity to remove their prejudices against Protestants, and also to bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth. Mrs. Mary Walker was an excellent singer, and had a voice of uncommon sweetness and power. She was also very fond of reading interesting and instructing works. As it was well known that she was *passionately* fond of singing, these good Methodist sisters, referred to above, would avail themselves of every opportunity, when making their social visits, to introduce singing,

always selecting such hymns as they thought most suitable, and would invite her to join them; or they would present her with a religious book, and then politely request her to read portions of it for the entertainment of the company, during which time they would *silently* offer prayer to God in her behalf, that he would teach her by his Spirit the "good and right way." At times they observed that Mrs. Walker was affected by what they were singing or with what she had read aloud from some good book. Some one of these dear saints of Jesus would then embrace the opportunity of relating a portion of her religious experience, testifying fully what the Lord had done for her soul.

In the fall of 1817, while listening to a sermon from the lips of that venerable man, the late Rev. Samuel Brown, the Holy Spirit carried conviction to her heart. She was deeply affected in view of her wretched and lost estate. On invitation, at the close of the sermon, she remained in class. While the minister was speaking to the members of the class, she was busily engaged in thinking over what she would answer, if he should speak to her. While thus reflecting, the minister came near and asked her to state the exercises of her mind on the subject of religion. She was truly sorry for her undone estate, and could only say that she felt herself to be a great sinner. Father Brown pointed her to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. He then changed the order of exercises from

that of a regular class meeting to united and fervent prayer for the special benefit of Mrs. W. In this delightful work they continued for some time, the minister occasionally exhorting her to look, by faith, to Him that was "mighty to save." He fully explained to her the way of "salvation by faith," and the members of the class continued to sing and pray till she was enabled to believe to the salvation of her soul. After she felt the love of God shed abroad in her heart, she immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, on trial, and resolved to consecrate herself and family to the service of almighty God.

CHAPTER V.

THE LEAVEN AT WORK.

"Haste throughout the camp to spread
The sanctifying leaven."

Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.—MARK v, 19.

IN the conversion of this interesting family from Romanism, we have a most striking illustration of the parable of the leaven. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Matthew xiii, 33.

The Holy Bible, without note or comment, had been introduced into their midst, in a most singular and providential way. Its pages were perused daily; not with a view, however, to become wise unto salvation, but more particularly to learn what it revealed concerning "earthquakes," or the strange agitations of earth, which had been recently felt all over this country. The Bible was truly "a light now shining in a dark place." The "leaven" was already at work; nor did it cease working "till the whole was leavened."

Mrs. Mary Walker had chosen that good part which can not be taken away, and the Savior had

taken up his abode in her heart, and had promised to bring his Father with him.

On the day that Mrs. Walker joined the Church, her husband started from home, and did not come back till late in the evening. His wife said nothing about what had transpired at the place of preaching, till they were all seated at the supper table. The usual cheerfulness pervaded the entire group, while partaking of their evening repast, when Mrs. Walker said to her husband, "What do you think I have done to-day?" He answered pleasantly, "Nothing very important, I suppose." All eyes were now turned toward the mother of the family, for she was filled with emotions too big for utterance. "What have you been doing?" inquired Mr. Walker hastily. She promptly replied, "I HAVE JOINED THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AND THE BEST OF ALL, GOD HAS PARDONED ALL MY SINS." This sudden and unexpected announcement produced a panic in the family circle. The table was at once abandoned by them all, except the smaller children. Although Mr. Walker had overcome some of his prejudices against the Methodists, yet he was not prepared for such unwelcome news as this. It aroused his indignation. His soul seemed tossed as with a mighty tempest, and it was with difficulty that he restrained his feelings at the table.

Mr. Walker spent rather a restless night, while brooding over the awful calamity which he thought had befallen his wife and family; but Mrs. Walker

spent the night in fervent prayer to God, for his direction and support in the new relation which she now sustained to his Church, and that she might be fully prepared to receive with calmness whatever decision her husband might make, and the consequences resulting. She was well aware that he loved her most tenderly, but she knew equally well that he was a man of great firmness of purpose. And she also knew how far the Romanists carried their hostility, even among their dearest friends, when they forsook the "Mother Church." She knew not what awaited her, but committed all to the Lord, in strong faith and fervent prayer. Early the next morning the conflict came on. Mr. Walker, after concluding that he was sufficiently calm and collected to talk over the whole matter, told Mrs. Walker that it was his settled purpose to break up the family relation unless she would withdraw from the Church, confess her folly, and consent to remain a Roman Catholic, and urged upon her the impossibility of "two walking together, except they be agreed;" especially on the important subject of religion. He also told her that he was fully persuaded that their own Church was the "ONLY TRUE CHURCH," and that they must train up their children in the doctrines and usages of that Church; and that, should she remain in the Methodist Church, it was probable, at least, that she would desire the children to go with her; and if they should, they would all be lost. This, he said, was more than he could endure. He wanted

them all to "be saved;" therefore she MUST RETRACT, renounce her error, and help him to train up the family in the "right way." This was a trying crisis. Mrs. W. knew that he was sincere, but living in great darkness and error. She then, with tender emotions, asked him to hear her explanations and reasons for the step she had just taken, and then she would be prepared to make a proposition, which she thought he would be willing to accept. To this reasonable request he instantly expressed his entire willingness. She then proceeded to a discussion of the *doctrines of Popery*, in the light of the Bible. The doctrines and promises of this blessed word were at her command to an extent that was truly surprising to all that knew her. As she has long since entered into her rest, it will not be deemed out of place to say that she possessed a mind of great strength and power. This declaration will be indorsed by all who knew her. Having first exposed the errors and follies of Popery as a system, she next spoke of the corruption of the priests, and wickedness of the membership of the Church, as a body. She then called his attention to persons, and *facts* that were well known to both of them, and proved most conclusively that such persons were not true Christians, and dying in such a state, could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. She then descanted at length upon the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as taught by the Methodists; most of which truths he had heard from the lips of

Methodist ministers, about which they had often conversed, on their return from hearing them preach. She then endeavored to show their perfect agreement with the teachings of the word of God. She next called his attention to what the Methodists "*professed*," as a matter of *religious experience*—the "new birth," "forgiveness of sins," and the "witness of the Spirit;" also the happiness they really enjoyed, in communion with the Lord through Jesus Christ, by the gift of the Holy Ghost. She then directed his attention to the manner of their lives, showing him how careful they were, as a body of preachers and people, to shun even the "appearance of evil;" that they were upright, humble, meek, and "patient toward all men;" even toward those who differed from them in opinion and persecuted them. She then appealed to him if those things were not true.

Here she paused, and made a humble *profession of her own faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and told him frankly and sincerely, that she knew for herself that the Methodists were the true "people of God," and that their ministers taught the truth as it was revealed in the Bible; and of this fact she had been fully persuaded for some time past. She then proceeded to remark, "On yesterday, in company with one of my neighbors, I went to hear the circuit preacher, Rev. S. Brown. After preaching, a kind woman invited me to remain in class, and said to me, 'Then we can return home together;'"

that under the sermon she saw her lost and helpless condition, and felt that without a personal interest in Christ she would be lost; that during the progress of the class meeting she was constrained to cry aloud for mercy, and that the minister and members of the class prayed for her, and encouraged her, and instructed her how to come to God through Jesus Christ; and at last she was enabled to "believe to the saving of her soul;" and that she was made exceedingly happy; and that she never was so happy in all her life before; and that she now knew, by a happy personal experience, that God had "power on earth to forgive sins;" an opportunity being offered, that she had united with the Church, and was determined to make her way safely through this world of sin and woe, to the kingdom of heaven; and then added, "Now, Mr. Walker, my proposition is simply this: If you will bear with me for the period of one month, that is, four weeks from this day, till the minister comes round again to Mr. Morris's, to whom I gave my name, and if you will pray over this whole matter, I will also make it a subject of special prayer. And then, if you are not satisfied and perfectly willing for me to remain in the Methodist Episcopal Church, I will now pledge you my word and honor that I will then quietly withdraw my name, and try and save my soul as best I can." The intense emotion experienced by each one of them, at this moment, can be better imagined than portrayed. With feelings such as he

had never before experienced, Mr. Walker promptly acceded to this reasonable proposal; after which, they separated.

Mr. Walker went out alone to work on a place some distance from where he lived, and did not return again till evening. He no doubt wished to spend the remainder of that day alone. His mental trouble was of such a nature that he was rendered unable for strong physical exertion. He, therefore, spent the greater part of the day in meditation and prayer. Some time in the afternoon he called on a neighbor, Mr. George Dressbach, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and in whom he had great confidence, and related to him what had transpired in the family. He also informed him of the agreement that he had made with his wife, and then inquired of Mr. Dressbach what he thought of all these things, and especially what he thought of the Methodists. This neighbor of whom he took counsel was a Lutheran, but at that time was under deep religious awakenings, which had been produced in his mind by the preaching of the United Brethren at his own house. He was also in great distress of mind about his own duty in regard to leaving the Lutheran Church, in order to join with the United Brethren in Christ, being, as he said, afraid of "*moral perjury*," if he withdrew from his own Church. That, he said, was the only thing that kept him back. He then said to Mr. Walker, that he was fully satisfied that the doctrines taught by the United Brethren and

Methodists were true, and that their profession of "*experimental religion*" was in strict accordance with the teachings of the Holy Bible. He also stated to Mr. Walker that he did not intend to rest satisfied till he knew for himself that God had power to pardon sins and renew the soul in his own "image and likeness." This interview encouraged Mr. Walker very much, and he returned to his team, but not to work. Finding that his horses were quiet, he turned aside into the dense forest, amid the solitude and grandeur of God's own temple, to pour out his soul in fervent supplications. In his distress, as he afterward said, he called on the "Virgin Mary," as the "holy mother of Christ," for her blessing, and upon all the "holy angels" to help him. But, alas! he obtained no help from that source. But he continued to pray on, and on, till finally his mind and heart were turned toward Christ, and "*Christ alone.*" By faith he took hold of the "angel of the covenant," and struggled, as a man struggles for life, till the going down of the sun. On a sudden he TRIUMPHED. The "Sun of righteousness" appeared, light from heaven broke in upon his dungeon, "his chains fell off," and he was led forth by the Holy Spirit from his prison-house of woe into the light and liberty of the children of God. He now directed his way homeward, happy in the God of his salvation. How changed the scene! What a contrast in the feelings of Mr. Walker from the time that he had parted with his wife in the morning!

The sun had gone down, and the nightfall was coming on. He hastened homeward with a joyful heart. All dread and fear was gone. His mourning was turned into joy, and he longed to tell what the Lord had done for his soul. On arriving at the house, he inquired for Mrs. Walker, and immediately on meeting her exclaimed, "Mary, you are right; I am fully satisfied; God has showed me that YOU ARE RIGHT. I am ready to go with you with all my heart. I feel happy. I never felt so in all my life before." He then briefly recounted the way in which he had spent the day. He spoke with tears of his agony, the mighty struggle, and joyful deliverance. The joy of Mrs. Walker on that night can be better imagined than described. In the morning, when her husband left the house, she was full of sadness. But she went "boldly to the throne of grace" to ask for help in the time of need. God looked upon the affliction of his handmaiden, and gave her an assurance in her heart that it should be even as she desired. "O, woman, great is thy faith!" God had thus prepared her to meet her companion with a light heart and a smiling countenance.

Rev. Michael Ellis was at that time preacher in charge of Pickaway circuit. In two weeks after the conversion of Mr. Walker, he went in company with his excellent wife to hear the Rev. Mr. Ellis preach. The minister discoursed that day on the subject of "Christian Perfection." It was a new and strange doctrine to both of them; yet they "heard him

gladly" and with great profit. At the close of the sermon, as soon as the invitation was given, Mr. Walker united with the Methodist Episcopal Church on trial. The little society received him with expressions of gratitude and praise to God in plucking him as a "brand out of the fire." They were constrained to say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." On their return home, their mutual joy was truly great. God gave them a sweet foretaste of his love, an earnest of their future inheritance. They had good measure pressed down, shaken together, and running over. This occurred in the year 1819, several years subsequent to the purchase of the Protestant Bible at Chillicothe.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD THINGS PASSED AWAY.

Behold, all things are become new.—2 Cor. v, 19.

A NEW order of things was now introduced into the family. The Roman Prayer-Book and "counting of beads" were laid aside, and the Bible and Methodist Hymn-Book were used in the family devotions. Instead of praying to the Virgin Mary and the saints, prayer was offered to God through our atoning High-Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom and through whose blood we are freely justified and sanctified. The Methodist ministers now began to visit the family. They always had much to say on the subject of *experimental religion*, its necessity, how it was to be obtained and retained. This was very displeasing to the eldest children, especially Mr. George W. Walker, the subject of these brief recollections. He remarks, "Their visits were not agreeable to me. I believed they were false teachers, 'blind guides,' and leaders of the blind. I watched them narrowly, and regarded them as enemies. They still continued to visit in the family; but I had too much respect for my parents to treat them rudely. I thought it *possible* they might be sincere, and, therefore, were more to be pitied than

condemned or despised. I was then quite young, and their conversation, preaching, and the novelty of their religious meetings made a lasting impression on my mind. But I felt deeply afflicted on the account of my mother having united with the Methodist Church. I loved her tenderly, and thought she was very unhappy. I did not understand the meaning of her shedding tears so frequently. I thought that by her conduct she had destroyed her soul, that she now realized this to be true, and that was the cause of her tears and sorrow. I also thought that the Methodists had brought all this mental trouble upon her; and if I had possessed the power, I then thought it would be a 'good work' to exterminate all the Methodists from the face of the earth. Such, I am sorry to say, is the effect of the teachings of Romanism. It makes the mind and heart of its members full of prejudice against all Protestants. Romanists will engage in the work of persecution whenever they have an opportunity, and are certain they will not expose themselves to worse consequences than to '*endure*' with Protestants. But when my father joined the Church with mother, and they both appeared unusually kind and happy, too, I was at a great loss to understand it. I could not tell how this matter would end. Of course, it was a matter of great exultation among the Methodists, that my parents had become 'new creatures in Christ Jesus,' and had joined with them in Church fellowship. The Methodist ministers began to visit still more frequently in our family, and

also to talk on the subject of *experimental religion.* This course would occasionally call out the experience of my dear parents before their children. At first, the statements seemed very strange and mysterious to me; yet their conversation caused me sometimes to think and feel too. Up to this period of time I had not become reconciled to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I could not trust her ministers under *any circumstances whatever.* I wished to keep myself at a respectful distance from them on all occasions. But I felt that it was due to my parents to treat them with *deference* and respect. The kindness and interest that they always manifested for our spiritual welfare soon overcame, in a great degree, my bitter opposition. As my parents were now connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, I did not like to hear any one speak disrespectfully of her members and disparagingly of her ministers. I felt that all such remarks reflected on my parents, as well as on several others whom I had great confidence in. It was not long till unkind remarks about the Methodists became really offensive to me. The connection of my parents with the Methodist Church produced a great social, moral, and religious change in the entire family. The party of pleasure, and worldly amusements, and the sound of the violin, were superseded by the Methodist prayer meeting and by itinerant preaching. Family prayer was also instituted, and kept up regularly. Heretofore prayers were occasionally read from a prayer-book; but now a chapter

from the Holy Bible was read, a hymn of praise sung, and prayer from the heart was offered, not to the 'Virgin Mary,' to angels or saints, but to God through Jesus Christ. The effects of these devotional exercises were salutary upon all the members of our household. I was constrained to acknowledge that a great and marvelous change had been wrought in our midst."

The conversion of Mrs. Walker was soon manifested by good fruits. She gathered up all her wooden and metal cross images, beads and pernicious books, and destroyed them all, so that her dear children might be no longer misled or injured by them.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSFORMING GRACE.

And of the chief women not a few.—Acts xvii, 4.

About twelve months after the conversion of the father, a beloved daughter, whose name was Harriet, embraced the Protestant form of Christianity, experienced a change of heart, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and walked in sweet communion with her parents. When this was first communicated to her brother George, he expressed a doubt as to the correctness of the report, and would not believe it for some time. At last his informant assured him that she was not only powerfully converted, but had shouted aloud for joy, and exhorted all around her to flee from the wrath to come and seek the Lord. This declaration astonished him more than ever. He was struck dumb, and knew not what to say or do. This amiable young lady had a powerful influence over her brother George. They had often taken counsel together in regard to the connection of their parents with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the new order introduced into the family. Mr. Walker says, "I had felt pretty secure while sister Harriet stood by me, but, when I learned that she also had become a

shouting Christian, I then realized that I was forsaken by them all, and I soon became highly exasperated. At first, I was disposed to shun my sister, for fear that she would say something to me about this 'new religion,' and urge me to go with her. God only knew the disquietude of my soul. My mind was unsettled. I did not wish to wound her feelings, but I was determined to tell her that her late conduct in 'shouting and exhorting,' was a great mortification to me. But, to my surprise, my own mind soon became engrossed upon the subject of personal religion. The Holy Spirit was shedding new light upon my ignorance and former 'superstition.' But I could not then understand it. Up to the period of my sister's conversion, I had not attended any of these meetings among this 'new sect,' except those which had been held in my father's house. My parents did not 'COMMAND' any of us to go to these meetings. They well remembered their own former teachings, and understood all our difficulties, and what strong prejudices still reigned in the minds of some of the older children against the form of Christianity as taught by Methodist ministers. It is true, they would often advise and counsel us, but they relied upon the Spirit of God, holy examples, and strong faith, and prayer, to bring all their children to the knowledge of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ." And the sequel proves they did not labor in vain.

About the time when Miss Harriet Walker was

converted there was a general revival in that region of country. The good work extended to other appointments on the circuit, and many were converted and added to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Walker was now more kind and obliging to her brother than heretofore. She would often anticipate all his little wants in the family. George soon became fully satisfied that she had experienced a great change, but could not become reconciled to her "shouting" and praying in the public congregation. He remarks, in regard to this subject, as follows: "When my sister Harriet invited me to accompany her to meeting, I told her I did not wish to go, that I had been informed that she was in the habit of praying and shouting at those meetings, and I did not wish to go on that account; I did not like to see it, and that it deeply mortified me to hear such reports about her. This statement affected her to tears. She replied, kindly, 'Brother, you are still in darkness, but I hope you will yet be brought to see and feel as I do; then, perhaps, you will shout also.' I felt a kind of inward gratification that I had been favored with an opportunity to tell her all that was in my mind concerning her religious exercises, but I was truly sorry to witness the effects of my reproof upon her tender heart and sweet spirit. I loved her too well to take pleasure in pursuing any course that I thought would wound her feelings. I went out hastily from her presence to attend to my duties on the farm,

but her image was before me. I felt that I had been the cause of those falling tears. I soon became satisfied that my conduct toward her, on that occasion, was neither manly nor brotherly. I was heartily ashamed of the course I had pursued, although I was no doubt honest in believing that I could not bear to see her shouting in the public congregation. The account I had concerning her was simply this, that sometimes she was called on to pray, and would frequently end her prayer in praise, or in an exhortation to her young associates to seek the salvation of their souls. I was afraid to go where she was praying, for fear I might become angry, disarmed, or *overpowered;* and, I assure you, I dreaded the latter much more than the former. I recollect that, on one occasion, I told her that I would go with her if she would promise me not to shout. At this time she manifested more tenderness than before, and said that she did not shout for the *sake of shouting*, but that she felt constrained to rejoice and praise God when she thought of all that he had done for her and for the family, and for what she thought he would yet do for them. The Lord, she said, had done great things for her, whereof she was exceeding glad. I began to fear that she would commence shouting while talking with me, and that I might get into the very trouble that I was trying to avoid. I then told her I was in a great hurry, and left her abruptly. It was not long after I had this conversation with her,

while father was attending to family prayer, that she received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost that she was constrained to cry aloud. She then suddenly sprang to her feet, uttered a few expressions of praise, and fell. My father's brother, who was still a Catholic, and lived in our family, raised her up. She then commenced shouting and praising the Lord, and also to exhort others to seek the Savior. She also embraced my father and mother, and other members of the family. My uncle, as well as myself, and some of my father's work hands, left the house as soon as we could get out. There was victory in that exhortation, halleluiahs to God and the Lamb. Uncle was utterly confounded and gave up all his opposition, renounced Catholicism and was converted, and not long afterward joined the Methodist Episcopal Church."

CHAPTER VIII.

ADOPTION—GOING BACK FROM GOD.

So will not we go back from thee; quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.—PSALM LXXX, 18.

"Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside."

ACCORDING to the custom of the Romish Church, Mr. Walker was early dedicated to God by Priest Malloway, in Frederick City, Maryland. His parents took great pains to instruct him, while he was very young, in all the peculiar dogmas of their own Church. Having no knowledge of true religion, or the means of acquiring any knowledge of God, only as taught him by priests and out of the Catechisms of the "Mother Church," as naturally might have been expected, he was a stanch Catholic for many years, as we have already learned from the family narrative. He conscientiously believed the Romish Church was the only true Church, and that all others were spurious in their character, the work of designing men. These pernicious opinions were very early instilled into his youthful mind. He was a favorite child, and it was the design of his parents to have him educated for a Catholic priest. This

for many years was a pleasing thought with young George. But God, who alone sees the end from the beginning, intended to confer upon him higher honors, and make him a Protestant and an evangelical minister of the New Testament. The emigration of the family to Ohio, and the remarkable conversion from Romanism of his parents and a beloved sister, under God, was the means of his conversion from Romanism to Protestantism, and likewise from the "error of his way" to a knowledge of God in the forgiveness of sins. Not very long after the conversion of his sister he commenced attending pretty regularly the Methodist meetings which were held in the neighborhood of his father's. His judgment had long been convinced, and his conscience truly awakened by the Holy Spirit. He had fully realized the wickedness and rebellion of his heart against God at the time of the conversion of his father and mother. He now resolved to lay aside all his former prejudices and opposition to the Methodists, and "seek the Lord with his whole heart." He was finally induced, with several other persons, to go forward to the "mourner's bench," to solicit an interest in the prayers of the children of God. In this act he considered himself as making a full surrender of himself to God. It is true that he stood fully committed to the cause of Christ "before men;" but the sacrifice was incomplete. He kept back a part of the price. He did not obtain religion on that occasion. This was to him a sore and grievous

disappointment. But he felt, as he said, that interest, duty, and honor all urged him to go forward. His affectionate sister and other dear friends continued to encourage and labor with him. They exhorted him to a diligent use of all the means of God's own appointment, such as attending on the ministry of the word, searching the Scriptures, and secret prayer and fasting. The work of grace in his heart was gradual in its character. He was soon delivered from condemnation, and enabled to rejoice in the God and Rock of his salvation. Not long after this he was received on trial in the Methodist Episcopal Church by Rev. James Quinn.

At this early period his mind was deeply exercised on the subject of entering the Christian ministry. He loved to attend upon the ministrations of God's house, and often took "sweet counsel" with his sister Harriet, as they walked together in the comforts of the Holy Ghost toward Mount Zion. As his parents had wished him, before their conversion from Romanism, to be educated for a priest, he did not know but what they might now desire that he should become a Protestant minister. But he kept these thoughts concealed within his own bosom. He was very young and inexperienced, and Satan tempted him to believe that he had neither the "gifts nor qualifications" for preaching the Gospel, and would never be able to obtain them.

About this time he formed a resolution to leave the paternal roof and acquire a trade, being natu-

rally fond of handicraft. This in after life he always considered the greatest error of his youth. Instead of learning a trade, he ought to have entered school, and immediately commenced the work of preparation for the ministry. His soul was not at rest because he was unwilling to bear the cross. He was restless and uneasy at home, and his parents consented that he should go and learn the blacksmith trade with a distant relative, in a small village called Tarlton, in Pickaway county, Ohio. This gentleman had once been a member of the Methodist Church. In former days a small class had occasionally met in his house. But at this time the class had been discontinued, and there were no regular meetings held by the Methodists in that town. His relative had become intemperate in his habits, and had left the Church. Our young friend George had now no one to take him by the hand and say, "Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord together"—no kind father or affectionate sister to urge him on in the discharge of his Christian duties. Sin and iniquity of every kind prevailed in the place; and, alas! young George fell into known sin, and grieved the Holy Spirit of God. He soon lost his character and standing in religious society, and became a backslider in heart and life. For more than three years he wandered from God without visible connection with the Church. His former peace and religious enjoyments were all gone. He sought for happiness in the pleasures of the world, but was disappointed in the pursuit. There was an aching

void within that the world could not fill, and gloom enshrouded his soul.

"But now when evening shades prevail,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns."

In the year 1823, during his absence at Tarlton, his parents removed to Champaign county. He had now no longer the privilege of an occasional visit to the paternal home. But although in this backslidden state the Holy Spirit continued to strive with him, and his conscience at times lashed him as with scorpion stings, at times his former convictions in regard to preaching the Gospel would return with increased power, so as to startle him from his slumbers for a season. The thought would often come into his mind that he was not only going rapidly down to hell, but taking others with him, when he knew that it was not only his duty to serve God, but also to try and save others. He remarks, when speaking on this subject, as follows:

"I would often speak to some of my social companions, and say, 'NOW, THIS IS ALL WRONG. I AM NOT GOING TO SPEND MY LIFE IN THIS WAY. If we do not quit our wickedness, the devil is sure of us all.' These admonitions were sometimes accompanied with a look and an emphasis that would cause them to stare at me in profound silence. At other times they would reply by way of ridicule to these reproofs."

In the midst of all his wanderings the Holy Spirit

continued to strive with him. "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye into it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left." Isaiah xxx, 21. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?" is the language of infinite Love to every sinner. After young George would spend a day in sinful mirth and transgression, on returning to his room these solemn words would sound in his ears, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment." Eccl. xi, 9.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river?—JEREMIAH II, 18.

WHILE residing in Tarlton, Mr. Walker united with a military company, under the command of a skillful disciplinarian, who had been an officer in the late war with England. He took great delight in this, and devoted a part of his time to the study and practice of military tactics. From boyhood he had cherished a great fondness for pomp and military display. He took especial delight in the "sword exercise." His connection, however, with this volunteer company, had a tendency to wean his heart more and more from the "way of peace."

From childhood he had listened to the exciting narratives of the revolutionary period, and the sanguinary struggles of later date. Upon this topic he writes, "My father removed to Ohio previous to the last war with England, while a number of Indian tribes were still inhabiting the north-western part of Ohio. With recitals of war and bloodshed my young mind was quite familiar, and it is not strange that I should have a fondness for the life

of a soldier. Indeed, the scenes with which my mind and heart were most familiar, were enough to make one believe that war was the natural state of man. These exciting things interested me very much for a while, but still I was discontented and unhappy. I was not an *indented* apprentice. My father clothed me, and I worked for my board while learning my trade. My employer continued to drink, and became more and more of an inebriate; consequently, to neglect the blacksmith shop, to find fault with his hands, and to indulge in a censorious spirit. Being apprehensive that if I should remain there much longer I might form habits that would be ruinous, I resolved to quit.

"After working in Tarlton for eighteen months, with the approbation of my parents, I went in the country to obtain a more perfect knowledge of my trade, with a man by the name of Dresbach. I remained with Mr. D. for about eighteen months, working on the same terms as I had done in the town of Tarlton. As the time was drawing to a close, I talked with my intimate friends as to the future.

"I had now been working hard for three years, without making any thing for myself. I now felt anxious to make some money. I learned that I could do well at the blacksmithing business in the city of New Orleans, and that the climate was favorable in the winter months. I concluded in my own mind, that as soon as my time should expire with Mr. Dresbach, in the early part of the fall, I would

make my way to that far-off city in the south. In the fall, one of my neighbors was making arrangements to send a flat-boat to New Orleans, loaded with the products of his farm. He offered me a place as a hand, and some wages, to accompany him. I had concluded in my own mind to go, and not let my parents know any thing about it, till I should arrive at my place of destination. 'The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.' About this time, a dog belonging to the family with whom I was living, was seized with a strange fit, and ran into the house and attempted to bite Mrs. D. He then ran through the shop into the lane, as though he would bite the cattle, and then ran through the shop into the yard again. All were highly excited by the strange conduct of the dog. He then came toward me. I caught hold of him, and threw him down, and called for a rope to tie him. A rope was brought, but no one would assist me. In my effort to hold and tie him, he bit me in the left wrist—his teeth entering on both sides. He then broke loose from me, and left the place. In a few days, old and experienced persons gave it as their opinion that the dog was rabid. Search was made for the dog, but no trace of him could be found. Day after day passed away, and no one had seen or heard any thing of him. By this time there seemed to be but one opinion, and that was this, that the dog was attacked with canine madness. I doubt whether

my feelings can either be imagined or described. Every one looked upon me with mournfulness and fearfulness also; as I was very strong, the question was mooted what should be done with me, in case the disease should develop itself in my system. I positively forbade any one to write to my father's family. The world seemed literally dead to me, and I to the world, and every thing that was in it. My soul was ill at ease. My mind was like the 'troubled sea that casts up mire and dirt.' All my past life, like a map, was spread out before me. I then realized fully that I had forsaken the Savior, indulged in sinful pleasures and amusements, and at times profaned God's holy name. To attempt now to return to him seemed like presumption—a forced submission and repentance. I tried to pray, and spent most of the time for several days alone in the woods. My fate seemed to be sealed, as to this world, and a dark cloud spread itself over the future. But for the conviction felt in my own mind, that there was a hell, I should have thanked any one for taking away my life. Such were my fears, that I supposed that, should the dreadful disease take hold upon me, my friends would be under the necessity to destroy my life, in order to protect themselves from danger. In this dreadful state of mind I continued about eight days—by day and night filled with the most terrible forebodings.

"At length, to the astonishment of all who knew any thing about the case, the dog made his appear-

ance again in the lane. He was so reduced, that we were unable, at first, to identify him. He was so weak that he could scarcely walk. This fact was reported to me as soon as I could be found. I could hardly believe it myself. The family were still afraid of him, but I thought it could be no worse with me if I was bitten again. Therefore I went and took hold of him, and put him in a place of close confinement. The excitement in the family was intense at this time. Some thought if he had been rabid he would not have survived so long, yet they feared to rejoice, not being able to determine as to the facts in the case. Water was set before him, and no spasm or convulsion ensued. For a time he seemed too sick to notice or eat any thing. The news spread, and many of the neighbors came in to see the dog, and to 'show their opinions also.' However, in the course of the day, the dog began to eat and drink. The whole family rejoiced exceedingly. I can not possibly describe the reaction, in my own mind, when I saw that I would yet escape such a horrible death. But it was not the joy that flows from sins forgiven, or a sense of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. I felt that God was in it, and that if he would spare me, I would henceforth acknowledge him in all my ways, and by his help endeavor to serve him. No clear and satisfactory solution of this strange affair was ever discovered. Conflicting views and opinions were enter-

tained and expressed on this subject. Be the facts what they may, it was an awful and afflictive providence to me, at that time, and has had a powerful influence on my life, from that period up to the present time."

Surely, it might be said of him, in the midst of his anguish, "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way? And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river? Hence, our wickedness shall correct thee; and thine own backslidings shall reprove thee. Know, therefore, and see, that it is an evil thing, and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord of hosts."

CHAPTER X.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

And he arose and came to his father.—LUKE XV, 20.

"My father's house once more
In its own moonlight beauty! yet around
Something amidst the dewy calm profound
Broods never marked before!"

How inscrutable are the ways of God! Not long after this mysterious and afflictive dispensation of Providence, he received intelligence that his dear mother was very ill, and serious fears were entertained of her recovery. His parents had removed, recently, to Logan county, near West Liberty, and subsequently removed to Champaign county. Mr. Walker set out immediately on his journey home, filled with apprehensions that his mother would not survive till he could reach home. He confidently believed that she would go to heaven. He thus writes upon this subject: "I knew that she was a good woman, and that when her body was laid in the grave her spirit would rest in heaven, with the glorified saints of God. This one thought occupied my mind all the way. I then felt that if I ever met her again, I must live and die a Christian. This I resolved to do by the help of God. I often tried

to pray, as I journeyed along, that my dear mother might be spared till I should reach home. As I approached the house, by the way of the flour-mill, my heart was deeply moved, and my mind excited with alternate hope and fear. I went into the mill first, but I saw no person there with whom I was acquainted. In a few moments an old man entered the door, who, as I afterward learned, was the assistant miller. I judged from his dress that he was a Frenchman. The old gentleman watched me closely. I said nothing to him, but continued to walk about the mill as though I was inspecting the machinery. I thought that I would soon meet my uncle, or some of the family. The old Frenchman approached me, and straightened himself up, and said, 'Sir, is not your name Walker?' I replied, "It is, sir." Uttering rather a profane exclamation, he said, 'Your mother be mighty glad to see you,' and with a quick step he went out of the mill. I followed him to the door, and saw that he was moving rapidly toward the house. I was filled with indescribable emotions. My dear mother was still alive. I knew that I would soon be permitted to see her. But how should I be able to control my feelings, as a man should do under such circumstances? This was the question with me. I stood motionless, for some moments, buried in deep thought, but casting a second look in the direction of the house, I saw the old Frenchman returning again, accompanied by several persons, among whom I recognized my dear

sister Harriet. I then sprang out of the mill door and made haste to meet them. They laid hold upon me and almost carried me in their arms to the house. I approached her bedside—

'Hark, hark! it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once it seemed, yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name! I caught the sound,
O, blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild!
Mother, my mother! now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found.'

And my venerable father and brothers all embraced me tenderly. It was a time of great joy. Tears and sobs filled the house. O, the joy of that happy hour! Although more than thirty years have passed away, I seem even now to be in the midst of that happy and exciting family scene at the old homestead in Champaign. The feelings of that hour thrill my heart anew.

"After an absence of two years, I was once more at 'home again.' But how I was changed! I was not the same man, morally or religiously, that I was when, three years previously, I had left the paternal roof. I had gone out, not knowing what would befall me. But I was now a penitent prodigal, and had made solemn vows of reformation to God. I related to the family the particulars of the severe trial with the mad dog through which I had just passed, before the news of my mother's illness had reached me. They were all deeply affected by the

narration; but, I am sorry to say, I did not fully disclose to them the state of my mind and heart. This caused my parents and sister to fear that I did not view this strange providence in a proper light; that it did not affect my heart as it should. This gave them much concern for my spiritual state. A few days afterward, I began to speak of my return, when my parents and sister Harriet expressed a desire to know my plans for the future—if I had yet formed any. I knew they were very anxious about my spiritual and temporal welfare. I feared to tell them of my intention to spend the approaching winter in the city of New Orleans. I feared that they would not approve it, and might possibly oppose my wishes. But I was compelled to disclose it all. They were surprised and afflicted, and immediately expressed their unqualified disapprobation. They remarked that if I took that course they would give me up as lost, and should never expect to meet me again. I felt the weight and force of their opposition, and avowed my willingness to hear any suggestions, or plans they might have to propose, and if they had any thing to propose better than my own I would cheerfully adopt them, as I did not wish to grieve or afflict them. Not long after this, perhaps the same day, my father proposed that, if I would remain at home and attend school during the fall and winter, when the spring arrived he would assist me to start a blacksmith shop of my own. This proposition struck me

with great force, and shed more light upon my path than I had experienced for a long time. The thought of the ministry, that had haunted me for several years, again returned with greater power, and it was often suggested to my mind how much better it would have been for me to have spent my time in going to school than to have spent so many years in learning a trade. I finally acceded to my father's proposition, and left him to arrange with Mr. Dresbach for the balance of my time, which was only a few months. This point being now settled, I went to Urbana and worked four weeks at my trade. I then entered school and commenced the study of the higher branches of an English education, under an aged and accomplished instructor. I applied myself as closely as I could under the circumstances. But my mind was not at rest. Since my return I had not taken any public step expressive of my religious course or future purposes. The world still claimed me. My uncle, who had the superintendence of my father's mill, was a single man, and fond of gay company. There were also a number of men in his employ who made no pretensions to religion. They all regarded me as belonging to their party. Although they treated me with great respect and kindness, they were a hinderance to me in carrying out my religious purposes and plans. At this time there were but few persons in that neighborhood that were truly pious. The young people with whom I became acquainted were mostly irreligious, and

sought happiness in worldly amusements. I had no help from that source, but my good sister still 'held fast her integrity.' She lived a consistent and devoted life. She had extraordinary gifts in singing, prayer, and exhortation. She not only commanded the respect, but esteem of all who knew her. This was, to a great extent, my only safeguard at this critical period. I could and did frequently excuse myself from going to this or that place of amusement, that was injurious, on account of paying attention to my sister, accompanying her to religious meetings, etc. Father and mother had to go four miles to the place of preaching and class meeting. The Rev. George Gatch was on the circuit at this time. I went with the family to hear him preach. I was much pleased with his appearance, and soon became interested in his preaching. I seldom missed hearing him at the time of his regular appointments. I often found it difficult to conceal my feelings. How strangely we sometimes act in going contrary to an enlightened judgment! My dear mother frequently admonished and conversed freely with me, but I generally gave her an evasive answer. Sometimes I would reply, 'O mother, I reckon I shall yet be a Methodist preacher.' This was said in such a way that she was at a loss to know whether I was really serious in making such a statement. She sometimes thought I was making light of the subject, but she has often told me since that she became impressed that I felt more on that subject

than I was willing to express or admit to her; and that God had a great work for me to do, if I would yield and give myself up to his will. In the opening of spring my father complied with his promise, and I commenced business for myself with fine prospects of success. I worked hard and read as much as I could. Shortly after I engaged in business, I was urged by my young companions to join the Champaign cavalry. My military feelings were again excited. I joined the company, and 'equipped myself according to law,' and was mustered into the service. This was a disadvantage to me in executing the plans and religious purposes which I had formed. I attended Church regularly, and often tried to pray. During that summer I attended a camp meeting, which was superintended by the Rev. John Collins. During the delivery of an exhortation by that venerable man of God, at the close of the sacramental service, I was so deeply affected that I had to withdraw from the congregation. I retired alone to the woods for the purpose of meditation and prayer. The great difficulty in my way was the thought that I should have to enter the ministry. The longer I meditated upon the subject the more deeply I became impressed that if I obtained religion, and joined the Church, I should have to engage in the ministry, or backslide again. I felt that I was destitute of the necessary qualifications, and thought I could never obtain them. I desired to be a Christian and serve the Lord in a private sphere. A few weeks after

this camp meeting, I went with my sister to a prayer meeting on Sabbath afternoon. She was invited to pray. And she prayed with such holy fervor and power, that I was obliged to leave the house, or cry aloud for mercy. I did leave the house, and went off into the woods till the meeting closed. My mind, at this time, was greatly distressed. I thought I was the most unhappy person in the world. On returning home, scarcely a word passed between sister and myself. She saw that I had fled, and she had reason to believe that it was to avoid her personal importunity, for she was coming toward me when I left the house. She wept most of the way home. On my return home from this meeting, I retired, in the dusk of the evening, to a grove near the house, and continued for some time in meditation and prayer, but I found no relief to my wounded soul."

The great error with Mr. Walker, at this time, was simply this, that while he greatly desired to find peace with God, he was not willing to confess him before men. He often affected a cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit that he did not feel, for fear of disclosing to others the real state of his feelings. I have often known this before with truly-awakened sinners.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BACKSLIDER RESTORED.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.—PSALM LI, 12, 13.

"Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more." C. WESLEY.

"A FEW weeks after this there was another camp meeting held, about seven miles from my father's residence. I proposed to my sister that we should go on Saturday morning. She readily consented. When the morning dawned, and we were ready to start, I said, 'Mother, I am going to this meeting for a good purpose. I intend to try and obtain religion, if there is any for me.' She was very much affected by my candid avowal, uttered a short, ejaculatory prayer, pronounced a blessing upon us both, and we took our departure for the meeting. On arriving at the ground, I soon met with a number of my acquaintances, several of whom were pious; but those who were most ready to take me into their society were not religious. This was a disadvantage to me. But that which was most against me was the fact of my consenting to act as one of the 'committee of order.'

There had been some trouble on the previous evening with some 'lewd fellows of the baser sort.' I always abhorred bad conduct at a religious meeting, and when called to act with the above-named committee, I resolved faithfully to discharge the duty assigned me. Although nothing of a serious nature occurred, it kept me away from preaching and other devotional exercises at the stand. I came in contact with those who were disposed to disturb the meeting, and this turned my mind and feelings away from the channel in which I desired them to flow. I found my interest declining, and I had abandoned the hope of receiving any special benefit, by attending the camp meeting. My sister had been prayerfully observing my position and movements, and felt greatly distressed in mind, for fear that meeting would terminate without my having received any special benefit. Finally, she sought an opportunity, and informed an aged Christian man, in whom she had full confidence, of the remark I had made to my mother, just as we were starting from home, and also requested him to seek an opportunity to converse with me on that subject. I think it was on Monday evening, after preaching, while the prayer meeting was in progress, as I was passing round to see if '*all was right*,' among the crowd who had gathered around the outside of the altar, that I was accosted by an aged man, who was a stranger to me. He first spoke to me in reference to the good order that seemed to prevail, and said they felt under

the strongest obligations to me and some others, who, although we were not religious, had so much respect for religious persons, as to see to it, that they were not interrupted or imposed upon, while attempting to worship God in the grove. I replied that I felt gratified that we had succeeded in keeping good order without much difficulty, as fears had been apprehended of a serious disturbance, from what had occurred on the Friday night preceding. And as to religion, I informed him that I believed that it was true, and to be enjoyed by all persons who lived up to their profession. I have the most profound respect for all such persons, and can not see them imposed upon. I also told him that I always regarded it as an indication of low breeding and ignorance, in any one who attempted to disturb a religious meeting—that with all my youthful follies I had never interrupted a religious assembly—that I had never been guilty of a misdemeanor at such a place—nor would I associate with any person who would act in a disorderly manner. He then remarked that he hoped I would soon experience religion, and connect myself with the Church, and give all my influence in favor of the cause of Christ. I replied, 'Sir, as to "my influence," it is small, but I will say to you, I do desire to be a sincere Christian, but whether I ever should experience religion, was altogether uncertain.' He then remarked to me that my sister was very much concerned for me, and was anxious that I should experience religion

before the meeting closed. 'She also told me that she heard you remark to your mother just before you started from home, that you were coming here to try and obtain religion. She also requested me to talk with you on the subject, and try and persuade you to go into the prayer circle.' I then perceived that he was better posted in regard to my case than I had heretofore supposed. I then resolved to be frank with him, and admitted that I had made the remark, and that I had done so in all the sincerity of my heart; but that I felt less like it now than when I left home; that my duties, as one of the 'committee of order,' had kept me from attending the meeting, and that my mind had been diverted from the subject to such an extent, that I now had no hope of realizing what I anticipated when coming to the meeting. At this he expressed the deepest regret, and said if they had suspected the state of my mind, and the unhappy result, that they should not have imposed such a duty upon me, for any consideration whatever. He then said he was of the opinion that it was not too late yet—that the enemy of souls was trying to get the advantage of me—that if I would come within the altar and join in the prayer meeting, he believed God would bless me. He rather insisted on my going with him. I then told him, with my present state of mind, I did not believe that I should receive any profit. He then manifested a still deeper concern for my salvation, and seemed very reluctant

to give me up. The conversation had attracted a number of persons toward us. I then proposed that if it was agreeable to him, that we should take a walk into the grove, and have a free conversation on the subject of religion, and if he thought it proper, he might pray for me there. He immediately accepted my proposition, but said, 'Stay here till I go to the tent and get my hat.' Of course I had to comply with this reasonable request. He started for his tent, and I thought staid there much longer than necessary. In the mean time, my mind became more and more excited, and my soul stirred up within me, and I began to wonder at myself for making such a proposition to him. And as he tarried longer than I had supposed he would, I had more time to reflect on what I had done, and was about to do. I was sorely tempted to walk away to some other part of the encampment, but I drove the tempter back on a *point of honor*. I had made the proposition voluntarily, and I was determined to abide by it, come whatever should. While these reflections were passing through my mind, my friend came up, apparently much affected. We started, and were soon outside the circle of tents. I found myself now in possession of a class of feelings that I had never experienced before. We continued our walk for some distance, till we supposed we were beyond the observation of any one that might be passing around the camp-ground. We at last came to a fallen tree, and then seated ourselves upon

its trunk, and entered more fully into a conversation on the subject of experimental and practical religion, as it regarded myself. I gave him an account of my former experience and misfortunes in religious matters, excepting my impressions as to my duty to enter the ministry. I told him all the exercises of my mind, and the deep sorrow through which I had passed for the last twelve months. He had seen me frequently during that period, but said he had no idea of the state of my mind. He had always regarded me as a gay and cheerful young man, enjoying this life as well as any person could do, without the religion of Christ. But now that he understood my case, he felt more deeply for me than ever, and proposed prayer. We both kneeled before God, our Maker, and he offered up prayer in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in my behalf. He was sensibly assisted by the Holy Spirit 'that maketh intercession for us, with groanings that can not be uttered.' O, the efficacy of that prayer! That dear old man of God is now in heaven, but I seem still to be with him in spirit, in the 'grand old wood,' beside the trunk of that fallen tree, listening to his manly voice, lifted up in humble, fervent prayer, supplication and strong cries, and tears, for the salvation of my poor soul. I was then most deeply penetrated with a sense of my lost estate, and in spirit tried to join him in prayer. When he closed, he called on me to pray. I knew not what to say or do, but resolved

to try, and he encouraged me, ever and anon, with a suitable response, till we were both praying at the same time, and how long we continued I can not now tell. We were observed by some person who came near enough to recognize us, and also to see what we were doing in the woods.

"Our unexpected observer conveyed the intelligence to the encampment, and reported the matter to my sister, and others, so that the first knowledge that we had that our place of 'sacred retreat' had been discovered, was the fact of our being surrounded by a large number of persons, among whom I recognized my ever-faithful and devoted sister Harriet, who, with some other friends, had been praying in a tent for my conversion. This had all been arranged by my old friend, while I was waiting his return from his tent, whither he had gone for his hat. But I did not know this till afterward. They came up so quietly that we did not at first observe them, we were both so much engaged in prayer; so that for some time we went on with our devotions in our own way. At last, my sister became so much affected that she could stand it no longer, and cried aloud, 'O, my dear brother,' and caught me in her arms. Now there was a general outburst of feeling, and cries and shouts rent the air. For a little while I was completely overwhelmed. The scene at this crisis has often been described to me, but I shall not attempt to portray it here. Some time, however, was spent in singing and prayer, after

the arrival of the first company, and still they kept coming, till a large portion of the people had left the encampment, and joined our party in the woods. Finally, some one proposed that we should return to the camp-ground, as the prayer meeting at the stand was still progressing. I was then conducted by some of my friends to the altar, where the struggle was again renewed. The scene in the wood, as I learned afterward, carried deepest conviction to the heart of many of my young acquaintances, who also followed me from the woods to the altar, and kneeled in prayer at the same time, though I observed them not at that time.

"The great difficulty still in my way, was the subject of the Christian ministry. It was continually before my mind. I then felt that I could not consent to preach the Gospel. I sometimes would come to the conclusion that this whole matter was from the devil, and then I would struggle for deliverance from 'sin and Satan's power,' with special reference to my *impressions* on the subject of the ministry. At times it seemed as though I could almost grasp the blessing, and my friends seemed to feel so too. But just at that moment, this thought would come rushing into my mind, 'If you embrace religion, YOU MUST PREACH THE GOSPEL, OR YOU WILL BACKSLIDE AGAIN, and your latter end will be worse than the beginning.' Then a dark cloud would come over me, and I would sink down into an awful and horrible state of mind and soul.

All seemed to be at a loss to know why I should struggle so long and so hard, and at times apparently get so near the blessing, and then again be driven off so far into the regions of doubt and darkness—to the very borders of despair. At last I became abstracted from the world, and all about me. Some became alarmed for my safety, fearing that I would sink down into a state of sullen gloom and despair, and lose my reasoning faculties forever. My dear sister Harriet, I was told, continued to pray for me till she sunk beneath the weight of her mental anguish, and the travail and burden of her own soul, in my behalf. For some time she lay prostrate on the ground, motionless and silent. Finally, it appeared all plain to me, that if I would be the Lord's, and serve him at all, I must do HIS WHOLE WILL, and not seek my own. I must do HIS WILL, whatever it might be, concerning me in future. I then felt that if I would give up all into his hands, soul, body, spirit, for time and eternity, God would not require of me any thing but what I should be able to perform, by the aid of his Holy Spirit. I then resolved I would make an honest effort, relying on God alone for help.

"At this moment light began to shine into my dungeon of grief and gloom. Hope again revived, and my poor, aching, and almost broken heart, moved toward 'God in Christ.' By faith, I took hold on the great and precious promises of the Gospel. In a moment, my dungeon shook, and my chains of ada-

mant fell off. Light from on high shined into my heart, and through my soul, and I felt as though I had been suddenly transported to a new world—a world of light, and peace, and joy, and love divine. I cried, 'GLORY TO GOD,' at the top of my voice. I sprang to my feet, and commenced trying to tell what the Lord had done for me, and exhorting all around to help me to praise the Lord for what he had done for my soul. My dear sister raised the shout of triumph, and with many others, did help me to praise the Lord for bestowing on me his great salvation. I seemed to breathe in a new atmosphere, and for a while thought every person on the encampment had obtained religion. All around me were happy, and wanted to shake hands with me. A number of those who had followed me and my friend to the woods, who, up to that time, appeared indifferent on the subject of religion, were also converted, and joined me in praising the Lord. Though they had not prayed as long as myself, yet they had been enabled to believe unto the salvation of their souls. Glory to God!

"This was a union camp meeting, but was held under the supervision of the Christians; but there were quite as many Methodists in attendance as of the former. There was much union and good feeling prevailing among them at that meeting, and in that part of the country at this time. I was very earnestly and kindly requested to unite with the Christians, but told them that I preferred to join the Meth-

odists, and referred to the fact that my parents and sister belonged to that Church.

"I also told them that I was better acquainted with the doctrines and usages of the Methodists, and greatly preferred to unite with them, although I felt that I loved all who loved my Savior. The time at last arrived for my departure from the camp-ground, and six or seven of our young friends proposed to accompany us home, to witness the meeting between my much-loved parents and myself. I have oftentimes wondered why they felt so much interest in the conversion of such a poor prodigal. However, the glad news had reached home before our arrival, and several persons had gathered in to be witnesses of all that should pass. Thus, my dear parents had been prepared to receive me with glad hearts and open arms. They had been praying ardently that I might obtain pardon and regeneration before my return. That meeting in the family circle was joyful beyond the power of description. It was better in the realization than it can ever appear in description. The entire evening was spent in singing and rejoicing, as if they had 'found great spoils.'"

My dear reader, what encouragement do we find in this simple narrative of religious experience, to labor day and night for the restoration of the backslider in heart! Eternity alone will fully reveal the rich reward of that venerable man of God who so patiently labored with young Mr. Walker at this camp meeting. We may all do much good in this way. O let us hunt

up those that have wandered, and plead with them to return to God! Listen to that voice of mercy, which sounds from the sacred page, "Return, thou backsliding Israel, and I will heal thy backsliding; God is married to the backslider." "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." James v, 19, 20.

It is certainly the duty of all who have found Jesus, to recommend him to others.

An incident occurred many years ago that is worthy of everlasting remembrance; it ought to "be written and laid in the rock forever." At the time of the great revival of religion, under the labors of the Rev. John Collins, at Lebanon, in 1811 and 1812, many were awakened and converted in what was called the old "Red House," which was occupied as a preaching-place at that early period. During this revival, John M'Lean, Esq.—now one of the Judges in the Supreme Court of the United States—united with our Church. Eleven others joined at the same time, most of whom were prominent and influential citizens of the place. All ran well for a season, and were united in bonds of Christian fellowship. Subsequently Judge M'Lean was elected to Congress. During his absence at Washington City, attending to his duties, one of that little band went back to the world, fell into sin, and was expelled from the Church. On returning home from Congress, and learning this fact, Mr. M'Lean

was deeply moved and grieved at his heart. He could not bear the idea that one who had commenced with him on that memorable day to "run the Christian race," should fail to win the prize. He immediately summoned the remaining *ten*, and went in search of the wandering sheep that had strayed from the fold. On finding him, the Judge immediately explained to him the object of their mission. He was instantly moved to penitence and tears by such unexpected kindness and Christian love. They all joined in fervent prayer—prayer ardent—"prayer without ceasing"—till the poor wanderer was healed and restored to the "fold again." O how God likes such conduct! Noble man, that first proposed and led off in such a scheme of restoration of a backslider! Brethren and sisters, let us go and do likewise.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country, which the Lord swore unto our fathers to give us. . . . . Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God. . . . . And the Lord hath avouched thee this day.—DEUT. XXVI, 3, 17, 18.

If thou do these things show thyself unto the world.—JOHN IV, 17.

AT the time of Mr. Walker's restoration to the favor of God, Rev. George Gatch was still on the Mad River circuit. While going his last round on the circuit, and while preaching his farewell sermon in the neighborhood where young Walker's parents attended meeting, he opened the doors of the Church, and a number joined, among whom were George W. Walker. The congregation was too large to crowd into the dwelling-house, and the meeting was held in a large barn, which was no uncommon occurrence at that early period. Mr. Walker took his seat in the back part of the barn, a considerable distance from where the preacher stood. When the invitation was given he started; when about midway of the congregation, his strength failed him for the first time, and he suddenly sank down upon the floor. On seeing this, some of his friends flew to his rescue, and assisted him upon his feet. Brother Gatch was just

approaching him as he arose from his prostrate position. The hand was given to the minister, and the heart to God; and on that day George Walker renewed his covenant with God in Christ. He has often been heard to say, "that was a day long to be remembered by himself and others." His name was again enrolled among the people of God, and many came forward, and gave him the right hand of fellowship. It was a time of general rejoicing among the saints of the Most High.

In reference to this event, Rev. George Gatch, in a letter to me under date of October 28, 1856, remarks as follows: "While traveling the Mad River circuit in 1825, I preached on Sabbath at what was then called Mount Tabor meeting-house, eight miles north of Urbana. I often noticed a fine-looking young man in the congregation that attracted my attention very much, although the congregations were usually large at that place. My attention was first directed to him from the fact that he always took a seat much nearer the speaker than was usual for young persons at that day who were unconverted. I noticed that he had a firm and resolute expression of countenance; and also, that he paid unremitting attention to all that I said. At first, it was a matter of conjecture altogether with me why he manifested such an interest in the services of the sanctuary. On inquiry, however, I learned that he was the son of brother John Walker, and that he resided in the neighborhood of Kings Creek. I soon afterward made his acquaintance, and learned

from him, personally, that the Holy Spirit was constantly at work on his heart, producing conviction for sin, and a strong desire to obtain salvation. Subsequently, he obtained religion at a union camp meeting held by the Christians and Methodists. While making my last round upon the circuit, and at my last appointment on Kings Creek, four miles north of Urbana, the society to which his parents belonged, Mr. W. united with the Church." Mr. Gatch says, "I still have a vivid recollection of that meeting, although more than *thirty-one years* have passed away. It was a time of great power before and after brother Walker joined. And while many were overcome, and fell prostrate to the floor, brother George W. Walker seemed inspired with new strength and zeal. He immediately entered upon the great work to which God had evidently called him. He went all through the house praising God, and exhorting each and every one that he could get access to, according to their spiritual state and condition. I soon left for conference; and was appointed the next year to Bellefontaine circuit, which at that time joined Mad River."

A few weeks after he united with the Church, a "band society" was formed by the young men, which met regularly in a Baptist church, only a few rods from the shop of Mr. Walker. He became a member of this band, and found in it, as he said, all that he needed at that time. The rules taught him in a comprehensive and brief manner how he ought to live in order to please God—by avoiding all evil—discharge

every known duty toward his brethren, and all with whom he had any intercourse. These meetings soon attracted the attention of all persons in that immediate neighborhood. They were new and novel in their character; and many conflicting opinions were entertained and expressed by those who had never been permitted to read the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some thought they were trying to establish a "secret society" of some kind, but could not imagine what it was; while others, who were certainly very destitute of Christian charity, said they met there simply to practice "praying and speaking, so that they might appear to good advantage, when called upon to speak or pray in public." It was finally thought best by the members of this "band" to hold a public meeting, and conduct the exercises in the usual way. The meeting was announced, and the public invited to attend, so that all might hear and see for themselves. The day at last arrived; and the Church was crowded by a large number of persons—some from a distance of four and five miles. All appeared anxious to learn the mysteries of this secret club. Mr. Walker was chosen by his brethren to open the exercises and conduct the meeting. He commenced reading the third chapter of St. John; arriving at the fourth verse, he said, "I feel impressed to speak first to the congregation."

I find the substance of his remarks on that interesting occasion in his own handwriting, which I transcribe for the reader with only a few verbal alterations.

He gave a brief historical account of the sin of the children of Israel in the wilderness, and the terrible judgments with which the Lord had visited them—by bringing into their camp vast numbers of venomous serpents, whose bite was sudden death; and then noticed briefly the remedy that God appointed, a serpent made of brass by Moses, which was suspended on a pole in the midst of the camp, on which, if they would look—that is, believe—they should be saved, thus putting the life of all who were bitten in their own hand; for surely, if they voluntarily refused to look on the serpent, they deserved to die. He then endeavored to show them that we were stung and poisoned by that old serpent called the devil. First, in the fountain of human nature—our federal head and representative; and secondly, by our own personal sins and transgressions, and doomed to death, temporal and eternal; but that God had provided for all our original guilt and personal transgressions—for all "manner of sin and uncleanness;" and that remedy was his Son, Jesus Christ, who had been lifted up in "prophecy," and in "sacrificial offerings" under the law, and especially as the "Paschal Lamb;" also, by his own preaching and miracles; and finally, upon the "cross;" and then exalted to heaven as a "prince and savior," etc. He then tried to enforce the necessity of looking to him by faith—"whosoever believeth on him;" and closed by urging them all to look to Christ and be saved—"shall have eternal life." God, by his Spirit,

powerfully assisted the young man, and he spoke with great freedom.

He then closed his remarks by narrating his own experience. Mr. Walker always considered this his "first sermon," although he had not yet been regularly licensed.

He then spoke to the members of the "band," who also related their personal experience with great clearness and power. There were many pious persons present who did not belong to the band; and Mr. Walker concluded to speak to them also, as they had helped greatly to sustain the interest of the meeting by their hearty responses and lively songs. This worked admirably well; and he finally concluded to speak to all—both saint and sinner. He had not proceeded far in this way, till some commenced praising God aloud, and some began to cry to God for pardoning mercy, while others fled out of the house as fast as their feet could carry them. The day was gained. Victory turned on the side of the persecuted members of the "band," and mourners were invited forward. The exercises closed with a powerful prayer meeting, and great good was accomplished. This was certainly the most judicious course that could have been taken. It stopped the mouth of gainsayers, and put an end to all surmises and speculations as to the nature and design of the "band meetings" held by these godly and self-denying young men.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—JAMES v, 16.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—JOHN. xv, 7.

THE mind of Mr. Walker was still deeply exercised upon the subject of the ministry. He had made a solemn vow that if the Lord would have mercy on him, and restore his perfect peace of mind, that he would *obey him in all things*, and endeavor to discharge his whole duty toward God and man. The language of his heart was,

"I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right;
According to the will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight."

While thus moving forward, "doing with his might whatsoever his hand found to do," Mr. Walker was often harassed with doubts and fears as to his future course. At times he was sorely tempted by the adversary to doubt his call to the work of the ministry, from the consideration that while in a "backslidden state," and pursuing a course of wickedness, he was often troubled in his mind on the subject of entering

the ministry. And now that he was trying to "do the will of God," he was still troubled upon the same subject. The enemy would take advantage of this coincidence, and tried to persuade him that none of these emotions were from the right source; and should he enter the ministry, he would fail to succeed, and bring disgrace upon the good cause. But he continued to seek for light and good "counsel," and cried daily unto the Lord for help. The preachers and official members kept him pretty generally at work. Several times he prayed to God that if it was his will that he should preach, to give him a "sign," and let a sinner be converted at the next meeting. When he thus prayed heretofore his request was invariably answered; still he was harassed and sorely tried, and would get into great mental conflicts. But God did not forsake him, but comforted him on every side, and filled him again and again with joy.

On one occasion he fasted and prayed much that God would convert a soul at the next meeting of the "band society," of which he was still the leader. He asked this as a *special token* that the Lord had called him to preach. Yet, as he remarked, he ought not to expect such an event, as no one was permitted to be present that did not enjoy religion. Still, he fasted and prayed that God would grant his request. He felt at times that he was very unreasonable in making such a proposal to his heavenly Father; yet he thought within himself, "There is

nothing too hard for the Lord" to do in the way of saving sinners, as to time or place, "either in season or out of season." So he continued to pray on. He said he felt "*that it would be much more easy for the Lord to bring a sinner to the meeting-place of their little 'band,' and to convert him, also, than to make a minister out of such a poor worm as he felt himself to be.*" At last the time arrived, and there were none present but the members of the "band." Mr. Walker thought, "Now surely I have prayed in vain this time," but concluded in his mind to leave it all with the Lord. He said he well knew that he was sincere, and that the Lord understood the whole matter. About the close of their little "band" meeting, there was a rap on the church-door. Mr. Walker hastened and opened it, and to his surprise found two young men standing without. They instantly made an apology for intruding themselves at that late hour upon the members of the "band," but said they were "seeking Jesus," and had come there to request an interest in the prayers of the members of the "band," and immediately walked into the house and fell upon their knees, and began to cry aloud to God for mercy. Mr. Walker was overwhelmed for a moment, for none but the Lord knew how he had prayed and fasted, and how this matter stood with him and his God. Of course the members of the band all joined in prayer for their unexpected penitent friends. One of their number left the house and went and reported this strange affair to the par-

ents and sister of Mr. Walker, who lived not far distant from the place of the meeting, and they all came speedily to the "rescue." William Thomas, a young man who was learning the tanning business in the neighborhood, was most powerfully converted, after a mighty struggle. He lived for years to adorn the doctrine of God our Savior, and is now at rest in "Abraham's bosom." The other young man was Mr. Walker's own brother, John D. Walker. He did not profess conversion that night, but continued to seek till he found "the pearl of great price" also, and for more than twenty years has been a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The experience of Mr. Walker in this instance will find its counterpart in the history of many an evangelical minister of Jesus Christ. One has justly said that he who notices providences, will have providences to notice. And may I not add, that he who looks for answers to prayers, will often have the pleasure of witnessing their striking fulfillment or accomplishment? There is a wonderful efficacy in prayer—known only to those who walk humbly with their Savior. The "effectual prayer" always prevails with God and man; it is therefore right and proper that we should pray for our friends. It will have a reflex influence upon our own destiny in time and eternity. "The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends." In all ages of the Church the children of God have been permitted to record some remarkable answers to prayer. "The secret of

the Lord is still with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." In the lives especially of those ministers whom God has been pleased to own as instruments in the accomplishment of great good to their fellow-men, particular mention is made by them all of *noticeable* answers to "the prayer of faith." In the Life of Bramwell and Wesley may be found two remarkable instances, where God hearkened to the voice of a man. Instances are not wanting in our own times, and among our own acquaintance in the ministry, and laity, too. Rev. James Caughey, a meek and humble follower of Christ, has wonderful success in prayer. When laboring in the city of Dublin, Ireland, a few years ago, his influence with God was strikingly illustrated. A solicitor and family, whose names are now prominent in Dublin Methodism, having obtained mercy through his instrumentality, were strongly desirous of the conversion of a matron lady in Liverpool, and sent a note to him, while in the pulpit, requesting public prayer for her on that evening.

As his custom was, when standing in the altar, to dismiss the people, he solemnly addressed a few words to God for her immediate conversion. Those of us who are acquainted with Mr. Caughey, can call up to mind almost the form of words used by him on such occasions. On the next evening a letter arrived in the daily mail, written by her own hand, relating that when retiring to rest the preceding evening, she became distressed by meditating on her sinful state,

and an apprehension of the displeasure of God. She spent the night in prayer, and before the morning rose her heart and lips exulted in the praises of a pardoning Savior.

In the Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, written by his son, on pages 204–5, is found the following remarkable record:

"In the year 1787, the Rev. John Wesley, accompanied by Thomas Coke, LL. D., and Mr. Joseph Bradford, visited the Norman Islands, where he was well received and preached to many large congregations, both in Jersey and Guernsey. While in Jersey he lodged at the house of Robert Carr Brackenburg, Esq., who has been already mentioned, and when in Guernsey, at Mon Plaisir, the house of Henry De Jersey, Esq., under whose hospitable roof Mr. C. had lodged for more than a year, and was treated by all the family as if he had been their own child. There was no love lost, as he felt for them that affection which subsists between members of the same family.

"Mr. Wesley's time allotted for his visit to these islands being expired, he purposed sailing for Southampton, by the first fair wind, as he had appointed to be at Bristol on a particular day, but the wind continuing adverse, and an English brig touching at Guernsey, on her way from France to Penzance, they agreed for their passage, Mr. C. having obtained Mr. Wesley's permission to accompany them to England. They sailed out of Guernsey road on

Thursday, September 6th, with a fine fair breeze, but, in a short time, the wind, which had continued slackening, died away, and afterward rose up in that quarter which would have favored the passage to Southampton, or Weymouth, had they been so bound. The contrary wind blew into a tight breeze, and they were obliged to make frequent tacks in order to clear the island. Mr. W. was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck and inquired what was the matter. Being told the wind was become contrary and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, 'Then let us go to prayer.' His own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and, at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. W. broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire; his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect: 'Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast sway every-where, and all things serve the purposes of thy will; thou holdest the winds in thy fist, and sittest upon the water floods and reignest a king forever; command these winds and these waves that they obey thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven whither we would be,' etc. The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his

knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading. Mr. C. went upon deck, and what was his surprise when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slacked not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely, near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance Bay. On the sudden and favorable change of the wind, Mr. W. made no remark. So fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and, therefore, to him, the occurrence was not strange. Of such a circumstance how many of those who did not enter into his views would have descanted at large had it happened in favor of themselves; yet all the notice he takes of this singular circumstance is contained in the following entry in his journal: 'In the morning, Thursday, September 6th, 1787, we went on board with a fair, moderate wind, but we had but just entered the ship when the wind died away. We cried to God for help, and it presently sprung up exactly fair, and did not cease till it brought us into Penzance Bay.' Mr. Wesley was no ordinary man; every hour, every minute of his time was devoted to the great work which God had given him to do, and it is not to be wondered at that he was favored, and, indeed, accredited with many very signal interpositions of Divine providence. Mr. Clarke himself has confessed that, high as his opinion was of Mr. W.'s piety and faith, he had no

hope that the wind, which had long set in the opposite quarter, and which had just now changed in a very natural way, would immediately veer about, except by Providential interference, to blow in a contrary direction. There were too many marked, extraordinary circumstances in this case to permit any attentive observer to suppose that the change had been effected by any natural or casual occurrence."

A most remarkable answer to prayer occurred in the life and successful ministry of Rev. John Collins while preaching in the town of L., at a private house. The two rooms occupied by the congregation were crowded full. Several persons stood round the door for the want of better accommodations. A young man of superior intellect and mental culture, who had taken pains to become skeptical, and was inclined to consider the profession of Christianity as a weakness, was attracted to the spot by the fame of the minister. He remained on the outskirts of the congregation, where he could hear distinctly, and thought he was quite unobserved by the preacher. In this, however, he was mistaken. At one time, during the delivery of the discourse, he so far forgot himself as to fall under the observation of the keen and penetrating eye of Mr. Collins. The intelligent and prepossessing appearance of the young man moved the heart of the speaker. He paused a moment, and offered up a short prayer, mentally, for his immediate awakening and conver-

sion. After Mr. Collins resumed, the first word he uttered was "eternity." That word was spoken with a voice so solemn and impressive that its full import was felt by this thoughtless young man. It had never struck him before as it did then. All things beside seemed to be nothing in comparison to it. Before the close of that discourse this young man was awakened. That sermon was never forgotten by him. He sought an acquaintance with Mr. Collins, and a short time after this accompanied him to one of his appointments in the country, and, at the close of the sermon, he remained in class to inquire "what he must do to be saved." The affectionate and gentle manner of the preacher made a still stronger impression upon his penitent companion. On their return home, Mr. Collins told his young friend that he had a request to make of him, which was reasonable, and he hoped would not be rejected. The request was, that he would read the New Testament at least fifteen minutes every day till his next visit. The promise was made and strictly performed. At first, the young man laid his watch on the table so as to be exact as to the time, but the interest in the Scriptures increased so that the time of reading was increased daily. After this, a covenant was made to meet each other at the throne of grace at the setting of the sun. It was not long till this young man was happily converted to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Reader, that young man is now the Hon.

John M'Lean, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The unexpected conversion of Mr. Walker's brother, in answer to prayer, at the "band meeting," had a powerful and most convincing effect upon the mind of young George, that God had called him to preach the Gospel. After the close of that meeting he thought that he would never doubt again, but go forward in the discharge of public as well as private duty. But, as the reader will learn more fully in the succeeding chapter, he had to pass through several more fiery ordeals before entering upon the itinerancy.

The late Rev. S. A. Latta, M. D., was a classmate of Mr. Walker's at Kings creek, and also a member of the band society at the time of these remarkable conversions in answer to prayer.

CHAPTER XIV.

WOODLAND STUDIO.

Study to show thyself approved unto God.—2 Tim. II, 15.

Till I come give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.—1 Tim. IV, 13.

"Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves;
Now, the winged people of the sky shall sing
My anthems."

In the fall of 1825 Rev. George Gatch was succeeded on Mad River circuit by Rev. Augustus Eddy and Rev. Levi White. They were both young married men—full of faith and the Holy Ghost; and much people were added to the Lord. They soon became acquainted with young Walker, and invited him to accompany them to their appointments at different places on the circuit. They both treated him with great kindness, and urged him forward in the discharge of duty, confidently believing that God had a special work for him to do. The winter of 1825 was a memorable winter in the history of young Walker. He worked very hard at his trade during the day, and devoted his evenings, and sometimes a great part of the night, in close study. He had but few books; but I do not wish to say that this was a misfortune. I have long since been convinced that

a few good books, thoroughly read and studied, will be productive of more real good than a much larger number carelessly perused. His library was select, and purely Wesleyan. He read and studied with great care Mr. Wesley's Sermons and Notes on the New Testament, Clarke's Commentaries on critical passages, Wood's Bible Dictionary, John Fletcher's works, and, especially, unanswerable "Checks" to Antinomianism; but he read regularly, with prayer and profound veneration, the holy Scriptures over and over again. The Bible with him was always the "book of books." He read it often upon his knees with strong cries and tears to God, that the Holy Spirit would take of the "things of the Father and show them unto him." It was not long before he realized what the Psalmist meant, when he exclaimed, "The entrance of thy word giveth light." In this delightful employment he often spent the solemn midnight hour. By the opening of spring the word of "God was hid in his heart," and engraven indelibly, by the aid of the Spirit, upon the tablet of his memory, so that he could narrate all the important *histories* and *parables*, and quote almost any portion of the New Testament, and give the chapter and verse if necessary. This winter's severe mental discipline, and diligent and prayerful study of God's holy word, was of great advantage to him in after life. However, he was compelled to restrict himself for a long while afterward, in consequence of the injury already done to his eyes by reading so closely at night. His

time of trial as a candidate for membership in our Church expired in the spring. Rev. A. Eddy, who had charge of the circuit, admitted him into full connection at the earliest opportunity. And not long afterward Mr. Eddy brought his case before the society at Kings Creek, and obtained a unanimous vote from them, recommending young George as a suitable person to receive license to exhort.

This was done without either the knowledge, wish, or consent of Mr. Walker. When Mr. Eddy presented him his "license to exhort," he had a sore conflict of mind whether he ought to accept the commission or not. This conflict arose from a deep sense of his own unworthiness, and a want of the necessary qualifications, as he thought, to be useful. And to his own mind it also seemed to settle the great question about his becoming a minister. He felt that he ought to devote himself entirely to the work. Mr. Eddy told him plainly that he understood the whole matter, and that he must "go forward" and discharge his whole duty, or, in all probability, he would lose his soul. This sent a thrill of horror through the mind of young Walker. He thought of the past, remembered the fearful struggle that he had undergone at the camp meeting, and the vow he had there made *to do his whole duty by* the help of God. He at last concluded to accept the license to exhort, as there seemed to be no other safe way for him but to follow the "openings of Providence." This summer was spent in hard work and laborious study also. His

father had met within a few years past several reverses in temporalities, and, consequently, was unable to do much for his children.

In those days, in that part of the country, it was customary for blacksmiths to use charcoal in their shops, as stone coal could not be obtained. During this year, Mr. Walker cut and hauled with his team wood enough for two coal-pits, and burned it for a certain share of the coal. He erected a small hut in which to lodge during the night. During the charring process he had a fine opportunity for reading, study, meditation, and prayer. He furnished his homely tent, or temporary place of lodging, with the Holy Bible, works on theology, science, and other good books.

If a coal-pit is properly set and well covered with earth and fired, then carefully watched, so that the fire does not spread in an irregular manner—if care is taken, as the pit shrinks from the charring of the wood, to keep the covering of earth pressed closely upon the coal, there is but very little attention necessary in this part of the process. If properly arranged and managed, one person can attend a pit, and have more than half his time to devote to other purposes. As Mr. Walker was now too far removed from his shop to attend to work, he resolved to devote all his spare time to study and reading of good books.

Up to this period Mr. Walker had paid but little attention to the study of English grammar. A good opportunity now presented itself. The old Baptist

church, which was then used for school purposes, stood near where he was engaged in burning charcoal. He sought an interview with the teacher, and asked permission to study his lessons in the grove, and recite in the school-room as often as he was well prepared. As the schoolmaster interposed no objection, Mr. Walker procured a copy of Murray's English Grammar, and commenced immediately. In the grove adjacent to this old church, he had often retired to pray and commune with the "God of heaven." Within the walls of that country church, God had often blessed his soul while leading the "band society." These and other reflections all conspired to calm his mind and strengthen his purposes to engage with all his heart, and soul, and mind, in a course "of preparatory studies" for the ministry.

It affords me great pleasure to reveal to the reader the novel and successful method adopted by this young novitiate in his woodland studio. He took his book and retired to a sequestered shade, where no eye but God's rested upon him. He then kneeled in solemn prayer before the Lord, his Maker, to claim this promise: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not;" and while pouring out his heart in strong cries and tears, the Almighty poured a flood of light upon his young mind. O, is this fancy? Or do I not hear the Lord speaking to his youthful servant amid the silvery shade, "Because thou hast asked this thing,

and hast not asked for thyself long life, nor worldly honor, or earth-born pleasures, but hast asked for knowledge and wisdom, behold, I have done according to thy word." "LO, I HAVE GIVEN THEE A WISE AND UNDERSTANDING HEART!"

He arose from his knees, and commenced with the first lesson in Murray's Grammar. He read it over a few times and closed the book, and to his own surprise he could repeat it accurately, every word. He then went into the school-room, and announced that he was prepared for his *first recitation*. His teacher was well pleased with the clear and emphatic manner with which the young blacksmith recited his introductory lesson. Mr. Walker, as soon as he was done, retired from the schoolhouse with a glad heart, and sought his humble retreat, beneath the boughs of the venerable oak-tree, near his coal-pit, and there fell upon his knees, and offered devout thanksgiving to the "Author of every good and perfect gift," for the unexpected and astonishing success of his first effort. He then commenced his second lesson, and in a short time returned to the school-room, and was prepared to recite it with equal precision and success, to the astonishment of the pupils. He then retired to his place of study, and again fell upon his knees, with emotions of increased gratitude and joy, to thank God for his special aid, thus vouchsafed to him, in answer to prayer in this "time of need." He again resumed the work of preparation with equal facility,

and in a very few minutes was well prepared to recite his third lesson, to the astonishment of his teacher. He again returned to the shady grove, "and kneeled upon his knees, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime;" and thus he continued to do—to pray and study—to recite and return thanks alternately, from hour to hour, and from day to day, till the expiration of the *twelfth day*.

And while pursuing this methodical course, he has often been heard to remark, he increased in grace and a rapid knowledge of the sciences at the same time. His teacher was not a professor of religion at that period, and became excited and amazed at the *frequency* and perfection of the recitations of his new pupil. He remarked, that he never knew any one to progress so rapidly before. And he at last felt constrained to ask Mr. Walker how he was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a time. With great candor and sincerity, Mr. Walker unfolded his plan of daily preparation. His teacher was struck dumb, and made no reply, but afterward appeared serious and thoughtful. He became so deeply interested in the welfare of his *successful pupil*, that he refused any compensation for his services, and not long afterward, by this same means, became a Christian, and united with the Church.

In TWELVE DAYS Mr. Walker committed all the rules and notes in Murray's etymology and syntax,

so that he could give the number of any rule or note, and repeat them all verbatim. He always was of the opinion that God, in answer to prayer, assisted him in a most *extraordinary* manner. When this fact was first announced to Rev. A. Eddy, he was incredulous, and would not believe it till after he had personally examined Mr. Walker, and fully tested his knowledge on *false syntax* and plain sentences to parse generally.

CHAPTER XV.

SUFFICIENT PROOF.

Since ye seek a proof of Christ speaking in me, which to you-ward is not weak, but is mighty in you.—2 CORINTHIANS XIII, 3.

NOT long after Mr. Walker had received a remarkable answer to prayer, he had another long and sore conflict with the powers of darkness. The attack was sudden and unexpected, and made at a time when the mind of Mr. Walker was much depressed, as will appear in the sequel. He attended a quarterly meeting at Mechanicsburg, and was urged by Mr. —— to exhort after the close of the sermon. This was during the time of the "Radical" controversy in that region, and Mr. Eddy preached with direct reference to these unpleasant agitations in the Church at that place and Springfield. Mr. Walker followed in an exhortation, but did not feel in the right spirit. The subject did not suit the state of his own feelings; and, in his own estimation, he made a great failure in his exhortation. As soon as he resumed his seat, he felt a sense of *wounded pride* and mortification at what he called "his own failure." When the meeting was over, he concluded to return to his lodgings immediately, so as to get out of the observation of all who had listened to him

on that occasion. The night was so dark that it was impossible to recognize any one by the dim light of the stars. While Mr. Walker was plodding his way along the street, he was overtaken by a young man, who immediately entered into conversation with him. Not being able to recognize Mr. W. by his voice, and supposing him to be acquainted with the preachers, he immediately asked Mr. Walker if he was "acquainted with the young man that had attempted to exhort at the close of Mr. ——'s sermon?" Mr. Walker made an evasive reply. The stranger proceeded to criticise the whole performance, and closed by saying, "But, after all, if he had quit when he was done, it, no doubt, would have passed off very well." Mr. Walker's feelings, at this time, may be better imagined than described. He was powerfully "tempted of the devil." He went on to his lodgings and spent a restless and unhappy night. The powers of darkness surrounded him, and in the morning he deliberately made up his mind never to attempt to speak in public again. Mr. Eddy, on finding his young friend in trouble in consequence of his efforts the night previous, tried to encourage him, and assured him that it was a temptation of Satan, and that he had not performed so badly as he imagined. But he did not succeed in removing the obstacles in the mind of Mr. Walker. After the love-feast Mr. Walker had another conversation with Mr. Eddy, but still he was unwilling to promise that he would again attempt to speak in

the public congregation. He told Mr. Eddy, however, that he should try, in future, to be a devoted Christian, serve God as a private member of society, and that he was now fully satisfied that God required no more of him. He returned home much depressed, and, for a season, declined all invitations to make appointments to hold prayer meetings, or meetings for exhortations. He attended class meeting, but was not as happy as heretofore. His friends became greatly concerned for him, and several of them conversed with him upon the subject, but his mouth was sealed. His soul was not at rest, his peace was broken; and, at times, his mind was very greatly disturbed in regard to what seemed to be a plain duty.

When Mr. Eddy came round to Kings Creek, he sought a personal interview with George, and was surprised to learn that he had not attempted to exhort since they had parted at the quarterly meeting, at Mechanicsburg. Mr. Eddy reassured him that God had called him to preach, and that he should not listen to the voice of the tempter; that others had often passed through a similar "trial of faith" in the early stages of their ministry. He again exhorted him to bear the cross, and God would soon rebuke the adversary and put him to flight. This state of mind, however, continued several weeks longer, during which time Mr. Walker endured great mental agony. Unexpectedly, however, he met with the Rev. Thomas S. Hitt, who was then on a visit

at home, on account of feeble health. Mr. Hitt informed him that he had engaged to fill some appointments for their mutual friend, Rev. George Gatch, who was at the time traveling Bellefontaine circuit, and pressed Mr. Walker to promise to accompany him to some of the appointments, one of which was at M'Farland's meeting-house, about five miles from Urbana. They agreed to meet at Rev. Martin Hitt's, in the vicinity of Urbana, on the night previous to the first appointment. At the appointed time Mr. Walker went to Mr. Hitt's, but learned that his son, Thomas, was at Mr. Wallace's, in Urbana, very sick. Mr. Walker went to see him, early the next day, and found him, as reported, very ill. Brother Hitt told brother W. that he must go and fill the appointment on the circuit, but he excused himself as best he could, and finally told brother H. that he was unacquainted with the road. The county court was now in session in Urbana, and a number of the members of our Church were in attendance from the neighborhood of the first preaching-place, and among them brother M'Farland. Mr. M'Farland, on hearing of the illness of Rev. Thomas S. Hitt, came immediately to see him at the house of Mr. Wallace, and finding that Mr. Walker was there, insisted on his going out to fill the place of the absent preacher. Mr. Walker finally concluded to go, *at least*, to *inform* the congregation of the reason of the failure on the part of Mr. Hitt to serve them. After learning all that he could of the route to the church,

he started off alone and with a heavy heart. As he journeyed along he prayed earnestly to God for light and guidance as to what was his duty. Before reaching the meeting-house a text was suggested by the Spirit, and so deeply impressed upon his mind that he wept like a child. He found it difficult to get the mastery over his emotions so as to be able to enter the church without exciting the attention of the audience. Of course none knew the cause of his unusual distress. He entered the door and passed hastily up the aisle, without looking either to the right or to the left, and fell upon his knees and asked the Lord of hosts for help and direction in this the "time of need." He selected a suitable hymn, and in glancing his eye over the congregation, he could only see one individual with whom he had any acquaintance. That prayer was indited by the Holy Spirit, and responded to warmly by the audience. This, no doubt, greatly encouraged the "heart of the stranger." After the singing of the second hymn, he announced the following beautiful words for his text: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet, for your sakes, he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich." 2 Corinthians viii, 9.

From an account of this sermon, left in his own handwriting, we learn that he pursued the following plan, substantially:

1. This text implies that man is in an impoverished condition. What we learn here by *implication*

is plainly asserted in numerous other passages of the word of God. Apart from the atonement, man is spiritually poor, wretched, "miserable, blind, and naked." Sin has brought him into this impoverished and wretched state. First, original sin; and second, his own personal transgressions and iniquities. Sin has made him a "stranger" and an "alien," "without hope and without God in the world." The whole head is sick and the heart faint—hastening to death, temporal and eternal—a pauper, a poor, miserable bankrupt, owing for every thing and having nothing to pay, etc.

2. Our Lord Jesus Christ has come into the world to save sinners, and to make them rich. "Though he was rich," etc. Christ was rich in his divine nature or essential Godhead. He was rich in all the attributes, perfections, and excellences of the Almighty; rich in the possession of all created things, and rich in the praises and adorations of angels and all intelligences.

3. "Though rich, yet, for your sakes, he became poor." Here he gave the simple New Testament account of the incarnation, humiliation, destitution, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of Jesus Christ.

4. "That ye, through his poverty, might be rich." Rich, not in the things of this world, but in the abundant provision of the Gospel; rich in grace here and glory hereafter; rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. First, rich in "grace." We shall receive

the pardon of sins, be made new creatures in Christ Jesus, born of the Holy Spirit, and constituted the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. From a state of alienation we shall be brought nigh to God—received into his family—made members of his household. We shall be sanctified, comforted, and sustained. We shall have "peace" amid all the conflicts of life, and victory over death and the grave. Finally, on this point, we shall be rich in glory. Christ has opened a new way to the kingdom of heaven through the vail of his flesh. The original way, established before the fall, was closed by sin, but Christ has opened a "new and living way" to all that believe. He is the "way, the truth, and the life." "No man cometh unto the Father but by him," etc. Christ has not only opened the way, but has gone on before us to prepare a place for his people. As their "forerunner," he has taken possession of the kingdom in their name, and is now engaged in setting it in order for their reception. He has left his promise and pledge both that he will come again and receive them unto himself. O blessed promise! O glorious hope! "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Christ's resurrection is the pledge of our resurrection. When he shall come again in his glorified state we shall be like him—as he is, so shall his saints be. Having borne the image of the first Adam, they shall

bear the image of the second Adam. Having been obedient sons in the kingdom of his grace on earth, they shall be kings and priests in the kingdom of glory. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." What more can the mind conceive, or the heart desire? It is enough. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness," etc.

Mr. Walker often remarked that he realized on that occasion the fulfillment of this promise, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Presently in his discourse he received such a "baptism of fire" as he had never experienced before. His whole being seemed to be filled and to tremble under the weight of the Divine presence. This glorious power also pervaded the entire assembly. The speaker's tongue was unloosed, his mind clear, and the Spirit brought to his mind all that he wished to say. The "place was shaken." The congregation melted into tears; some shouted aloud for joy; some cried for mercy; some trembled like Felix of old, and others fell prostrate under the mighty power of God.

A very strong and athletic man made his way out of the house, crying and trembling. After a while he returned again, but could not control his feelings, and fled out of the house, and ran toward his dwelling-place as fast as he could. The feeling in the congregation was deep, and the excitement soon became general. Mr. Walker, on seeing this, closed his sermon, sprang from the pulpit into the altar, and then walked up and down the aisles, exhorting, and

inviting, and then helping penitents forward to the altar. Such was the spirit of rejoicing among the people of God, that some time elapsed before they could at all pray with the seekers of salvation. This meeting began at 11, A. M., and did not close till about 4 o'clock, P. M. A number were regenerated, several backsliders were reclaimed, and a very goodly number professed to receive the blessing of sanctification. Twelve persons made application for admission on trial into the Methodist Episcopal Church. In view of the size of the congregation, this was a glorious victory, and a most remarkable manifestation of saving grace. The Holy Spirit was manifested in the "diversity of its operations" to awaken the sinner, regenerate the penitent, reclaim the backslider, and sanctify the humble believer—to make them "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

In the examination of those who think they are moved by the Holy Ghost to preach, among the questions propounded to all candidates for the ministry in our Church, are the following:

"1. Do they know God as a pardoning God? Have they the love of God in them? etc.

"2. Have they gifts—as well as grace—for the work? Have they a clear, sound understanding in the things of God? a just conception of salvation by faith? Do they speak justly, readily, clearly?

"3. HAVE THEY FRUIT? ARE ANY TRULY CONVINCED OF SIN, AND CONVERTED TO GOD, BY THEIR PREACHING?

"As long as these three marks concur in any one, we believe he is called of God to preach. These are received as SUFFICIENT PROOF that he is moved by the Holy Ghost." (Vide Discipline, chapter iv, section 6, page 42.)

I unhesitatingly reply, that all these marks fully concurred in the early efforts of Mr. Walker. No doubt remained in the minds of any who heard him at M'Farland's, on that most memorable occasion. Indeed, he always regarded that wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit as a special token of the favor of God toward him. He viewed it as a token or sign that God "*had called him*" to preach the everlasting Gospel to the sons of men. He also oftentimes was heard to remark, that he firmly believed that on that day "God endued him with power from on high;" that there he received the "baptism of the Spirit," and "the tongue of fire," to "persuade men" to become reconciled to God. The victory was complete, the enemy completely vanquished, and Satan never made him doubt again on that point during his whole ministerial career. "So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth and preached every-where, the LORD WORKING WITH THEM, AND CONFIRMING THE WORD WITH SIGNS FOLLOWING." Mark xvi, 19, 20.

Other instances might be given connected with his first efforts, but we have already given "SUFFICIENT PROOF." I will only mention one more. An inci-

dent connected with his first public effort is worthy of record. Soon after the conversion of Mr. Walker, a very wicked man residing in that neighborhood was frequently heard to exclaim, with a profane oath, that "if G. W. Walker had professed religion, there must be A REALITY IN IT. He could not believe that he could similate the hypocrite, and that there were not *Methodists enough in all that region of country to frighten Mr. Walker to join the Church.* No, no, gentlemen, he is not the man to be easily scared;" adding, with another oath, "If G. W. Walker will tell ME THAT THERE IS SUCH A THING AS EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION, I will believe him, for I do not think he will lie;" and moreover, he always added, "I will try and get it, provided I can get into the house where he is speaking." Not long after he had made these repeated declarations, there was a prayer meeting appointed at Mr. W.'s father's house, and this wicked man was present. Young George was called upon to open the meeting and to conduct the exercises. It was a heavy cross, but he resolved to do the best that he could. He first read a Scriptural lesson, and then sang and prayed, after which he delivered an exhortation, and closed by relating a part of his own religious experience, in which he professed fully his faith in Christ as the Savior of sinners, and told all that God had done for him; that he had received the remission of his sins by faith in Christ; that he now had the witness in his own heart that "he was a child of God, and was enabled to rejoice daily, because

the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which was given unto him;" and then urged upon all present the importance of seeking this salvation. He then requested all who desired an interest in the prayers of God's people, to come forward and kneel at a bench that had been vacated by his request for their accommodation. He tried to assure them, if they would seek the Lord with their whole heart, that they all might soon obtain mercy. The wicked man, referred to above, was the first to approach the mercy-seat. As he rushed through the crowd, he reached out his hand toward Mr. Walker, and asked an interest especially in *his prayers*. This unexpected occurrence produced a great sensation in the congregation. The invitation was again renewed, and several others approached for prayers. The meeting was one of great interest; several persons were soundly converted. This singular friend of Mr. Walker's, however, was not converted at that meeting. He went home, tempted sorely and disappointed, too, from the fact that Mr. Walker did not *pray for him* as soon as he came forward. He was tempted to think that he had been neglected by Mr. W. This was owing to his ignorance of the usual method of conducting such meetings. But the religious impression made on his mind at that meeting was deep and abiding. An outward change in his conduct was soon apparent to all that knew him, and he ultimately was converted to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal

Church. Glory to God for such a testimony as this! What need have we for further proof? We have heard him ourselves. These meetings were kept up for some time afterward, and resulted in the conversion and accession to the Church of a "number of such as shall be saved." Among them was a notorious backslider, who was a man of more than ordinary gifts. He had once been an acceptable and useful class-leader, but had unfortunately become intemperate, and for many years his case had been looked upon as almost hopeless. Great crowds attended these prayer meetings, which were conducted by young George Walker, with much profit, and the house and yard were generally well filled on pleasant evenings. This poor backslider came there, as he thought, unnoticed in the throng, but "Jesus of Nazareth passed that way and had compassion on him." From these meetings he went to hear the Gospel preached again, and finally was restored to the favor of God; and I have since learned that he died a happy death.

CHAPTER XVI.

CALL OF THE CHURCH.

A choice young man, and a goodly; and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he. From his shoulders and upward, he was higher than any of the people.—1 SAMUEL IX, 2.

And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth *unto him* whom he would: and they came unto him.—MARK III, 13.

LET no one be misled by the heading of this chapter. I do not believe that colleges or academies, conferences, synods, or Churches, however spiritual, can make ministers of the Gospel.

The Church of God is a theocracy—a community governed by laws given by God, and executed by officers or ministers of his own appointment—men truly called of God and "separated by the Holy Ghost, for the work whereunto he has appointed them." The Church has not the power to call men to this work. This honor God has reserved in his own hand, and will not delegate it to others. And no man should take "this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." The Church may err, but God can not be deceived by any man. But when any one is "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to preach," and desires to become a spiritual guide and "overseer of the flock" of Christ, the

Church will acknowledge his call, on the presentation of his credentials, as embassador of Christ—"*living epistles*," "FRUIT, GIFTS, and GRACE," etc. Where these are seen, the Church will soon call forth such men from their various avocations in life, to minister to "them in word and doctrine."

Mr. Walker felt that God had called him to "labor in his vineyard." This impression became stronger and stronger, till all his fears and misgivings fled away, and the "gift of power" was given him, to commend himself "to every man's conscience in the sight of God." From the earliest moment of his restoration again to Divine favor, and his public profession of faith in Christ, the Church of his choice did not doubt that he was a "chosen vessel." They watched over him with more than a father's solicitude, confidently believing that God would make him a "polished shaft," and a "wise master builder." At that day, it might truly be said, "the harvest is great, and the laborers are few;" "he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." Prayer was incessantly offered by our fathers and mothers in Israel, for the "Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers" into the wilderness of the west, to "gather together" the lost sheep of the house of Israel." In view of the great and urgent "need of the Church," at that pioneer period, such men as were truly "called of God," were early thrust out into the vineyard, however young or inexperienced they might be. This was the case with

Mr. Walker. As soon as his term of probation expired, he was admitted into the Church, and licensed to exhort, in the spring of 1826. This was in exact accordance with predictions that had been made long before. It had been "prophesied," at the time Mr. Walker made his first exhortation in the prayer meeting, at the house of his father, that it would not be very long before he would engage in the work of the ministry. For a long time he kept all these thoughts locked up in his own bosom. He never dared to mention his impressions to others, not even to his most intimate friends, till they introduced this subject to him, and again and again assured him that they believed that God had a "special work" for him to perform. At length he listened to their advice, and opened his mind to one or two of his intimate friends, fully and freely. He was engaged in a profitable business, and intended to marry and settle as a private member of society. Should he enter the ministry, all his former worldly plans and arrangements must be broken off. This was an hour of sore conflict and trial. His religious counselors advised him to follow the openings of a wise and benignant Providence. He resolved to do so, and by following this course, his peace of mind increased daily. He felt the good hand of God upon him wherever he went.

The summer was passing rapidly away, and he was undecided as to his future course. He resolved to attend the camp meeting on Mad River circuit,

which was appointed at the time of the last quarterly meeting for that year.

At this period he was a member of a volunteer military company at Urbana, of which I have spoken before. The regular days of parade were on Monday and Tuesday. After the commencement of this meeting, he resolved to go first to the camp meeting, and from there to the place of parade, before he should return home. Being a subordinate officer in the company, he took his uniform with him to the camp-ground. On Saturday, early in the morning, he was requested to preach a "trial sermon." The official members of the circuit were all present; the quarterly meeting conference was to be held during that afternoon, and this was the only opportunity that they could have of hearing him preach before his case would come before them for their consideration and final action. He had no time to make much preparation. He must preach at nine o'clock, A. M., and before a set of men who were soon to "*sit in judgment*" upon his fitness for the work of the itinerancy. This made his position a perplexing and most embarrassing one indeed. He resolved, however, to go forward and do the best that he could. The short interval till the time of preaching was spent on the ground, in fervent prayer for Divine assistance. He took for his text, on that trying occasion, the words of the Psalmist, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." I have been personally

informed, by one who was present on that occasion, that at first he seemed much embarrassed, but soon recovered his usual confidence in God and composure of mind, and preached with great acceptability and profit. The congregation was delighted, and the "official arbiters" were highly pleased with the sermon.

At the session of the quarterly meeting conference in the afternoon, he was recommended for license to preach to the district annual conference of local preachers, by a unanimous vote. This unexpected occurrence changed all his plans and purposes for the future. He now felt that he was no longer his own, but "Christ's free man," and the "servant" of the Church. He made a full surrender of soul and body—"kept back no part of the price." He laid by his military uniform. He had no longer any use for "carnal weapons." The carnal sword was now returned to its scabbard, and the sword of the Spirit drawn and the scabbard thrown away. He resolved at once to dissolve his connection with the military company of which he was a member. He had now become a "standard-bearer" in the army of Immanual, and was determined to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Instead of drinking in the inspiring sound of "martial music," the ear-piercing fife, and spirit-stirring drum, at the parade grounds on Monday and Tuesday, he was listening to the soul-inspiring songs of Zion, and "shouting to the battle" on the encampment. The captain of

the company, who had been raised a Catholic, and did not like Mr. Walker very well, because he left the Romish Church, resolved to have him "fined for disobedience to the order of his superior;" but before the summons was served upon young George, he had attached himself to a more noble and "honorable company"—by virtue of which, the laws of Ohio exempted him from all military duty. He had become a traveling preacher.

The captain of the company, on learning this, was deeply chagrined and sorely disappointed. The course of Mr. Walker was approved by his friends. His mind was now at rest.

At the close of this camp meeting he started, in company with the late Rev. W. B. Christie, to the district conference of local preachers at Cincinnati. He attended one camp meeting and a quarterly meeting on the way. The district conference meeting was held in the Old Stone chapel at Cincinnati. He attended this meeting at the appointed time in August, and was licensed to preach by the unanimous consent of his brethren, and officially "recommended with great cordiality to the next session of the Ohio annual conference, as a suitable person to be received into the traveling connection." He returned home to "wait a while with patience" the result of the action of the ensuing annual meeting of the conference. The interval was spent in prayer and fasting, and diligent study of the word of God, and preaching whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Rev. George Gatch, who had received him into society the previous year, remarks, relative to his standing and character at this period, in the following manner:

"In consequence of my removal from Mad River circuit, I had but very little intercourse with brother Walker during the whole of the year 1826; but I was much pleased, from time to time, to learn that his zeal was still untiring, and that occasionally he was exercising himself in exhortation, and holding of prayer meetings, and class meetings, etc. At the close of this year, brother Eddy, who had succeeded me on the Mad River circuit, informed me that they had concluded to recommend him to the annual conference, as a suitable person to be admitted into the itinerancy. I interposed no objection; but feared that his connection with the Church was of too recent date, to place him in a right position, to take such an important step. Not long after this conversation brother Eddy and myself attended a camp meeting on Piqua circuit. During the progress of the meeting, brother Walker was invited to exhort after the sermon at nine o'clock, A. M. Brother Eddy proposed to me to take a seat with him in the rear of the stand, where we would be unobserved, and also requested me to pay particular attention to all that he said, in *view of being prepared* to give an intelligent opinion of his talents and qualifications for the solemn work of the ministry. When he first arose to speak, he appeared intimidated;

but it was not long till he entirely overcome his embarrassed state of feeling. His strong faith in God enabled him to soar above all difficulties, and he gave us an exhortation that would have been highly creditable to one of years and experience in the ministry; and the effect of his remarks upon the audience were like repeated shocks of Divine electricity." Brother Gatch also remarks, "He received a recommendation for license to preach, and soon afterward accompanied me on a visit to my home at Milford. We held several meetings together, at which he preached much to the satisfaction and admiration of the people. Indeed, for one who had so recently been brought out of the darkness and intricacies of Romish superstition, and converted to God, his preaching excited the wonder and astonishment of the most intelligent and reflecting minds in the community."

A beautiful and touching reference is made to this critical period in the religious history of Mr. Walker, in a letter to his affectionate wife from West Chester, Butler county, Ohio, dated August 11, 1840. It was written during the progress of a quarterly meeting, while Mr. Walker was presiding elder on the Lebanon district:

"When I rode into this place on last Saturday, and saw the old Methodist church still standing on the same spot, it caused many thoughts of the past to rush into my mind. I now remember that just FOURTEEN years ago, when on my way to the district

conference of local preachers, to receive license to preach, and also to get a recommendation to the Ohio annual conference, I attended a quarterly meeting in this same town, and in this same old church. Father Collins was then presiding elder of the Miami district! At that time I had only been licensed to exhort *six months*, and yet, strange as it may seem to some, I was a candidate for the itinerancy. But what astonishing changes have taken place since that eventful period. Father Collins has been compelled to retire from the active field of the itinerancy from the infirmities of age, while many, much younger in years than myself, have fallen from the walls of our Zion; but God has most graciously preserved me through fourteen years of hard labor in the itinerancy."

CHAPTER XVII.

UNION AND MILFORD.

And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?—ESTHER IV, 14.

"Let no man despise thy youth."—PAUL THE AGED.

THE Ohio annual conference met at Hillsboro, Highland county, Ohio, October 4, 1826. Eleven preachers were admitted on trial in the itinerancy, among whom the name of Rev. George W. Walker stands first on the list in the printed Minutes. Rev. David Whitcomb and Rev. Adam Poe, who is at present Assistant Book Agent in the Western Book Concern at Cincinnati, were admitted at the same time. At the close of this session Mr. Walker was appointed to Union circuit, with the late Rev. William H. Raper. This was one of the best appointments in the gift of the conference. It embraced three places of great importance at that period in the Miami Valley; namely, Dayton, Xenia, and Lebanon.

Lebanon was the largest and most influential society on the circuit, and at this period was in a flourishing state. The first Methodist society in Lebanon was organized at the house of Mr. Thomas Anderson, in the suburbs of the little village, in the year 1805. The little society at first was composed of only four

members: Thomas Anderson, Hetta Anderson, Abner Leonard, Mrs. Leonard. Abner Leonard was the first class-leader. Thomas Anderson and wife held fast faith and a good conscience, and died on their farm, near Lebanon—the former, September 3, 1839; and the latter, August 8, 1840. Abner Leonard became a useful minister; and, I have been informed, died recently near Indianapolis. George Foglesong and wife, Henry Miller and wife, George Duckwall and wife, and several others, were added to the little band in 1806. The preaching and class meetings were held at father Anderson's till the time of what was called the "great revival," in 1812, under the labors of Rev. John Collins, who had the honor of preaching the first sermon at Lebanon, in 1804. At the time of this "great revival," the congregations became so large that they were compelled to remove their place of meeting to the "hired house," familiarly called, at that day, "the old Red House," to which reference is made in the Life of Rev. John Collins. In 1822 the society at Lebanon had increased to one hundred and eighty-three, at which time it was constituted a station. In 1823 Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., was appointed to Lebanon. The first "Church records" of the society are in the Doctor's well-known chirography; and I hesitate not to say, I consider them MODEL CHURCH RECORDS. They contain a brief, minute detail of the operations of the society every way worthy of imitation in these days of "modern progression." There is one thing in

these records that struck my mind with great force: instead of the simple announcement of "deaths" in the society under the heading, "Record of Deaths," are found short "obituary notices" of deceased members of the Church, that I read with great pleasure and profit.

In 1824 the society was thrown back into Union circuit, and Revs. Russel Bigelow, Westlake, and Beauchamp, were appointed to the work. They were succeeded in 1825 by Rev. Charles Waddle, Rev. J. Sale, and Rev. W. B. Christie.

The total number of members on old Union, at the time when Mr. Walker was appointed to the circuit, was ONE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE, being a fraction over the number on Mad River. It was then entitled to the name of the "banner" circuit of the Ohio conference.

The following is the "plan of the Union circuit" in 1826:

Lebanon,	Xenia,
Dyke's,	Bogg's,
Roberson's,	William Davis's,
Franklin,	Union,
Simmoney's,	Bethel,
Rehoboth,	Good's,
Dayton,	Brandenburg's,
Hopewell,	Salem,
Bellbrook,	Millgrove,
Moler's,	Deerfield,
Park's,	Middletown,
Nesbitt's,	Emley's.

Mr. Walker, on receiving the intelligence of his appointment to this important and responsible post, was deeply affected. He felt his insufficiency most keenly to cultivate the field of labor so unexpectedly assigned him. The work was "great and large"—a work that might fill

> "An angel's hand,
> And filled the Savior's heart."

He wept and prayed much to the God of heaven, and "conferred not with flesh and blood," but bade adieu to kindred, and took his departure from home. His honored father accompanied him to Urbana, and purchased him a pocket Bible and a "memorandum book," in which is recorded his first texts, and the list of appointments on many circuits. After receiving his father's benediction, he went on his way to Lebanon, and was kindly received and entertained at the house of John Reeves, Esq., who then resided in Lebanon.

Rev. Wm. H. Raper, who had been appointed preacher in charge of the circuit, in consequence of family affliction, was not able to go immediately to his work. Consequently, he made an arrangement with Rev. George Gatch, who was to succeed him in the Cincinnati station, to fill his appointments on Union circuit till the first quarterly meeting.

Mr. Walker spent his first Sabbath on the circuit in Lebanon, and made his debut in that pulpit under the most disadvantageous circumstances. The

society at Lebanon was large, and composed of many strong and influential men. Mr. Walker was fully apprised of this, but resolved to do the best that he could, and leave the result with God. But when the Sabbath dawned, and he entered the place of worship, imagine his surprise, to find among his auditors, not only intelligent and strong-minded men of the laity, but the late Rev. Martin Ruter, D. D., and several other noted dignitaries, well known in the early history of Methodism, in the valleys of the Miami.

Is it any wonder that the young minister was embarrassed? I think it is not. It is only a wonder that he succeeded half so well. The cross was heavy, and he became embarrassed. O yes, indeed, he "appeared confused," and did not acquit himself as well as he anticipated, and the congregation desired. He had only been converted a little over a year, at this time, and it was no wonder that at first he did not do so well, before such an assembly. Poor fellow! he was now a doomed man. The society at Lebanon, at that early day, had two or three members, who for a long time had been afflicted—*terribly afflicted*—incurably so—with a dangerous and contagious disease, known since the day of St. Paul by the term "itching ears;" a phrase, by the by, that does not sound very euphonious. Well, these persons went home "disappointed." Poor things, how they are to be pitied! They had "their fears," and they told "*their fears*" to others, as a matter of course, but

did not wish any thing said to "wound the preacher's feelings." At first a slight whisper of discontent is heard, but "Madam Rumor" fans the flame, and after a while the bishop and his cabinet are blamed with the whole. The presiding elder is "censured" for neglecting their "*peculiar situation*," and finally they came to the rash and unwise conclusion, to "demand a change." They did so. Let us look to the sequel.

Rev. John Collins, who was presiding elder on the Miami district, arrived in town soon after Mr. Walker had started to meet his other engagements on the circuit. The self-constituted "Church-savers" besought him to interpose his official authority, and "give them an older and more experienced man," to minister to them in holy things. The application on their part was very opportune indeed. Circumstances having already transpired, within the bounds of his district, which rendered it absolutely necessary to make a few changes upon the circuits, he consented to grant them their desire. Father Collins, before coming to Lebanon, had concluded to make a change on Milford circuit; and now that Mr. W. was "willingly surrendered" into his hands, he at once determined to send him to Milford, and place him under the watch-care of that veteran pioneer, Rev. Arthur W. Elliott. This arrangement, he felt satisfied, would not wound the feelings of young Mr. Walker. The change was to take place at the first quarterly meeting.

Rev. George Gatch, who had been appointed for a temporary supply, in the place of Rev. W. H. Raper, arrived in Lebanon on the next Sabbath after Mr. Walker had been there. He was surprised and *grieved* at the course that had been taken with his much loved friend, Rev. Mr. W. But on learning that he was going to Milford, the place where Mr. Gatch's parents resided, he interposed no objections. He states to me that he followed Mr. Walker his first round on the Union circuit, and found that at all the towns and country appointments, Mr. Walker was very popular; that he not only had preached with power, and to "edification and comfort," but had *captivated* the people every-where that he went; so that by the time of the first quarterly meeting, there was a general remonstrance against his removal from the circuit. And the few of the *Lebanonites* who had been so hasty, like magnanimous Christians, on seeing their "egregious blunder," joined in with others to oppose his removal, and asked for his continuance. But Mr. Collins had immovably *fixed* the plan of his work, for the present, on the district to his own mind, and not being a man "given to change," he refused to alter his own arrangements, to suit their changeable notions. Accordingly, at the close of the first quarter, Mr. Walker was changed by the presiding elder, Mr. Collins, from Union to Milford circuit. At this place the people "received him gladly," as they had on Union, and much people were added to the Lord.

The following is the plan of Milford circuit, in 1826 and 1827:

Anderson's,	Batavia,
Carn's,	Osborn's,
Cranson's,	Milford,
Hutchinson's,	Newbury,
Williamsburg,	Ford's,
Day's,	Leonner's,
Pisgah M. H.,	Hill's,
Farree's,	Zoar,
Hill's,	Besmit's,
Metsinger's,	Simpson's.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NORTH MISSION FIELD.

And thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the NORTH, and to the south.—GENESIS XXVIII, 14.

And on the NORTH were three gates.—REVELATION XXI, 13.

ONE of the most interesting fields of missionary labor in connection with the Ohio annual conference, at an early period in our Church history, was the territory of Michigan, in the north, bordering on the lakes and Detroit river. Up to the time of Wayne's treaty at Greenville, Ohio, August 3, 1795, which effectually broke up the confederacy, and put an end to a destructive war, and for a season restored friendly intercourse between the north-western Indians and the United States, there were but few white settlements made in Michigan territory. The French Canadians had extended their farms to a considerable distance along the St. Clair, and had also made some straggling settlements on Detroit river, Otter creek, and the River Rouge, Pointe-aux, Trimble, and on some other small streams flowing into Lake Erie. Detroit and Frenchtown, in the eastern part of the peninsula, were the only places of much importance.

Detroit consisted at that time of a small cluster of

wooden-houses, defended by a fort, and surrounded by pickets. It had long been the principal depot for the fur-trade. It was principally settled by Scotch, French, and some few English merchants. It was a long time after the fertile territory of Michigan came into the possession of the United States before its character was materially changed. The Canadian French continued to form the principal part of it. The habits of the people were essentially military. In the division of the North-Western territory, what is now the state of Michigan constituted a single *county*, called WAYNE, and sent one representative to the Legislature of the North-Western territory, at Chillicothe, Ohio. The Court of Common Pleas then met at Detroit. At this time there were but few settlements, and these were on the frontiers.

The distance of the territory, and unsettled state of affairs along the western borders of the lakes, prevented immigration. Up to 1809 there were but *nine* settlements of any importance; these were situated on the rivers Miami and Raisin; on the Huron of Lake Erie, Ecorce, Rouge, Detroit; on the St. Clair, the Huron of St. Clair, and the island of Mackinaw. The entire population did not amount to FIVE THOUSAND—four-fifths of whom were Canadian French.

MONROE, or Frenchtown, is rendered memorable in the history of our country by the massacre of the noble band of Kentuckians by the Indians, who had

been made prisoners of war by Col. Proctor. After the celebrated battle and victory of the Thames, by General Harrison, and the death of Tecumseh, a peace was concluded with the Ottawas, Chippewas, Miamies, and Pottawatamies, who were the allies of the British. On the 18th of October, 1813, General Harrison and the gallant Commodore Perry issued a joint proclamation, for the better government of the territory of Michigan, and guaranteeing to the inhabitants the rights of property, and the enjoyment of their ancient laws and usages. However, the Island of Mackinaw, which forms a connecting link between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and situate about two hundred and seventy miles from Detroit, remained in the possession of the British till a treaty of peace was concluded at Ghent, the capitol of East Flanders, in Belgium, February 17, 1815. General Cass, who was left in command at Detroit, protected the territory effectually up to this time from any invasion from the British, or serious outbreak of the Indians, in the north-west.

I have felt it necessary to give this authentic synopsis of the early history of this new territory—the "home of the poor man"—to enable the reader better to understand the difficulties under which our brethren had to labor, in introducing the Gospel into Michigan. It was at a time of great trouble and agitation generally, especially in the north-west, and along the northern border on the lakes.

Methodism may be properly styled the pioneer

religion of the north and north-west. All honor to the self-sacrificing band of "brave hearts" that first preached a free and "full salvation" in the wilds of Michigan! Taking our annual Minutes for my guide and data, the first Methodist sermon was preached in Detroit in 1808, by Rev. William Case, a missionary at that time, sent out from New York conference. He was connected with what was then called the Upper Canada district, of which Rev. Joseph Sawyer was presiding elder. At the close of the year, he reported SEVENTY-EIGHT members connected with the mission. In 1809 Rev. Ninian Holmes, a member of Genesee conference, was appointed to Detroit, and connected with the same district, with Rev. Henry Ryan for his presiding elder. In 1810 Rev. Ninian Holmes was returned to the mission, with Rev. Silas Hopkins as his colleague. In the year 1811 Rev. George Densmore, a member of the Genesee conference, was appointed to Detroit mission. In consequence of the war with England, and disturbances in the north-west by the Indians, who had become the allies of the British, no appointments were made in 1812 and 1813. But immediately after the decisive battle of the Thames, eighty miles from Detroit, and the glorious victories achieved by the army of the north, under the command of the late gallant Harrison, this godlike enterprise was again renewed. No sooner had active hostilities ceased along the northern border, the warwhoop died away, the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the red man

been buried in the grave of peace, and no sooner had the smoke been lifted from the fields of carnage in the interior, than a stranger was seen riding along in great haste on the Canadian side of the Detroit river. The sentinel at his post, at Fort Detroit, descries him in the distance, and watches all his movements, till he ferries across the river, and approaches old Fort Detroit. The garrison is moved by the inquiry, from more than a hundred lips, "Who is this? Is he a bearer of dispatches from the British Government? What kind of a message does he come to deliver?" None are found to give a satisfactory reply. At last the soldiers come to the conclusion that he must be an embassador. Well, they were not mistaken. He was an "embassador," but not from the Court of St. James. He is a plenipotentiary of the "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" an embassador of Christ, with a commission, signed and sealed at the court of heaven. He comes to effect a reconciliation of peace between rebellious sinners and the King of glory. When the object of his visit is known, he is welcomed with exclamations of joy: "All hail! Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" He unfurls the banner of the cross upon the red walls of Fort Detroit.

Is it fancy, or do I not see an old weather-beaten pilgrim, a faithful watchman in the army of our Immanuel, while standing at his post, with tears of joy coursing down his sunburnt cheeks, exclaim, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that

bringeth *good tidings*, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" Isaiah lii, 7. He soon obtains permission from the commander of the Fort to deliver his message of glad tidings to the people. They crowd around him as he mounts a stand, in the council-house, and begins the solemn service. How appropriate the hymn of Charles Wesley for such an occasion:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

As it is characteristic of Methodist itinerant preachers to adapt and fit their subjects to the occasion, I doubt not but "when he had opened the book" he found the place where it is written, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent

me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Luke iv, 18, 19.

O, how precious the Gospel message when preached with the "Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" to men, under such peculiar circumstances! Worn out, in mind and body, by the fatigues of the campaign, which had just closed—many wounded, lame, halt, and sick, and unable to return to their homes! Ah, how joyful such a message to the toil-worn soldier! How inspiring the sound of the Gospel!

"Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad."

But do you ask me the name of this bold soldier of Christ, who is thus highly honored by King Jesus? I answer, it is the Rev. James Hickox, of the Genesee conference, whose name on our General Minutes stands connected with the Upper Canada district. Heaven crowned his disinterested labors of love in a strange land with success. "The word of God grew and mightily prevailed." At the close of his first year, he had enlisted in the army of King Jesus one hundred and thirty soldiers. He was returned the second year with Rev. Gideon Lanning for his colleague. During this year the army of Immanuel, at the mission, was greatly reduced by removals and deaths, and many other causes, which are unknown to us at this late period. The mission was

served by Rev. Alpheus Davis in 1817, in 1818 by Rev. Truman Dixon, and in 1819 by the Rev. John P. Kent, all members of Genesee conference, and connected with the Upper Canada district, of which Rev. William Case was presiding elder at the time. While the pioneer preachers in western New York were pushing the victories of the cross over into Lower and Upper Canada, along the lake shore, and across to Detroit and up on the River Thames, the itinerant Methodist preachers of southern Ohio were enlarging their borders annually, traversing the wild lands in Ohio, and making great inroads upon Satan's kingdom along on the borders of Lake Erie. Our numbers increased rapidly. Our preachers were forming new societies and holding large camp meetings annually, at which hundreds were soundly converted to God, etc. At the time Rev. William Case was sent by the New York conference as missionary to Detroit in 1808, there were only about twenty-five itinerant Methodist preachers, and five thousand, five hundred members in the state of Ohio. In 1812, when the Ohio annual conference was organized, the numbers in society had more than doubled in four years, and in 1819 the little band had increased to more than THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND, being a total gain of about TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND in seven years. A brighter day was soon to dawn upon uncultivated Michigan. At this period the veteran chief, Rev. James B. Finley, was appointed to the Lebanon district, which, at that time, was bounded by the Ohio

river on the south, on the north by the lakes, including all Michigan territory. During this year Mr. Finley employed a local preacher, by the name of Platt B. Morey, to take charge of the mission at Detroit. He went to his work, and toiled hard and gathered up the scattered flock along the lake shore, and formed many new appointments, and returned to the Ohio conference, at the close of the year, with a "plan of the circuit." Brother Morey was a young man of great courage and zeal in his Master's work. His circuit extended from Maumee Rapids to Lake St. Clair. God only knows the privations and sufferings that he endured in the wilds of that new and sparsely-settled territory. Before his return to Ohio he had contracted the chills and fever on the Maumee. He was greatly debilitated, but strong in faith and willing to suffer more, if necessary, to plant the Gospel in that wilderness region. His brethren received him with open arms, at the sitting of conference, and rejoiced in his success. Brother Morey was so much exhausted by travel and exposure and his recent illness, that he did not wish to return, but his brethren, in their godly judgment, thought differently. He was now acquainted with the route and the places of preaching, and this was all in his favor. He was admitted into conference, and appointed a second time to Detroit mission. He went early to his work, and early to his grave.

As he looked at his wasted frame and thought of the perils of the wilderness, and consequent ex-

posure, he exclaimed, "Yet none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." Noble young man! He had the spirit of a martyr, and will share a martyr's crown.

He traveled around on the mission till some time early in December, when his strength entirely failed, and he laid down and died a happy and peaceful death. A slight incident led me to hear of the place of his repose. A letter, addressed to Dr. J. Owen, of Detroit, brought the following interesting intelligence. Peace, peace to the ashes of our first missionary to Detroit:

"DETROIT, JANUARY 2, 1857.

"REV. M. P. GADDIS,—*My Dear Sir:* Your favor, of the 21st November, came duly to hand, and I owe an apology for not having answered it at an earlier day. The information you wanted, without my visiting 'Elmwood Cemetery,' I could not give, which is about 2½ miles from our city.

"Although but a mere lad at the time of Mr. Morey's death, I remember the occurrence very distinctly. My friends being Methodists at the time, the occurrence produced quite a sensation. Brother M. died at or near Mt. Clemens, Macomb county, some twenty miles from Detroit; his body was brought here for interment, and he was buried in our city burial-ground—now in the very heart of our city—within a few feet of where the Episcopal Church was subsequently built, fronting on Woodward Avenue. Six years ago this property was brought into

market for business purposes, and is now covered with a very elegant block of stores. The church building was taken down; and, so far as the friends of the dead interested themselves, their remains were disinterred and removed. Some years previous to this, a beautiful rural cemetery—'Elmwood'—had been opened some 2½ miles from our city, and having procured a very fine lot for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we had the remains of our brother removed to this spot. Yesterday I visited his grave, and upon the stone, originally placed over his grave, I found this inscription:

'SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

PLATT B. MOREY,

An Elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church,

Who died, December 18, 1821,

Aged twenty-six years and two months.

'"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."'

"Very truly yours,

"J. OWEN."

In 1822 Rev. Alfred Brunson succeeded our young brother Morey. In 1823 Rev. Elias Pattee, who still survives, and resides in Michigan, was appointed. The late Rev. Isaac C. Hunter was next appointed. The next year, 1825, Rev. William Simmons, Rev. J. A. Baughman, and Rev. Solomon Minear, were sent out by our conference. The following list com-

pletes the missionaries in that work, up to the time of Rev. George W. Walker's return from the north in the fall of 1829:

1826—DETROIT DISTRICT—*Zarah H. Coston, P. E.*

Detroit city—Z. H. Coston.
Detroit circuit—*John Janes.*
Monroe—*John A. Baughman.*
St. Clair—*James T. Donahoo.*

1827—DETROIT DISTRICT—*Zarah H. Coston, P. E.*

Detroit city—*Z. H. Coston.*
Detroit circuit—*Wm. Runnels, J. Janes.*
Monroe—*George W. Walker, J. Armstrong.*
St. Clair—To be supplied.

1828—DETROIT DISTRICT—*Zarah H. Coston, P. E.*

Detroit city—*Arza Brown.*
Oakland—Wm. T. Snow.
Huron—Benjamin Cooper.
Monroe—*George W. Walker.*
St. Clair mission—*Elias Pattee.*

CHAPTER XIX.

MONROE, MICHIGAN.

Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.—Acts.

Behold, there came men hither, to search out the country.—Joshua II, 2.

In the fall of 1827 Mr. Walker succeeded my old colleague, Rev. J. A. Baughman, upon Monroe circuit, in the far-off northern wilds of Michigan territory.

Monroe, formerly known as Frenchtown, is situated on the River Raisin, two and a half miles from its confluence with the limpid waters of Lake Erie. It is about twenty-five miles from Detroit. The River Raisin took its name from the numerous grape-vines that formerly lined its banks, for a considerable distance above its mouth. Two small Indian villages, one occupied by the Ottawas, and the other by the Pottawotamies, stood on the present site of the city of Monroe. At the time of the late war, only a few log cabins, erected by the French, stood on either bank of the river. The town of Monroe stands on the south bank of the Raisin. At the time referred to, it was the depot for the North-Western Fur Company. The surrounding Indians periodically resorted there to exchange their furs for cloth, beads, and divers ornaments for the dec-

oration of their tawny bodies. The French settlers also sold their corn at this place, in exchange for goods.

As soon as Mr. Walker could make arrangements, after conference, he started for this distant field of toil, with a brave heart, and a firm reliance upon almighty God. There were two safe routes, at that time, from Cincinnati to Michigan; one by the way of Greenville, and from thence following the military route of Gen. Wayne's army twenty miles in a north-easterly direction to Fort Recovery, and from thence along Wayne's path to Fort Defiance, at the confluence of the Auglaize with the Maumee, in the north-west part of Ohio, and south-eastern extremity of Williams county. The other was by the way of Urbana and Sandusky.

As the parents of Mr. Walker resided beyond Urbana, he traveled to his field of labor by the way of Marion, Upper Sandusky, and Lower Sandusky—now Fremont.

The "Black Swamp," the terror of all pioneer travelers in the north, had to be crossed in going to the town of Monroe, by the way of the Maumee Rapids. At certain seasons of the year, it was almost impassable, either for man or beast, especially during a rainy season. At that early period, travelers had to follow the trail of the Indians, and sleep out in the woods, or lodge at their villages, if permitted to do so. This route was so difficult to travel, that the government was compelled to

improve it some, in order to forward provision stores to the "army in the north." From Urbana to Detroit, the roads were in a bad condition at this period. At times Mr. Walker had to pass through the lone wilderness, following the "blazed path," through mud and water, for many long and weary miles, before reaching the point of his destination. The roads were not graded and the streams were not bridged. Railroads, except a few "*loose rails*," laid crosswise over a deep slough or miry pond, were not spoken of in this new country. In Michigan, they had opened but few roads in any direction. The inhabitants, at that early period, drove their light "carioles" over the ice, with swift Canadian ponies of Norman stock, and in the summer they employed light "wooden carts" for transporting their "divers commodities." These carts were well adapted to the deep mud and unimproved state of the country. Since I have commenced following the "new-made tracks" of the itinerant preachers from southern Ohio to the northern mission field in Michigan, I have been ashamed of myself and others. What we now call "poor fare," and "hard labor," would scarcely have been talked of at that day.

In pursuing the heroic Walker into the new territory of Michigan, I have often been reminded of the graphic lines of Bishop Horn:

"Along the road I musing go,
O'er many a deep and miry slough:
The shrouded moon withdraws her light,
And leaves me to the gloom of night.

An inn receives me, where, unknown,
I solitary sit me down:
Many I hear, and some I see,
I *naught to them, they* NAUGHT TO ME."

It required a man of great moral courage and strong faith to be an itinerant preacher in the Ohio conference. His circuit might, perchance, lie on New river, in the Western Virginia mountains, or in the direction of Greenland—it made no difference,

"Hope was their guiding star."

The Monroe circuit embraced all the southern portion of Michigan territory; also a portion of north-western Ohio and Indiana. The place of beginning when Mr. Walker was sent to the circuit was Monroe. Here he preached at 11, A. M., on Sabbath; and at Captain Luther Harvey's, up the River Raisin, three miles distant, in the afternoon. The next appointment was at Rev. Elias Pattee's—an old pioneer that still survives—on the Huron river, at a place known at that day as Flat, or Smooth Rock. This was about fifteen miles from Monroe; the only road then leading directly to it was a blind, Indian trail through the woods, and a part of this trail was as bad as the Black Swamp itself. From Rev. Mr. Pattee's they proceeded to Brownstown, above the mouth of Huron river, and twenty miles south-west of Detroit. This place has been rendered memorable in the history of our country on account of the great battle between the whites and Indians during the last

war, where many of the Americans fell victims to savage cruelty.

In passing along this road to the place of preaching, which was about nine miles distant, the traveler had to pass over what was then called by the pioneers "swails"—two or three in number—all which were exceedingly dangerous at that time. These much-dreaded "swails" were bridged with large and small round logs laid crosswise over the trail. These bridges had to be crossed over at times when many of the logs were afloat, and the poor itinerant and his horse would frequently be thrown in between them. Sometimes both the horse and rider would be completely immersed in the water, and rarely came out without some injury to the legs of the poor animal. From thence, thirty miles to Ypsilanti, on the line of the Detroit and Chicago turnpike. A part of the road to this appointment, lying between Brownstown and Flat Rock, was rough and miry. The next appointment was at "Phillips's," three miles north-east of Ypsilanti. The next appointment was at Ann Arbor. Here a small class had been formed a short time previous, consisting of five or six members. This place is now the seat of the Michigan University; and has a large and flourishing Methodist society. It is about thirty-eight miles from Detroit. From Ann Arbor, the route of Mr. Walker, at his first round, lay across the lovely and fertile "plains of Lode," nine miles, to Saline; and from thence to Tecumseh, sixteen

miles distant, on the River Raisin. The road from Saline to Tecumseh was pretty good for an Indian trail. From Tecumseh he passed down the river, a distance of more than ten miles, to Blissfield. This was a difficult part to travel: he had nothing to guide him but a few blazed trees, which had been marked by the tomahawk of the Indian. From this point he passed down the River Raisin to Monroe, a distance of twenty-five miles. In traveling this road he sometimes stopped and preached at Esquire Kidzie's Grove. The congregation at this place was *small*, consisting of only two families—Kidzie's and the widow Clarke's.

In that same part of the country he also preached near Petersburg, at the house of the widow Blanchard, who was a member of the Freewill-Baptist Church. This good woman entertained the early ministers of Jesus, and heard them gladly. May the rich reward of eternal life be hers hereafter, and may the blessings of almighty God never depart from her offspring! Amen.

From Monroe, going in a southerly direction, he preached at the house of William Wilkinson, at what was then called "Half Way creek," fifteen miles from Monroe. From this he traveled to Ten Mile creek, four miles distant, and preached at night at the house of Mr. Hubbard. This latter place was only about four miles distant from where the flourishing city of Toledo now stands. From this, a distance of ten miles, to where Perrysburg now stands, on the Mau-

mee river, to Mr. ———'s; and from that town, nine miles up the river, to Waterville, at Mr. ———'s; and from Waterville back again to Monroe, the place of beginning.

This was the "plan of the circuit" as returned to Mr. Walker by the Rev. John A. Baughman, who had preceded him in that work. This journey was performed in three weeks; and the number of sermons would average one for each day—total distance of more than two hundred miles. In many places he had to preach and sleep in the same room. The farthest distance without a house on this part of brother Walker's work was not over twenty miles. Mr. J. A. Baughman informs me that the year previous he had one ride, which was through the woods, *thirty miles*, without a human habitation.

The Maumee river had to be forded at Maumee City, or ferried at Fort Miami, two miles below. The "ford" of the river was over a smooth rock and a swift current, which made it dangerous to cross when swollen. The horse was very liable to slip on the smooth rock, and plunge his rider into the stream. The River Raisin was not so wide as the Maumee, but generally deep, and often dangerous. It had to be crossed four times. The River Huron had to be crossed three times every round; and it was wider and more dangerous than the River Raisin. The Saline had also to be crossed frequently, and, although a much smaller stream when swollen, was dangerous. Rev. Mr. Baughman, with whom I

traveled two years, told me, that in swimming his horse across this stream when it was full, he got very wet, and his clothes froze stiff upon him before he reached a fire. O, that God would raise us up men of like courage and self-sacrifice!

Here, then, I present my readers with the original plan of the Monroe circuit, as it was returned to the annual conference by Rev. J. A. Baughman, and as it was mapped out when Mr. Walker first found it. It embraced the following places: Monroe, Hervey's, Pattee's, Brownstown, Ypsilanti, Phillips's, Ann Arbor, Saline, Tecumseh, Bliss's, Blanchard's, Wilkinson's, Kidzie's Grove, (two families,) Hubbard's, Perrysburg, and Waterville. Total, 16. Mr. Walker, before leaving the territory, added the following appointments to the old plan:

Perkins's,
Platter's,
Evans's,
Hudson's,
Bower's,
Washburn's,
Miller's,
Chester's,
Hunter's,
Vance's,
Stony Creek,
Aspinwall's,
Pulsepher's,
Wood's,
Parker's,
Smith's,
Howe's,
Crope's,
Thompson's,
Tuskey's,
Hedge's,
L. Smith's,
Johnson's,
Detroit,
Spafford's,
Horton's,
Crawford's,
Nash's,
Chaster's.

And occasionally at Detroit, Fort Meigs, and Fort

Defiance—twenty-eight more—making the grand total of FORTY-FOUR.

In traveling so extensive a circuit in a country so recently settled, many difficulties must be encountered, and privations endured. He had to pass drifted snow-banks, deep streams, without bridges, dangerous and dismal swamps, long rides through a trackless forest, without shelter from the rain and storm, and many nameless ills. But Mr. Walker was a young man of indomitable courage and perseverance; he could truly say, in the midst of exposure and peril, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself." He pushed forward, with great haste, to the mission-field, and commenced "preaching Jesus" in the cabins and groves along the water courses. Wherever he could find a few hearers he assembled them together, and told them of the design of his coming among them—to "turn them from darkness to light," and to point them to a future inheritance that was "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away." In nearly every place they "received him gladly."

Before the time of his first quarterly meeting in November he had traveled on horseback, after reaching the territory, over FIVE HUNDRED MILES, and had preached forty-two sermons in a period of less than six weeks, making, in all, over fifty sermons since conference; and the total number of miles traveled more than eight hundred.

His colleague, the Rev. James Armstrong, who had

also been appointed to the mission, was attacked with bilious fever after conference, and did not reach his appointment till sometime in November. He met with Mr. Walker, for the first time, at Monroe, at which time an intimate friendship was formed, that continued unbroken during the life of Mr. Walker. Mr. Armstrong, when he reached the territory, had an attack of ague, in consequence of which, the presiding elder, Rev. Z. H. Coston, and his colleague, both advised him to retire for the winter. Mr. Armstrong says that Mr. Walker "performed during that winter an incredible amount of itinerant labor." He also remarks that, "notwithstanding all his hardships, long rides, fastings, and opposition, from the allied powers of earth and hell, HE NEVER COMPLAINED, but was cheerful and happy in his work. His herculean labors shook his strong constitution, and, no doubt, ultimately brought him to a premature grave. Noble man! Peace to his memory."

CHAPTER XX.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL CONTINUED.

In journeyings often, in perils of waters, . . . in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, and cold.—2 CORINTHIANS XI, 26, 27.

THE winter of 1826 was what the old settlers call an "open season." The weather was changeable, but not so intensely cold as it is sometimes in Michigan. Large quantities of rain fell in the early part of the winter, and the whole face of the country was flooded with water, and the streams in almost every direction swollen out of their channels. As yet, but few bridges had been projected, and some of the temporary ones had been swept off by high water. This made it exceedingly difficult for the traveler to proceed on his journey without encountering formidable obstacles. On coming in contact with water that was too deep to ford at the regular "crossings," he had no alternative left but to dash into the stream, and trust in God and in the strength and skill of his noble steed to carry him in safety to the opposite shore. This Mr. Walker had to do frequently, or fail to meet his engagements. Sometimes he was so fortunate as to be able to hire an

Indian to ferry him over the streams, swimming his horse along side of the bark canoe. This, however, was of rare occurrence, and sometimes it would happen that they would charge more than he had money to pay them with.

During his first round upon his circuit, he was compelled to stop at a miserable-looking cabin, on the bank of a small stream. The lady was sick in bed with a heavy chill, and unable to help herself. There was no person about the house but a little French girl, who could speak but few words in English. They had nothing cooked to eat. Mr. Walker had traveled all day, and was very hungry, and could proceed no farther without sustenance. He finally concluded to remain. About midnight, the poor woman was so far recovered from her chill and fever as to arise and get a little supper for Mr. Walker and herself. They had some poor bread, and a piece of a small "blue duck," and some sassafras tea. The crops had failed, and they were threatened with a scarcity of provisions in every direction. That night Mr. Walker was called to a severe trial of his faith—and, for the first time since he had commenced his itinerant career, cast a "longing and wishful eye" back to the rich Champaign county in Ohio. He remembered his father's house; "they had bread enough, and to spare." But the tempter was soon banished, and he called to mind this fact, that his "eye and heart had never quailed," in time of danger, under difficulties and trials insep-

arably connected with the temporal affairs of this life; and now, that he was engaged in a more noble enterprise, why should he faint? He resolved never to sound a retreat, but to go forward in the strength of the God of Jacob—"live or die, sink or swim."

The pioneer preachers in the north endured not only "cruel mockings" from French infidels, but suffered "cold and hunger," and often, like their Master, had "no place to lay their head." They, very frequently, could get nothing to eat, till they caught wild game, or fish, and then had to cook and roast it for themselves. Rev. J. P. Kent, while on the Detroit mission, often eat nothing all day but broiled fish. After "*fishing for men*" with the "GOSPEL NET," before getting his own dinner or supper, he had to seize his "fishing tackle" and go to some limpid stream, and *literally* "catch fish," and "broil them on the coals," that he might satisfy the cravings of hunger.

Mr. Walker seldom spoke of his privations to any one, except his most intimate friends. He told Mrs. Walker that frequently he had nothing to eat for days but raccoon meat, bran bread, and water, sometimes a little sassafras tea. Like some of his predecessors, he was obliged, at times, to "go a fishing" to get something to eat during his peregrinations in the wilderness of the north. I fancy that I can see his noble form standing erect under the shade of a tree, on the bank of Lake Erie, or some of its

tributaries, with his "fishing rod" in hand, wrapt in profound meditation, or trying to make a sermon from the following appropriate words: "And Jesus, walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matthew iv, 18, 19. After taking a fine mess of fish and finishing the "plan of his discourse," he mounts his horse and rides rapidly along, singing aloud those laconic and pithy words, by Rev. Charles Wesley, composed on the road to Norwich, in the year 1754:

"In the name of the Lord,
In the strength of his word,
A fishing we go;
This our only delight and employment below.

As fishing for men,
Our labors again
With joy we repeat,
And again, till we catch the whole race in our net.

With the blessing divine
In our net and our line;
We labor for souls;
And at Jesus' command, we shall take them in shoals.

On the right we shall cast,
And catch them at last,
If our toil he approve,
With the hook of his power, and the bait of his love.

O Savior, be nigh,
Thy word to apply,
Thy Gospel to bless,
And crown our attempts with abundant success!

The profligate poor
With a pardon allure,
Their Lord to embrace;
And captivate all with the offers of grace.

With favor look on,
While we let the net down,
Down into the deep,
And inclose such a number as sinks the old ship.

Nor shall our hearts shrink,
Though the vessel should sink;
Nor will we repine,
To be lost in an ocean of mercy divine."

Another method of catching fish Mr. Walker and his predecessors often resorted to, was the "gig," or fish-gig, at night. The gig had generally four prongs, with a long handle. Taking this in one hand, and a torchlight made of bark, he would wade into the stream at night and gig a mess of fish for his breakfast.

Mr. Walker and his colleague had made a positive arrangement to meet at brother Muth's, near Brownstown. It was Mr. Armstrong's turn to preach there at 11 o'clock, A. M. On that day, however, he was very ill with the ague, and consequently unable to preach. He informed the people that his colleague, Rev. G. W. Walker, would certainly be there and preach that night, if he could cross the streams, which were all swollen very high. On that day the roads were unusually bad. The night previous it had rained heavily, and about daylight it turned suddenly cold enough to make ice about one-half inch in thickness all over the face of standing water in the

roads and unbroken forests. The ice, in places, cut his horse's feet and legs at almost every step. Yet, nothing daunted, the courageous itinerant urged his horse forward as fast as he could with any degree of safety. He was determined to keep his engagement with his colleague, and fill his appointment at night, if he possibly could. Nightfall overtook him about twelve miles distant from Mr. Muth's. Mr. Muth resided on Brownstown creek, near a small village called Brownstown, north from the mouth of Huron river, and about twenty miles in a south-westerly direction from Detroit city. He was now compelled to slacken his gate and move more slowly and cautiously along a dim Indian pathway, only rendered visible by the dim light of the stars. Not long after dark, in attempting to cross a swollen stream, over which a temporary bridge had been erected, he came very near finding a premature and watery grave. A portion of the bridge near the opposite shore had been swept away by a recent freshet, and before he was apprised of any danger, or that any part of it was missing, horse and rider were plunged head foremost into the turbid waters. The horse struck the bottom after a rapid descent of about *fourteen feet*, and stuck fast in the mud, with the young itinerant holding fast to the saddle. But, fortunately, while Mr. Walker was trying to disengage himself from the stirrups to make an effort to ascend, the noble horse made a severe struggle, and bounded upon his hinder legs, and arose to

the surface, and reached the shore in safety, with Mr. Walker on his back, firmly seated in the saddle. After properly adjusting his rigging, and emptying his pockets of a surplus quantity of water, he resumed his journey with a cheerful heart. The road became more difficult and dangerous to travel the farther he pursued it. At last he found it almost impossible to get his jaded animal along, but still he urged his way onward, plunging through water and frozen ice till he reached the cabin. It was now just 10 o'clock. The congregation, which had assembled at 11 o'clock, was still there, waiting, with patience, the arrival of the intrepid missionary. They all felt confident if it was possible for any one to make his way over such bad roads, Mr. W. was the man to do it, and would not disappoint a congregation, if he could help it. The people at that early period were glad to have the privilege of hearing one of the heralds of salvation, and this little company, it seems, were determined not to return home that night without a sermon, should the minister be able to reach there before midnight. But on the arrival of Mr. Walker, his clothes were frozen stiff, and they found him so cold and worn out by traveling all day, without food for his horse, or any thing to eat himself, they no doubt had good reason to fear that they would be disappointed after all.

On procuring a light, Mr. Walker found that his horse's feet and legs were badly cut by the ice, and that one thing which had retarded his progress, and

rendered it so difficult for the noble animal to travel, was the large quantity of ice that was frozen fast to his long tail, after taking the cold bath in the river, and that swept the water so often while crossing the swollen streams. "A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast;" therefore, Mr. Walker resolved to attend to his horse first, and make him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. After changing some of his garments, he procured a kettle of hot water, and with the aid of some gentlemen, thawed off the frozen ice from the tail and bleeding ankles of his horse. He then procured a buffalo robe, with which to shield him from the piercing wind, tied him to a tree—a stable was out of the question—and fed him. During this process without, the kind-hearted sister within was busily preparing supper for this heroic minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. As soon as Mr. W. felt satisfied that he had done all that was in his power to make his faithful horse comfortable, he sat down to this table with a glad heart, and partook of a hearty supper. Feeling now much refreshed in body and mind, he preached his patient auditors a sermon between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock at night. After the sermon was ended, the little company lighted their bark torches, and started for their homes in the surrounding neighborhood.

In midwinter, while on his way to fill an appointment, he was obliged to swim his horse across a small river. In doing so, he was thoroughly soaked with water before he reached the opposite shore. On get-

ting out in safety, he first pulled off his boots, and wrung the water out of his socks, which almost froze stiff in his hands. While thus engaged, he never thought of the difficulty that was likely to ensue in replacing his boots. After getting on his socks, and pouring the water out of his boots, he found it almost impossible to get them on again. He worked a long time before he succeeded. After all, perhaps, this was a merciful arrangement on the part of divine Providence. The necessary physical exertion of pulling on wet and partly frozen boots, with wet socks, brought on good reaction, after taking such a cold bath in swimming the stream. Instead of the fashionable talmas, or overcoats, of the present day, it was customary to wear, in those primitive times, what was then styled the blue or drab "great-coat," with four or five heavy capes—the last of which extended over the arms and down to the hands. It was also heavily lined, and cut so as to button closely around the body. Fortunately for the young missionary, he had on just such a "great-coat" on that memorable day. As soon as he got on his boots, and adjusted his clothes, he mounted his spirited steed and pushed forward at full speed. The weather was intensely cold, and he had not proceeded far before his outer garments were all frozen stiff, and the rider completely chilled by the piercing blast across the open prairie and leafless wood-lands. The wilderness was still before him, and a distance of ten miles had to be passed over before he could reach a human

habitation, or have the privilege to warm his shivering, manly form. God of infinite love, whose hand but thine can save in such an hour as this? Friend of the friendless and the faint, look upon the weary traveler now, for when thou art nigh, thy servants can fearlessly

"Tread on snares and death unhurt."

When Mr. Walker reached the first house he was unable to alight without assistance. His "great-coat" had frozen stiff soon after he left the river, and thus providentially had formed a protection from the piercing winds, that without it must soon have chilled him to the heart. His kind host and hostess found it difficult to get off his clothes, especially his boots. Indeed, they had to apply warm water in order to remove them without injury to his person. After recovering fully from the chill, he was attacked with a high fever, and was delirious all night.

On another occasion, Mr. Walker was intercepted on his way to fill an appointment, by back water from a swollen stream. There was no other way to reach the place of his destination, but by keeping straight forward—"turning neither to the right hand nor to the left." With a stout heart, for a great distance he plunged his way through the water, without finding it very deep at any of the crossings, or in any depressed portions of the prairie. At length he came to a suspicious-looking place, and on examination he found the water too deep to cross without

swimming his horse. Although he often had done so, he felt unwilling to risk it at this time. He at length discovered the fallen trunk of a tree, which extended across where the water was too deep to ford in safety. He rode up to the end of it and dismounted, and took hold of the horse's bridle, resolved to make his horse swim along side of the log to the other side. He found it impossible, however, to get the horse into the water where it was deep. He made several efforts, but without success. The sagacious horse did not like the idea of being invited to go into the water any where, without his master was in the saddle, and willing to accompany him. This was indeed altogether a new way of travel in the swamps for his poor horse, who always seemed to know where there was any danger. He did not like it at all, and at length made a spring, and got his fore feet upon the log, and finally got up behind Mr. Walker, and followed him over in perfect safety. Mr. Walker always looked upon this singular occurrence as a special providence, for if the horse had attempted to swim along side of the tree, it is more than likely he would have become entangled in the underbrush, and have been drowned.

At one time, he had to fill an appointment on the opposite side of a stream that was too deep to ford in safety. He concluded not to make an attempt to swim across with his horse. He rode back some two or three hundred yards, and then left the main road, and entered a deep thicket, and took off his

saddle and suspended it on the branch of a tree, high enough from the ground to secure it from the cattle, or any thing that might injure it. He then went back to the stream, and tied his horse to a tree on the bank, and crossed over the river in an Indian bark canoe, and walked with his saddle-bags on his arm two miles distant, to the place of his appointment. After preaching and meeting class, as soon as dinner was over, he returned, and crossed the river in the canoe at the same place. On coming to the place where he had left his horse, imagine his chagrin to find that the animal was not to be discovered, in any direction that he cast his eye. He had brought this horse from Ohio, and he feared that he had taken up the line of march for the Buckeye state, and had been stolen by some Indian or white horse-thief. He also remembered that the horse was high mettled, and very difficult to catch, even in an open field. What to do he knew not. Night was rapidly approaching, and an unbroken forest spread itself out before him. Surely this was a "trial of faith," such as seldom falls even to the lot of an itinerant Methodist preacher. But Mr. Walker committed all to God, and knew it was all for the best. He left off looking for the horse, along the river bank, and concluded to go and see if his saddle was safe. Imagine his agreeable surprise, on coming to the place where he had hung up the saddle, to find his horse standing directly under it, as if he was anxiously awaiting the will

of his master. And the horse manifested no disposition to flee from him, but appeared delighted to see him. And as soon as Mr. Walker had put on the rigging, and was seated in the saddle, the noble animal started off through the forest with a bound, as if impatient to make up for lost time, and carry the care-worn man of God in good time to his next appointment that evening. Mr. Walker was never heard to refer to this gracious interposition of God in his behalf, without evident signs of emotion, and also expressions of heart-felt gratitude.

At another time, while going to an appointment, he was obliged to cross over a wide prairie, where there were no roads. It was during a very wet season, and the ground was filled with water, like a sponge. At last he found an Indian trail, and concluded to follow it. He rode on for a considerable distance, without encountering any deep morasses and places that were difficult to cross. He was congratulating himself on his good fortune in finding a path along which to pass so pleasantly, and with perfect safety to himself and horse, when on a sudden the horse fell into quicksand, and was completely submerged, carrying his rider down with him. For a time it seemed there was no escape for either. The horse was unable to move, and Mr. Walker could not extricate himself from so "horrible a death," with which he was threatened. He prayed to God; and, like David, well might he have said, "But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O

Lord, in an acceptable time. O God, in the multitude of thy mercy, in the truth of thy salvation, deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink." He at last discovered the branches of a fallen tree, just above his head. He made a desperate struggle to lift himself up, so as to take fast hold upon one of the limbs nearest to him. He made several unsuccessful efforts, but being a young man of herculean strength, he at last succeeded in getting out, by the help of God. After returning thanks to God, he turned his attention to his horse, that seemed to be immovably fixed under the sand, with his head sticking out above the water. But, alas! what could he do? It was impossible to render the poor suffering animal the least assistance. He could only approach near him on the trunk of a fallen tree, the slender branches of which had enabled him to make his own escape, and to rescue his saddle-bags. He was far, far away from any human habitation. No succor could be expected from an "arm of flesh." He resolved to trust in that God who had so often interposed in his behalf on former occasions, and granted him deliverance from peril in time of danger. He remembered that gracious promise, "Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." He resolved to cry unto the Lord with his voice, and God "had perfect respect unto the prayer of his servant." He then spoke sharply to the horse, and called him by his name to come toward him. The noble animal made

a desperate struggle, but without success. He called him again, and after making several fearful plunges, going entirely under, the poor horse at last succeeded in reaching "firm footing;" and after one or two more struggles, got out in safety.

A short time before the close of his first year, he was taken dangerously ill with fever, no doubt occasioned by the severe hardships and frequent exposures and labors, to which he was subjected during his extensive travels through the territory. As soon as he was able to leave his bed, and while yet very feeble, he started for home, and with great difficulty reached his father's house in Champaign county.

CHAPTER XXI.

RETURN TO THE WILDERNESS—MONROE STATION.

And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness.—1 KINGS XIX, 15.

I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land, and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.—EZE. XXXIV, 25.

And, after he had spent some time there, he DEPARTED, AND WENT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.—ACTS XVIII, 23.

BEFORE leaving the mission in the territory, Mr. Walker had been compelled to dispose of his noble animal, and purchase a small, Indian pony. In the summer season the horse-flies and gnats were so troublesome that the poor creature almost fretted himself to death. Out of compassion to the dumb brute, Mr. Walker sold him to a gentleman going out of the territory. The pony proved a worthless thing; and he parted with him for a trifling sum, without regret. He came from Sandusky to his father's in the stage. The conference this year was at Chillicothe. Mr. W. was unable to attend. This he most deeply regretted, as his probation as a traveling preacher had expired, and he felt anxious to be admitted to deacon's orders. He was reappointed to Monroe, which was then made a station.

During the fall he had chills and frequent relapses

in the winter season, so that he was rendered unfit for any public labors. He remained at his father's. In the spring his health improved; and as soon as he felt able, he started again for the field of his missionary operations in the territory.

The following extract from a "missionary report," signed by Rev. Z. Coston, presiding elder of the Detroit district, dated May 24, 1829, gives the time Mr. Walker arrived at his appointment the second year:

"Rev. George W. Walker, who was appointed to Monroe station, has just arrived. O, that God may give him grace and strength to rouse the drooping cause on that circuit! On account of his sickness the circuit has been almost destitute of preaching three quarters of a year. Z. COSTON, P. E."

He found the state of religion at a low ebb in the town of Monroe, and a general apathy all over that new country upon the subject of religion. In Monroe he found an "open door," but there were "many adversaries." The state of the work, as well also his own feelings at that time, are, no doubt, truthfully described in a letter to Miss Elbert, of Ohio, to whom he was subsequently married. I have been permitted to make the following extract:

"MONROE CITY, MICHIGAN TERRITORY, June 8, 1829.

[In speaking of his trip from his father's out to Michigan, he says:] "Friday, the 8th, I came to the

village of Monroe; the people hailed my return with much apparent joy. Sabbath, the 10th, I tried to preach to a large and respectable congregation in the village, and was attentively heard. My congregation in this place is, in general, very full; but I am afraid that the most of the attendants in this place come more to see and be seen than to do and get good. O that the time may speedily come when the tree of religious liberty may be seen waving its top, and spreading its branches all over this land! May it soon afford a shadow under which the man of God may repose while he announces Christ and his religion to the inhabitants of this territory! The Church here seems to have gone into the wilderness. O, that she may speedily come out arrayed in her beautiful garments, leaning on the bosom of her Beloved! I feel fully determined to live, preach, and pray for a reformation in this place, and shall look for it before the close of this conference year. O, Catherine, if you desire the peace and prosperity of Zion, and that the 'pleasure of the Lord should prosper in my hands,' pray mightily to God to pour out his Spirit upon the people of this land! For Zion's sake do not rest, and for Jerusalem's sake hold not thy peace, till her light break forth as the morning, and 'her salvation as a lamp that burneth.' Various, indeed, are the scenes through which I have passed since last I saw you. I have visited different parts of the territory, and have tried to preach in a number of places. I have been grieved to see the lukewarm state into

which the professed followers of Christ are fallen. And when I view the great work that must be done here, or the people perish, and then consider my own insufficiency to do my part, I am almost overwhelmed. My spirit sinks, and wave after wave seems to burst in quick succession upon my head, but my sufficiency is in Christ, who has said, 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' I find him, as Solomon expresses it, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

'He kindly opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pain;
Thus while I ease my burdened heart,
In every woe he bears a part;
His arms embrace me, and his hand
My drooping head sustains.'"

Imagine the surprise and disappointment of Mr. Walker, on reaching Monroe, to learn that the man upon whom he was to rely for support, had gone over to the Roman Catholic Church. There was now no alternative left but for him to gird on the armor anew, and enter "the wilderness a second time," and preach Jesus to the dwellers in log huts wherever he could find them. And before his return to Ohio he preached the Gospel with the "Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" in many places where "Christ had not been named." Ay, in the "regions beyond" where any standard-bearer had yet dared to go, this intrepid soldier of the cross preached, and formed many small societies. He visited nearly all the settlements in

southern Michigan, and told them the story of the "manger and the cross."

An extract from a letter which I have just received from the Rev. Elijah H. Pilcher, of Michigan conference, throws much light upon the history of things at Monroe at this period:

"The country was wild and sparsely settled; and it required a man of indomitable courage and perseverance to pass around it. The streams were unbridged, and the roads unworked, which occasioned an immense amount of sufferings and toil to attend to the scattered appointments; but Mr. Walker attended them all faithfully. At the time of his appointment there was no regularly-organized society in Monroe City, alias, Frenchtown, and he occasionally found a lodging-place with a family who made no profession of religion; but a sister-in-law of the man was a member of the Church. Mr. Walker during this and the succeeding year so far gained the esteem and friendship of the man as to be the instrument of his conversion. He has since died and gone home to heaven, to be a star in the crown of brother Walker's rejoicing forever.

"During the present year a physician had moved into Monroe, who was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was proposed to make it a station, and brother W. was appointed to it in 1828; but you may judge of his surprise to find, on his return, that this man, who was to be the main reliance

for his support, had gone over to the 'mother of harlots'—the Papacy. What his motives were in doing so I will not say; but a very large majority of the population of the city and surrounding country at that time were French Catholics. In consequence of this going over to Rome, the station was given up, and brother W. labored on the circuit. Many of the incidents of travel occurring with him on this circuit are most thrilling and stirring. The dangers were fearful, but he never faltered. There are but very few persons now living in this country who have any remembrance of him, but the few speak in the warmest terms of him.

"My own personal recollections of brother W. are very pleasing and interesting. I have been associated with him as a member of the annual conference, of the General conference, and of the Book Committee of the Western Book Concern. In all these relations I found him companionable, gentlemanly, faithful, and a true Christian. When I heard of his death I felt that a good and valuable minister had been gathered out of the earthly harvest to the garner of God. ELIJAH H. PILCHER."

The following is an extract of a letter from A. F., Esq., a gentleman of high reputation in Michigan, dated Monroe, Jan. 21, 1830:

"REV. G. W. WALKER,—*Dear Sir:* I have been three weeks from home, traveling most of the time

in the boundaries of your old circuit (Monroe.) I saw a great number of your old friends, and with heart-felt satisfaction I can say to you, that I found that they still took a very lively interest in your welfare, and many of them desired me to send you their respects. This was particularly gratifying to me, to find that you had acted here in such a manner that the people generally remembered you, as one who has been the means of doing *much good;* and that you had left a sweet savor behind you, that time will not soon efface or destroy. It is salutary to every man of right feeling, to find that *good has been done* by one that we can claim as *our friend.* I do assure you I felt the full force of this, in traveling through the upper portion of the territory."

In taking leave of Michigan, I would remind our co-laborers in the north, that we have not forgotten them, and cherish the fond hope that they will never forget the first missionaries from southern Ohio, that planted so successfully the standard of the cross in the wilds of that now fertile territory.

Detroit district was principally supplied by itinerant ministers from the Ohio conference, till the year 1836, at which time the Michigan conference was organized, including a portion of Ohio. And even after the organization, several of our strong men continued their labors in Michigan for several years, among whom were Arthur W. Elliott, Edward Thom-

son, L. B. Gurley, and Wm. Herr. It cost much toil and sacrifice to plant Methodism on such a firm basis in that country. I rejoice still to be associated in labors and sufferings with some of the noble band who aided in this good work. Some laid down their lives in that mission work, and others buried some of their loved ones, and left them sleeping there till the resurrection of the dead shall call them up again. Rev. William Herr, my colleague at Morris Chapel in 1849, referred to his sufferings and bereavements in that territory, on one occasion, in a most touching manner. I shall never forget it. "During that year," said Mr. Herr, "while traveling the Detroit district, I resided at Northfield. I there passed through scenes of joy and sorrow. God saw fit to take to himself our oldest son. This was a trying providence, but grace enabled me to triumph. The absence of that dear boy, who had reached his fifth year, has left a *blank* in my family circle. I no longer hear his cheerful voice. He mingles not with us in our family devotions. His place has been long vacant at the table. He bows not at my knee morning and evening, to lisp the name of Jesus. I laid his body down in that new territory. I bedewed the spot with my tears. The remains of his dear mother repose at Marietta, on the banks of the beautiful Ohio river. Though far severed in this world, we all shall have a happy 'reunion in heaven.'

'There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved.'"

CHAPTER XXII.

CHILLICOTHE STATION AND CIRCUIT.

"I thank God for a good constitution to wear out in his service."

"Here on thy altar, Lord, I lay
My soul, my life, my all,
To follow where thou lead'st the way,
To obey thy every call."

THE next annual conference was held at Urbana, Champaign county, Ohio, September 3, 1829. Mr. Walker had now returned to his father's from Michigan in good health. He was present at conference, and after passing the usual "fiery ordeal" of graduates in the ministry, was unanimously elected and ordained deacon by Bishop M'Kendree. His next appointment was to Chillicothe station and circuit with Rev. Leroy Swormstedt. This was an interesting part of the country, and some portions of the circuit brought Mr. Walker near to the residence of his parents in boyhood's days. He went to his work in good time, with a light heart and a buoyant spirit. Not long after he performed one round upon his circuit, he made a visit to the old homestead, in the neighborhood of Chillicothe. His feelings and emotions, during that visit, are truthfully described in the following letter to his mother:

"CHILLICOTHE, NOV. 22, 1829.
"AT REV. LEROY SWORMSTEDT'S.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I love to converse with you through this medium. I received your last affectionate letter, and was truly glad to hear from you all, and especially to learn that you were in good health. I pray God to continue with you every earthly blessing that will be calculated to make you comfortable and happy in this life; and above all, may you all be prepared for a happy eternity! My own health continues good. As it relates to the state of religion here, I have nothing special to report at present. Our congregations are large and attentive. I tried to preach in this place on yesterday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and in the evening. In the morning the congregation was very large. Some thought there were more than *fifteen hundred* persons present. 'O may God sanctify his word, so that it may prove to be a savor of life unto life, and not of death unto death!' Aid us by your prayers, that we may have a great ingathering of precious souls before the close of this conference year.

"Last Thursday I rode out to Jonathan Dresbach's, and to visit the old homestead. I assure you that visit will form a prominent page in the future history of my life. My feelings were such as no words can express. What are metaphors and 'fancy's most vivid flights!' all, all must fail; but I must tell you a few things about it. The face of the whole country has undergone a great change, but not so

great but that I could recognize many familiar places. The first place that I came to that awakened strong emotions was the place where the old Cypo Liberty school-house once stood. I stopped my horse, and viewed with peculiar delight the *old oak trees* under whose wide-spreading branches I once played with 'lamb-like innocence' in childhood. The image of the old French doctor, who was our family tutor, and who died at my father's house, came up irresistibly before my mind. I then looked around for his grave till I found it. There stands the same young tree under which the minister stood when he read the funeral service, and sung that solemn and impressive hymn:

'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours!'

The tree that was then young is the only monument that is now left. It stands just at the foot of his grave, waving its green branches in silence over the place of his repose. I then rode on slowly to the path which leads to the bubbling spring, where wearied and faint in the school-boy's chase, I have often repaired to drink from this refreshing fountain. Feelings and emotions were awakened that have quietly slept for years in my bosom. I began to live

my youthful days over again. What changes I have passed through since, in the innocence of childhood, I played along the banks of these meandering streams! I then asked, what are the changes that await me in the future? But no angel or spirit revealed any thing to my thoughtful soul. No doubt God, for wise purposes, has hidden the future from our view. After making this pleasant digression, I returned again to the main road, and passed slowly along by places that now wore a strange aspect, that were once familiar to my mind.

"On arriving at Mr. Dresbach's, at 2 o'clock, P. M., I was cordially welcomed by the family. Mr. D., who was absent, returned in the evening, and accompanied me over to George Dresbach's, who recognized me immediately. His wife did not recognize me at first, but the eldest daughter did. After the usual compliments, I was seated before a comfortable fire, and we had truly a friendly little meeting. The conversation was lively, and about 'things new and old,' past, present, and future. A proposition was then made for me to preach that night, and runners were started through the country in every direction, to circulate the appointment. I then returned with my friend to his residence, and while he arranged his domestic matters, I went out to view the fields over which I once roamed with so much delight. Every old stump, and tree, and little hillock, and mound, seemed instinct with life, and gave wings to my thoughts. I gazed with silence upon the scenes

of childhood. The past rushed on my mind, and I thought with delight on the days of youthful innocence, when no anxious care or trouble rested on my peaceful mind. I was not aroused from my reverie till the

> 'Length'ning shadows o'er the mead
> Proclaimed the close of day.'

I then returned to the house, and made preparations for the evening service. When the hour for preaching arrived, I went in, but only found two or three persons that I could recollect. I went forward in the discharge of my duty, and had unusual liberty and power in speaking. After the service was over, I spent a few hours in very agreeable conversation with the family and some friends.

"On Saturday morning I started back, and on my way to this place I called at brother Michael Earnest's. He recognized me, but his wife did not. They appeared to be more than pleased to see me again, and regretted that they did not hear of my preaching at Mr. D.'s. Sister E. said: 'If I had known that you were going to preach, I should certainly have been there, if I had had to walk every step of the road.' This was quite complimentary. I must not forget to tell you that I also saw mother Kinnear. She is very well, and looks well for a person of her age, although somewhat childish. When she found out who I was, she almost leaped out of her chair to shake my hand. But as the day was far spent, we could only spend a few minutes in mutual expres-

sions of joy and gladness that we were permitted to meet again in this vale of tears. After prayer I commended them to God, and set out again on my journey. I settled my business with Mr. George Dresbach, and we parted in mutual love and friendship. They requested me to visit them soon again, and preach for them. All the families mentioned in this letter join me in sending much love to you all.

"I remain your affectionate son,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

The following is the "plan of Chillicothe station and circuit" in 1829–30:

Chillicothe,	Bristol's,
Thomas's,	Mustard's,
Long's,	Ward's,
Verder's,	Chennoweth's,
Teter's,	Downing's,
Meek's,	Foster's,
Sinking Springs,	Chesnutt's.

The reading of the above "plan of Chillicothe station and circuit" will awaken sweet memories of the past in many a heart. Every appointment named has a history, which, if written out fully, would be read in coming years with intense interest. Methodism was introduced into Chillicothe at an early period. In 1806 they had a society of about twenty members, but no church. At that time they held their meeting in a room of an old log-house, called the barracks. They had several extensive revivals

of religion previous to the time Mr. Walker was sent to labor among them. The most noted, perhaps, was in 1819, under the labors of Rev. William Swayze; and, in 1825, under the ministry of Rev. John F. Wright.

Some of the appointments were so remote from Chillicothe, that it made it necessary to be absent on the circuit for two weeks at a time, in order to meet all their engagements. They traveled, by the way of Piketon, across the rugged hills of Scioto, Sunfish, and Ohio Brush creek, within two hours' ride of Hillsboro. Mr. Walker and his colleague filled the station and circuit, alternating thus every two weeks. This was a year of success. Precious souls were converted and brought into the "fold of Christ." O, how I would love to dwell on the history of these "preaching-places!"

Foster's Chapel is situated in Big Bottom. Rev. Thomas Wilson was the first Methodist that settled there. The place of preaching was fixed at Thos. Foster's in 1800.

Chennoweth's, near Piketon. Here Rev. Henry Smith preached and organized the society in 1799.

Mustard's.—William Mustard was the first class-leader at Chennoweth's. He kept up prayer meetings for a long time, and much good was done.

G. Downing's was three miles north of Piketon. This society was organized by Rev. Mr. Havens, in 1821. In 1828 they were favored with a revival, and were in a prosperous state when Mr. Walker labored

among them. But I will only refer, particularly, to one more appointment.

CHESNUTT'S.—The history of the society at Daniel Chesnutt's is of peculiar interest. The preaching was originally at John Cissana's, at whose little cabin, in the year 1820, the society was first organized by Rev. M. Henkle. Chesnutt's is on Indian creek, south of Chillicothe. This was a favorite place of resort for some good and zealous members at Chillicothe. They would go out hungry and come home happy, and sometimes they would sing and pray on the road and get happy before they arrived at the place of preaching. On one occasion a company of them became very happy, and commenced praising and shouting as they traveled along the highway. Their noise attracted the attention of a man who was chopping wood by the wayside. They acted so strange that he concluded to follow quietly in the rear and learn what they were doing at Chesnutt's. He went into the house, and the Gospel was made the power of God unto salvation to many sinners, and, among them, the wood-chopper was soundly converted. He returned along the same road quite a changed man. His soul was full of glory, and he joined his friends from Chillicothe in praising God.

The mention of the appointment at Bristol's recalls to my mind the "*Pilgrim's Path*," which stands intimately connected with the history of the young apprentice, Benjamin Bristol. He resided about four miles from "Chesnutt's." He, like many others, was

attracted to that place by the strange reports of persons "getting happy," "shouting," etc. Shortly after he commenced attending there he was aroused to a sense of his sinful state. He sought the Lord with all his heart, and was soundly converted. He made a vow to live a holy life, to "come out from the world," knowing very well that whosoever is a friend of this world is the enemy of God; and that we "can not serve God and mammon." He was an apprentice, and was true to his master. His religious enjoyments increased, and it was his chief delight, his whole employ, by night and day, to serve God, and whenever he had an opportunity to attend upon the means of grace. There were several young persons residing in the same neighborhood, who attended these meetings also. They traveled along the same road. He found it difficult to avoid falling in company with them going and returning from the place of meeting. He soon found, however, that their society and conversation was a great hinderance to his religious enjoyment. But how to avoid them, for a time, was found to be a most difficult task. There was but one main road and no by-paths to the place of preaching. He finally concluded to enter the forest and *mark out a path* to Mr. Chesnutt's for himself. This he was enabled soon to accomplish by certain "secret marks," that were well understood by himself. Here, along the "narrow way," he found no one to interrupt him, and had plenty of time for meditation and secret

prayer. Is it fancy, or do I now see him alone with God in the sequestered grove? singing, as he goes,

"The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow;
But there's a road that leads to God,
It 's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood:
The passage here is free;
O, that's the road for me!"

This hidden walk of the young disciple was known, among the early Christians in that region, by the name of the "Pilgrim's Path." Every Christian must be more or less acquainted with the "Pilgrim's Path." It is sweet to be alone with God at any time or place; but O, how pleasant to retire from the crowded thoroughfares, or business walks of life, to commune with God in the woods! Is it fancy, or do I hear the pilgrim singing, as he walks this unfrequented way,

"I'd carve his passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall droop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus bled for me.

The swains shall wonder as they read,
Inscribed on all the grove,
How heaven itself came down to earth
To win a mortal's love."

Mr. Walker was no recluse, yet he often trod the "Pilgrim's Path," in order to hold communion with God. He dearly loved

"In solitude
To shed the penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALLIANCE MATRIMONIAL.

It is not good that man should be alone.—GENESIS II, 18.

A prudent wife is from the Lord.—PROVERBS XIX, 14.

Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?—1 CORINTHIANS IX, 5.

A happy lot, and hallowed even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with roses of love:
Hath she learning? it is good, so that modesty go with it;
Hath she wisdom? it is precious, but beware that thou exceed;
For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is the mind."

TUPPER.

NOT long after the conversion of Mr. Walker, it was his good fortune to become acquainted with the family of the late Dr. John D. Elbert, sen., of Logan county, Ohio. Dr. Elbert was a native of Delaware. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1804, and removed to Ohio in 1812. He first settled in Urbana, and practiced medicine in the military hospital with Dr. Davidson, but subsequently settled on a farm in Logan county. He was a devout man, and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. "Cheerful gravity," said the late Rev. Wm. H. Raper, "was strikingly characteristic of this good man. His dwelling was the abode of piety. Religion graced all his actions. He even prepared his '*medicines*' with prayer. As a 'class-

leader,' he has rarely been surpassed, and as a '*steward*,' he gave his substance conscientiously, and impressed that duty on his brethren. '*Perfect love*' was the element in which he moved for upward of twenty years. He was very kind to the poor. His motto on this subject was this: 'I will give my *conveniences* to relieve others' *necessities*, and my *necessities* to relieve others' *extremities*.' His house was the cheerful home of preachers, when in Kentucky and Ohio, for many years. He loved the Church—her ministers—her brethren and sisters—his God. In religion, his motto was 'HOLINESS.' At a protracted meeting the Sabbath before his death, he exhorted his neighbors to live holy, and called upon them publicly to express their determination to meet him in heaven. He was a man of sound judgment, and his family not only highly respectable, but much beloved by all who knew them."

It was in the year 1826 that Mr. Walker first became intimately acquainted with Dr. Elbert, whose eldest daughter subsequently became his wife. Miss Catherine Elbert possessed high intellectual endowments, to which were superadded the refining graces of our holy religion. Reared amid scenes of domestic purity and tranquillity, it is no wonder that she gave evidence of a change of heart, at an early period of life. The placid smile,

"The countenance serene,"

bespoke a heart at peace with God, at the tender age

of eleven years. Her maturity in Christian graces, and mental culture, and varied acquirements, qualified her, in an eminent degree, for the high and responsible station and duties of the wife of an itinerant Methodist preacher.

It is but justice to the memory of Mr. Walker, to state that from the time of his conversion he was scrupulously prudent, and *very reserved* in his social intercourse with young ladies; never forgetting that much-neglected, useful, and highly-important direction of the Discipline, in Section ix, Answer 3: "Converse sparingly, and conduct yourself prudently with women." 1 Timothy v, 2. I believe the neglect of the observance of this wise and wholesome regulation has not only hindered many in their work, but ruined scores of good men.

Although Mr. W. became deeply interested in Miss Elbert, during the first year of their acquaintance, yet he made no intimations of his esteem or intentions for the future in regard to marriage, till three years subsequently, while he was prosecuting his labors in Michigan. While detained from his work, in consequence of affliction, after prayerful deliberation, he made proposals of marriage. A correspondence was also proposed, which continued till the time of their marriage. In the spring of this conference year, at Chillicothe, on the 9th of February, 1830, Miss Catherine Elbert became the bride of Rev. Geo. W. Walker. The marriage took place at the residence of her father, in Logan county. The nuptial

ceremony was performed by Rev. Levi White, who was then traveling Mad River circuit.

The following beautiful lines, composed by Mrs. Walker some time afterward, are peculiarly applicable to themselves:

"I saw two hearts, two tender hearts,
In mystic union blend;
Like crystal dew-drops on a flower
That each to other tend.

I asked the secret of that bliss
Which rose like incense pure;
More potent far than earthly balm,
The ills of life to cure.

'Twas power supreme that joined in one,
By love's cement, the twain,
And then encircled them with pearls,
Which formed the bridal chain.

Each precious pearl 's a beauteous gem
Of graces most refined,
Which all their varied beauties blend,
And all by love combined.

'Twas formed by heaven's artistic skill,
Mid Eden's rosy bowers,
Where angels twined the nuptial wreath
Of Eden's fairest flowers.

Methinks 'twas 'neath the tree of life
The happy fair ones stood;
Angels attend the holy rite,
And God pronounced it 'good.'

What God hath joined in sacred bonds,
O let not man divide;
For 'tis an emblem of *that love*
Which made the Church his bride."

God smiled propitiously upon them, and they went forth to cultivate his vineyard, with a strong faith

and confiding trust in his providential care. Time, with its varied trials, cares, and sorrows, proved this to be a happy union. Their love for each other was fervent and changeless, night and day the same—

> "In thy pure heart,
> Meeting its perfect counterpart—
> Heart beat to heart, in concert true"—

a union made in the fear and with the approbation of God, who united them "in one spirit" unto himself and to each other.

The day after their marriage, Mrs. W. bade adieu to her kind parents, affectionate brother and sister, and a large circle of friends and early associates, from whom she never before had been separated long at a time. Doubtless at that moment she felt the pang of parting, but trusting in God, and leaning upon the strong arm of him whom she believed *God had given* to be her earthly protector and dearest friend, she went out cheerfully like one of old, "not knowing whither she went." After tarrying for one night at Mr. Walker's father's, she set out on her "bridal tour;" not, my dear readers, *en route* to Niagara, Saratoga, or "the tour of the lakes," as in modern times, but with her husband in a buggy, by the way of *London* and Oldtown, to Chillicothe. The roads were new, and at this season of the year very muddy. They were *three days* in performing the journey. On arriving at Chillicothe, they were kindly received at Leroy Swormstedt's, with whom Mr. and Mrs. W. continued to board for some time.

Mrs. Walker, although just recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, that had laid the foundation for much suffering in future life, deeply sympathized with Mr. W. in his itinerant labors, and resolved to aid him in every way that she could. In the society of Mrs. Swormstedt, and other Christian ladies at Chillicothe, she found many congenial spirits, who, by their exemplary piety and deep experience in the things of God, were well qualified to encourage and aid her in the discharge of her new and responsible duties, as the wife of an itinerant preacher. Here she engaged heartily in the Sabbath school, a work in which she always felt a deep interest. In the enjoyment of the social and religious privileges with which she was favored, the first year of her itinerant life glided swiftly and pleasantly away.

During the early part of August she returned with her brother to visit the old homestead in Champaign. This to her was a delightful trip, and the kind greetings of her now "glorified" parents on that memorable occasion still live in her memory. Mr. Walker could not spare the time from his work to go home with her at that period, however much he desired it. He continued in his work till a short time previous to the session of the annual conference at Lancaster. Not long after the departure of Mrs. Walker from Chillicothe, her much-loved friend and affectionate Christian sister, Mrs. Leroy Swormstedt, was taken suddenly ill with fever, which, in a short time, terminated her earthly pilgrimage. The fact of this sad

event was early communicated to Mrs. W. by her husband. This to her was most mournful intelligence. When she left Chillicothe Mrs. S. was in good health, but now her body was consigned to the tomb. Yet, as she remarked to me, "from her acquaintance with Mrs. S., her character and religious experience, and fidelity to God's Church and the cause of the Redeemer, she was much comforted in the reflection that she had exchanged the privations and sufferings of the itinerancy for the rich and enduring rewards of immortality."

The mournful death of Mrs. Swormstedt, and the deep sorrow of her bereaved husband, is briefly alluded to in the following letter, written by Mr. Walker to his wife at the close of their camp meeting, near Chillicothe:

"CHILLICOTHE, AT MR. HARDY'S, Sept. 2, 1830.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I informed you in my last letter that on last Friday morning I expected to start for camp meeting. I arrived at the place appointed in good time—at three o'clock, P. M. As it was a new encampment I tried to preach a 'dedication sermon' from these words: 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy

light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.' Isaiah lviii, 6, 7, 8. The congregation was not large, but very attentive. The Lord was present to bless. Just as I was closing my sermon Rev. Jacob Delay came, and John Ferree and brother Wilson came about six o'clock in the evening. They were accompanied by a local preacher with whom I was very well acquainted in the days of my boyhood. These beloved brethren all came to labor during the progress of the meeting. As ministers, we were of 'one heart and of one mind,' and immediately united our scattered forces; and, with sword in hand, like good soldiers, rushed upon the foe. Prayers and supplications were made incessantly to God for the prosperity and success of the meeting. On Friday night we invited all the members of the Church to come into the altar, and pray first for God to revive and strengthen their own hearts, so that they might be prepared to exhort and comfort others. We had a precious time. On Saturday we had preaching at 8 o'clock, A. M., and also at 11, A. M., and 3, P. M. In the afternoon we invited seekers of religion forward for prayers, and a number came into the altar, and some found peace in believing; and thus we continued to do throughout the meeting. The congregations increased, and became more serious. The Cownellers, and other 'vile fellows of the baser sort,' who had been swearing most profanely, and threaten-

ing to break our meeting, were soon chained, and had their mouths shut like the lions in the den of good old Daniel, and were not permitted to do us any harm. At times these sinners looked as much terrified as if they expected the thunders of the wrath of almighty God to break out and consume them. During Sabbath we preached all day; and on Sunday night invited mourners, and commenced our prayer meeting, which lasted till the dawn of day. On Monday morning we opened the doors of the Church, and twenty-three came forward and gave us their names. After the 11 o'clock sermon the sacrament was administered. It was truly a precious season of grace. At the close of the afternoon sermon mourners were again invited forward, and the Lord was present to heal the 'wounded in spirit.' Many seemed, by violence of prayer and strong faith, to press into the kingdom and take it as by storm. Glory to God and the Lamb forever! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.' On Monday night we formed a *procession*, and with singing and shouting, 'and the sound of the trumpet,' we marched three times around the encampment. I think I never witnessed a more solemn and impressive scene.

"When the congregation was again quietly seated, the Rev. F. Wilson preached a sermon from these appropriate words: 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him.' Matt. xxv, 6. The mourners were again invited to the altar, and crowds rushed

forward—from the child of young and tender years to the aged, veteran sinner of seventy. Their united mournful cries pierced the heavens, and reached the ETERNAL THRONE. Satan trembled; the pillars of his kingdom were shaken; hell was dismayed; the banner of the prince of darkness fell prostrate to the earth. His emissaries uttered a groan because of their unexpected and signal defeat; but earth and heaven both shouted, because sinners,

'Once slain, were born again.'

"On Tuesday morning, after sermon, the doors of the Church were again opened, and twenty-four persons presented themselves as applicants for admission on trial, among whom were a gentleman and lady of the name of Colwell, who were once Presbyterians; and also a gentleman and lady who had been raised Baptists, all old acquaintances of mine.

"The Baptist lady was powerfully converted while we were receiving members on trial. She was very happy; and I left her shouting when I started for home. The preachers and members all united in the opinion that our camp meeting was one of the best, for the size of the congregation, they had ever witnessed. It was signally characterized by powerful displays of awakening grace and converting power. The total number that joined our Church was forty-seven. May the Lord bring them every one to Mount Zion at last!

"In my last letter I informed you of the sick-

ness of sister Swormstedt, in consequence of which brother Swormstedt was not permitted to go to conference. On the Thursday evening before our camp meeting she was taken much worse, and from that time her disease made rapid progress, till it finally terminated fatally. Yes, yes, SHE IS GONE—gone to return 'until the heavens shall be no more!' She died on Sabbath morning, at 8 o'clock, during the progress of our camp meeting. The grief of brother Swormstedt seems almost insupportable. I have been with him almost all the time since my return from camp meeting, trying to administer some consolation. It is very afflicting to a person of sensitive feeling to see him sitting with little Sarah in his arms crying as if his heart would break. However, the consoling thought that sister Swormstedt is in heaven, no doubt enables him to endure the severe shock with more firmness.

"There are several persons among your acquaintances sick here now. Brother Row is dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover. Doctor Deming and his lady are very sick, especially sister D., and many others that I have not time to mention.

"My own health is pretty good. I felt worn down at the close of the camp meeting, as I had to do a large proportion of the preaching, and exhort two and three times each day, and also to manage all the prayer meetings in the altar, and pray with and for the mourners, etc. On me also devolved the entire management of the camp meeting from the begin-

ning to the end; but I think I have entirely recovered from the fatigue, but I am not yet clear from hoarseness. Having had to preach here last night increased it very much. I thank my God for a GOOD CONSTITUTION TO WEAR OUT IN HIS SERVICE. Are you not thankful, my dear Catherine, also?

'My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy gracious counsel, Lord,
Thy will be done, thy name adored.'

I hope through the mercy of God this may find you enjoying health of body and peace of mind. May God bring us to enjoy each other's society soon again!

"I am, my dear Catherine, your affectionate husband till death, GEORGE W. WALKER."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HIGHLANDS.

We were bold in our God to speak unto you the Gospel of God.—1 THESSALONIANS II, 2.

And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.—PAUL.

IN the fall of 1830 Mr. Walker was sent to Hillsboro circuit, in Highland county. This was, at that day, a very interesting portion of our work. The circuit contained the following preaching-places:

Hillsboro,	Fitchpatrick's,
Sargent's,	Massey's,
Campbell's,	Middleton's,
Wolf's,	Smith's,
Courtney's,	Jones's,
M'Kinsey's,	Edmondston's,
Bainbridge,	Rapid Forge,
Bethel,	Gilboa,
Rapp's,	Greenfield,
Coxe's,	Pleasant Hill,
Ensley's,	Home's,
Ellis's,	Dunn's,
Evans's,	Ferner's.

God blessed his labors and filled his cup with blessings. In this place they commenced housekeeping

for the first time—an important era in the history of all young married people.

HOW MR. WALKER DISPOSED OF AN UNEXPECTED INTRUDER INTO MRS. WALKER'S TENT.

At a camp meeting on Rattlesnake, at the close of this year, God poured out his Spirit upon the people, and there was a prospect of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." But when the mourners were invited forward, some lewd fellows, of the "baser sort," attempted to break up the meeting. Mr. Walker was a man of great prudence as well as courage. He was never known to strike a man in anger during his whole life, although often assailed in the most provoking and dastardly manner. He had adopted, at an early period, as a minister of Christ, the following text for his motto: "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." He was gentle toward all men. During this meeting he had a severe trial to encounter. A young man, whose sister had been awakened and was now at the altar for prayer, came rushing through the crowd, determined to remove her from the circle of prayer by force. He was dreadfully enraged. Mr. Walker, who, at that time, was conducting the prayer meeting, approached the young man in the true spirit of meekness and tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but the more Mr. Walker reasoned and persuaded, the more abusive, angry, and insulting the young

man became. At last he threatened to strike Mr. Walker, if he did not let him alone till he should take his sister from the altar. Mr. Walker, finding no alternative left but to put him out, or to suffer the meeting to be interrupted, in a serious manner, finally seized the youngster, with his left hand, by the nape of the neck, or collar of his coat, and with the right took a firm grasp of his pants, sufficiently low to answer his purpose, and pitched him so gently outside of the altar-railing, or "prayer-circle," that but few saw it. It did not interrupt the meeting for a moment. The enraged youngster returned, however, after a short time, and attempted to disturb the meeting again. As soon as he came near enough, Mr. Walker caught the enraged "mocker" by both hands and held him as tight as if he had been in a vise. He then led him off gently, as he would a child, through the crowd to the "preacher's tent," talked and reasoned with him for a long time, and tried to shame him out of such conduct for the future. At last the young man was softened and subdued. As soon as Mr. Walker perceived this, he instantly released his captive, and told him to "go and sin no more." However, the friends of the young man rallied, and threatened to disturb the meeting in such a manner as to excite the fears of Mrs. Walker very much, and she retired to her tent for safety.

Not long after this exciting scene, while Mrs. W. was sitting alone in the tent, a large, stalwart man

came in, apparently in great haste, and inquired for Mr. Walker. She told him that he would probably find him among the mourners at the altar, in front of the stand. The excited appearance of the stranger, bareheaded, and in his shirt-sleeves, alarmed the fears of Mrs. Walker very much for the safety of her husband, in view of the difficulty which had just occurred with the young man concerning his sister. The stranger, however, went out, and said to Mrs. W., as he left, "I will find him if he is on the encampment." Mr. Walker did not come back to the tent for more than two hours, during which time he could not be seen or heard of. Mrs. Walker's feelings may be better imagined than described. After a while Mr. W. came into the tent, bathed in perspiration. His wife said, "My dear, soon after you left me, a large man came in here, in his shirt-sleeves, and without his hat; and, from his agitated manner, I feared he wanted to decoy you into the woods to do you harm or personal injury. Did you meet him any where on the ground?" "O yes," replied Mr. Walker, "I met him soon after I left you, and I have disposed of him in such a way that he will never disturb a religious meeting again—you may rest assured of that." Mrs. W. was overwhelmed with confusion, for a moment, and knew not what to say. She feared that a hostile collision had taken place, but she soon found that all her fears were groundless. The manly course which Mr. Walker had pursued with the young man made him many

friends on the encampment, and but few enemies, even among the unconverted. The stranger, who came into the tent, had been "wounded" by the "sword of the Spirit," during a powerful sermon preached by Mr. Walker previous to the call for mourners; and he then came to inquire of this faithful "watchman," in the language of one of old, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" On meeting with Mr. Walker, he requested him to go with him into the deep forest, where no eye but God could see them, and pray for his conversion. Mr. Walker gladly consented, and when they had passed out of hearing of the "camp of Israel," they kneeled down and prayed. It was a fearful struggle—God and his holy angels alone beheld the scene. At last the suppliants prevailed with God, and the shouts of victory rung out loud and clear upon the midnight air. A soul was born into the kingdom. Mr. H. was "turned into another man." He became a Methodist preacher, and continues faithful to this day. His son was converted not long afterward, and is now a traveling preacher in the far west. He also takes pleasure in acknowledging Mr. Walker as his spiritual father. But few men, in our ministry, have been more successful at camp meetings in "converting sinners from the error of their way," than Mr. Walker.

This was a year of prosperity on the Hillsboro circuit. The tide of feeling continued to rise till the close of the year, as will be seen from an extract from a letter written, at Bainbridge, by W. R.

Southard, and published at New York: "We have had times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The preachers, who labored with us this year, have been owned of God as chosen vessels. The net increase of members is over 600; a class, generally speaking, who have counted the cost. We have had several two and four days' meetings, besides the regular quarterly meeting. Our camp meeting was held on the 13th of August, 1831, on the old camping ground at Rattlesnake, and continued five days. One hundred and forty-eight were added to the Church, and many powerful conversions. Our last public meeting was held at Hillsboro. It was contemplated to hold the meeting only two days, but it continued four days and nights, and then it seemed difficult to bring it to a close. Eighty-five souls were converted and added to the Church. This was Mr. Walker's farewell meeting at H. in the fall of 1831."

It was during this year that I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Walker preach for the first time. It was on the camp-ground at Ash Ridge, fourteen miles from Ripley, in Brown county. I was pleased with his appearance, and sought an introduction to him in the preacher's tent. He preached twice during that meeting, and exhorted frequently. His first sermon was on the subject of holiness, the necessity of leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ and going on unto perfection. It made a deep impression upon all who professed to be the followers of Christ. Its effects were manifest in the prayer

meeting, which immediately succeeded the sermon. Believers were greatly stirred up, and a number mingled their tears with the mourning penitents at the altar, and prayed earnestly for "full redemption" in the blood of the Lamb. This, I think, was on Friday, 3 o'clock, P. M.

What a privilege, even in fancy, to go back to an old-fashioned Methodist camp meeting! Dear reader, do not curl the lip in scorn when you meet with the words, "Methodist camp meeting." Have you ever visited such a place during a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit? Did you ever attend a camp meeting in the great west, while the primeval forest was yet standing in all its pristine glory and beauty? What cherished memories of other days are awakened by the remembrance of the sacred spots, when from ten to fifteen thousand persons would assemble in the leafy grove to worship God! How soon does the tear bedew the cheek, and the heart swell with emotions, too big for utterance, when we call to remembrance those halcyon camp meeting days in southern Ohio! What a privilege, to leave the mart of business, and repair to God's own temple, and listen, for four or five days in succession, to the words of love and burning eloquence from the lips of such men as Raper, Christie, Bascom, Durbin, Bigelow, Quinn, Collins, Lakin, Jones, Finley, Trimble, and the late lamented Walker!

"Here, where mild summer bids the world assume
A verdant richness and impurpled bloom,

To these cool, shady woodlands, crowds repair,
Who make the solemn grove a house of prayer.
'Neath the tall beach and stately pine-tree shade,
A scene of bright devotion is displayed;
A thousand hearers with sky-born fervors glow,
Meek sighs ascend, and tears alternate flow;
Devout hosannas through the camp resound,
While distant forests echo back the sound.
When eastern light has tinged the blushing morn,
Through the wide wood resounds the matin horn;
From every tent impatient numbers throng,
Raise the warm prayer, and swell the morning song;
Along the verdant earth the mourners kneel,
And all the heaven of mild contrition feel.
The world's gay hopes and gloomy fears repress'd,
Devotion reigns alone in every breast;
Far from the scene each fretting care retires,
Nor damps religion's consecrated fires;
From early dawn till day's last luster fails,
The vital flame spreads, rises, and prevails.
And when dim night has wrapt the world in sleep,
Crowds still awake, pray, meditate, and weep;
For this, a thousand lamps the woods illume,
And spread a mimic day beneath the gloom.
The sylvan camp, through all the solemn night,
Seems the bright vestibule to worlds of light,
Where angels ceaseless raise the glowing song,
And night, and noon, the holy strains prolong."

Mr. Walker preached again on Saturday night one of the most effective and awakening sermons that I ever heard on that encampment. He took for his text the following highly-figurative and instructive passage of the word of God: "For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned." Hebrews vi, 7, 8.

He spoke of the superior excellence of the Gospel, and compared its influence upon the moral world to the dews and seasonable showers of rain upon the earth. While speaking of God's care, and the labor he bestowed upon the Church—his "vineyard," over which he had always exercised a special supervision—he was peculiarly happy. He spoke of the *Spirit's influence* in shedding light and imparting knowledge to man, and of the *angels*, who were employed by the Almighty to keep up an intercourse between his throne and our revolted world. He spoke next of the "unspeakable gift"—"Jesus of Nazareth"—the homeless stranger—the houseless wanderer in a world himself had made. "But O," said he, "who can tell the agonies of Gethsemane and the cross? 'It is finished; he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.' Nature trembled to her very center; the centurion's marble heart felt the mighty shock, and exclaimed, 'Truly, this was the Son of God!' The tomb received him, and our sun of hope went down. But on the third morn he arose as a conqueror, and planted the flowers of an eternal spring in the wintery territory of the dead." He spoke also of the returns which those are expected to make upon whom God bestows so much *care and labor;* and closed, by noticing the two characters represented in the text—the "righteous" and "wicked"—their present condition and final destiny. The good man received a "blessing from God," and became fruitful. He was refreshed beneath the droppings of the sanctuary.

He flourished in the courts of our God like the "corn and lily." The Gospel to his soul was like the "living water," and like the fruitful showers upon the earth. But those who refused to receive it, became fruitless, or worse—yielded a never-failing crop of noxious weeds, "thorns, and briers"—were "rejected," and were "NIGH UNTO CURSING AND BURNING!"

As long as memory lasts, I think I shall not forget that sermon. It made a deep impression on my tender heart. The night was dark; the stars shone dimly through the foliage of the green woods in which we had pitched our tents. Up to that hour, the wicked "mocked at God's ministers, and despised his word." Much confusion and disorder prevailed on the outskirts of the encampment, and many concluded but little good would result from the meeting. But as Mr. Walker proceeded with his discourse, his faith waxed stronger at each successive step. The wicked were soon chained by the earnestness of his manner, and the burning words that fell from his lips. They were overawed by the majesty and force of truth. Groups of men and women, standing in different places in the rear of the stand, separated and sought seats, or collected in the aisles, in front of the speaker. It was not long before all idle chit-chat ceased in the tents, and the strolling multitudes in the woods were attracted to the stand by the trumpet-tones of his manly voice, that rang out loud and clear upon the still evening air. There was evidently a "going in the top of the mulberry-tree." The

baptism of the Spirit had fallen upon the pulpit. An awful stillness brooded around, and a deep solemnity pervaded the assembled host. The ministers of Jesus were weeping, and the people of God were praying. The mutterings of Sinai were heard in the distance—

"The violated law spoke out."

Every man's conscience that had rejected Christ, condemned him, and the guilt of each seemed apparent to all, in the light of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. W. was now fully harnessed for the battle, and cried aloud, "The sword of the Lord! the sword of the Lord!" He then described most truthfully and graphically, with the hand of a master workman, the dreadful condition of all who neglect to improve the grace of God. "But who," said he, "can adequately describe *this scene*—the winding up of the affairs of this world? The stars have faded away; the sun has grown dim with age; the moon is lost in darkness; time is no more, and probation is ended. Now three august assemblies meet—from hell, earth, and heaven. The books are opened, and all whose names are not found written in the 'book of life,' stand on the left hand of the Judge. They are filled with dismay, as they hear their doom pronounced, 'Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity!' 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels.' They rejected and despised Christ on earth, and now he 'rejects' them. They are cast out and burned with '*unquenchable fire.*' Awful thought!

'The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever!' 'Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' In their anguish they may cry for rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from his wrath. But it is all in vain. The rocks and mountains are dissolving in liquid fire. They may desire annihilation, but this is a vain thought. The thing is utterly impossible. Their punishment is eternal. They are now doomed to 'everlasting burnings.' There is no more sacrifice for sin. The decision is a final one. There is no higher 'court of appeals.' They have sown to the wind, and now they must reap the whirlwind. They can not die, but must live on in wretchedness and woe. Awful thought! To lie down in hell—

> 'To talk to fiery tempests, and implore
> The raging flames to give its burnings o'er—
> To writhe, to toss, to pant beneath their load,
> And still to bear the wrath of an offended Lord!'"

While Mr. Walker was dwelling at length upon the damnation of the finally impenitent, sobs, and deep and heart-felt sighs, were heard all over the encampment. There was a terrible "shaking among the dry bones." The battle was turned to the gate. The cries of the smitten broke the stillness that a short time ago had pervaded the assembly. Saints shouted aloud for joy; sinners fled in every direction; some fell like dead men to the earth; mourners rushed to the altar for prayers; nor did this honored servant of Christ "leave off speaking," till his voice was

completely drowned by the rejoicings of the people of God, and the imploring cries for mercy of awakened sinners. He then leaped from the stand, and mounted a bench, and pushed the battle into the heart of the enemy's country. The awakenings under that sermon were deep, and the conversions numerous and powerful. The battle ceased not till the dawn of the Sabbath. O, my dear reader, that was a memorable night. I was so happy a great part of the night that I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. "GOD KNOWETH." I can scarcely refrain from shouting, as I thus faintly attempt to describe the scene at the present hour.

CHAPTER XXV.

SCIOTO AND OHIO BRUSH CREEK.

And told them all things, what they had done, and what they had taught.—MARK VI, 30.

"Past and present here unite,
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side." LONGFELLOW.

THE next session of the Ohio annual conference was held at Mansfield, Ohio, September 8, 1831.

At this conference Mr. Walker was elected and ordained an "elder in the Church of God" by the late Bishop Elijah Hedding. From this conference Mr. Walker was sent to Brush Creek circuit, which, at that time, extended from the Scioto, near Portsmouth, to the waters of Eagle creek, in Brown county, Ohio. Here Mr. Walker acquitted himself well as an itinerant Methodist preacher. God owned his ministry in the conversion of souls at every appointment.

Brush Creek circuit, which originally formed no inconsiderable portion of the old Scioto circuit, was organized in the year 1811. It was always a very responsible field of itinerant labor. In 1823 Rev. Henry B. Bascom, D. D., late Bishop of the Church South, was the preacher in charge. In 1827 there were SIXTY OFFICIAL MEMBERS on Brush Creek cir-

cuit. Without wishing to make an invidious comparison, I believe it contained within its bounds as much earnest piety and talent as any part of our work in Ohio. They had been favored with the powerful and effective ministrations of such men as Cartwright, Burke, Bigelow, Sale, Langdon, Meek, Jones, Finley, Quinn, Swormstedt, Collins, and others. Mr. Walker was appointed to this interesting circuit in the fall of 1831, with Revs. Henry Pilcher and A. D. Beasly as colleagues.

The following is the "plan of the old Brush Creek circuit" at this period. It was divided the year following Mr. Walker's administration:

West Union,
William Smith's, (now Stone Chapel,)
Joseph Tracey's,
G. Truitt's,
Mr. Collins's,
F. Moore's,
Turkey Creek,
S. Moore's,
Thos. Wilkinson's,
B. Brewer's,
M. Early's,
H. Edwards's,
Zach. Tennor's,
Reuben Smith's,
Z. Noble's,
Wood's,
Freeland's,
M. Freeman's,
C. Wamsley's,
Joseph Williams's,
Saterfield's Meeting-house,
Coppel's School-house,
Connell's " "
Moore's Meeting-house,
Hopewell " "
Pownel's,
Manchester,
Denning's,
Naylor's,
Pence's,
Ebenezer Meeting-house,
Steam Furnace.

When Mr. Walker took charge of this circuit he moved to West Union, in Adams county, Ohio. The

parsonage had been located at that point in 1817. The membership at this place was intelligent and enterprising. They contributed more for the support of the Gospel than any society on the circuit. It contained a number of wealthy, high-minded, and liberal-souled men and women, whose homes were favorite haunts of the early pioneers.

In the summer of the year 1832, while Mr. Walker was on this circuit, I had the pleasure of meeting him, for the second time, and forming a more intimate acquaintance at the house of the late Mrs. William Armstrong. This was only a few years previous to the time that I engaged in business on the waters of Brush creek, a short distance beyond West Union. I shall never forget the peculiar circumstances under which I met him at this time: it was at the marriage of two of Mrs. Armstrong's daughters, both of whom were greatly beloved by all who knew them. They were to be united in marriage to very worthy gentlemen on the same evening, and had agreed to act as bridemaids for each other. Sarah, the eldest of the two, was to have her future home in western Virginia; and the youngest expected to remain in her native town. They were of a family of wealth and distinction; and the infrequency and novelty of such an occasion had drawn together a large number of their relatives and visitors from all parts of the country. Matilda, the youngest of the two, was to marry Dr. J. Hamilton, one of my dearly-beloved and most intimate friends. I had traveled on horseback, in

company with a sister of the bride, a distance of more than twenty-five miles, to witness the nuptials. Revs. John Meek and George W. Walker had been requested to officiate on that interesting occasion. Mr. Walker at this time appeared in perfect health; and it was generally remarked that he was the most noble and dignified-looking man in the company. He was the "observed of all observers."

A large number of distinguished guests had been invited from Maysville, Ky. The evening was spent in a very pleasant and agreeable manner. At nine o'clock, the time appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, the two sisters, accompanied by their affianced and heart-chosen ones, entered the parlor alone, united arm in arm. The eldest was married first by the Rev. John Meek, in his own peculiar, laconic way. After a brief and almost breathless pause, the youngest daughter was united in marriage by our lamented brother, Rev. George W. Walker. The scene was as novel as it was affecting. There were but few eyes on that occasion that did not moisten with a tear, ay, and to look into the future too, if possible, to divine the destiny of the affectionate sisters, while brother Walker was, in a most feeling and appropriate manner, commending them to a covenant-keeping God—a God whose benediction and smile alone could make their pathway safe and pleasant.

The future is wisely hidden from our view. God does not design to make us miserable; therefore, he has reserved "times, and seasons, and events" in his

own hand. O, I can not refrain from weeping as I call to remembrance that gay marriage scene! O, what a change passed upon many of the happy guests in the course of a few short years!

The pestilence was then traversing our borders, and weeping and lamentation followed in his train. Time rolls on, and the eldest daughter, married on that evening, is a heart-broken widow, with a sweet boy, who had not yet learned to lisp the name of "father," when the destroyer entered their dwelling. What added a poignancy to this affliction, the fatal stroke fell when the wife and mother was on a visit to the old homestead in Ohio. The next year more than half of the guests who were present on that night "slept their last sleep." They were the victims of cholera.

The next year, Mrs. Armstrong, the mother of these two lovely young ladies, fell by the same disease, after an illness of thirteen hours. Her maiden name was Lee. She was a woman of fine person, amiable disposition, and deep piety. She was a native of Virginia. Mrs. A. was a member of the first class organized at West Union, by Rev. John Collins. I knew her well. Her house was a constant home of Methodist preachers, before and after the death of her husband. She had abundance of this world's goods, and contributed liberally to the support of the Gospel. She was a devoted Methodist, and took great delight in comforting the poor way-worn itinerants, whenever they called at her house. Her end was

peace. May her children that survive follow in her footsteps! One of her daughters, Mrs. G. W. Pigman, now residing in Delphi, Indiana, is a good representative of her noble mother, and I have been told takes great delight in *permitting* Methodist preachers to sleep in the same bed, and under the same mahogany canopy where the sainted Asbury, M'Kendree, Sale, Bigelow, Quinn, Walker, and many others, reposed their weary frames in by-gone years. Mr. Walker was a true friend, and never forgot the kindness of others. He often spoke to me in the highest terms of the family of Mrs. Armstrong, and his well-tried friends on Brush Creek circuit.

A few years roll away, and my young friend, Dr. H., who was married to Miss Matilda, was called to mourn her early death. He married again, and in less than two short years, his companion and himself were laid in the same grave, on the bright waters of Eagle creek. But I must not pursue this theme farther at present.

I resided for more than three years on the waters of Brush creek, after Mr. Walker traveled in that region. I frequently heard his name mentioned, in connection with the awakening and conversion of precious souls, who lived many years afterward, to tell the "pleasing story." At that day, ministers were not paid for their services as well as they are at the present time. The total amount of collections from all the classes, forty-one in number, was only $561.80. This was to be divided among three itiner-

ants—Walker, Pilcher, Beasley—two of whom were married men.

From an accurate and authentic record, I have ascertained that it cost less to preach the Gospel on the waters of the Scioto, from its mouth to its source, and also on the waters of Ohio Brush creek, for a period of twenty-five years, than it now costs to sustain a minister in one of our fashionable churches for twelve months.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CINCINNATI CHARGE.

"Where should I die but at my post?"—WALKER.

For yourselves, know brethren that our entrance in unto you, that it was not in vain.—PAUL.

THE next annual conference was held in this city, Sept. 19, 1832. Mr. Walker was appointed to Cincinnati. Bishop Thomas A. Morris was appointed preacher in charge. At that time, all the churches were included in one charge. This year was one of peculiar trial. On the arrival of Mr. Walker, he found the city thrown into great excitement, on account of the presence of epidemic cholera. He had left Mrs. Walker at her father's on Kings creek, on the account of her health.

I am glad that I am permitted to give to the reader extracts from several interesting letters, addressed to his wife immediately after he entered the city. Mr. Walker was a true Christian hero. His courage and firmness were equal to any emergency. He resolved to stand his ground, while the pestilence was wasting and gradually destroying the citizens on every side. In the midst of sickness and death, he exultingly exclaims: "Where should I die but at my post?"

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 12, 1832.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I arrived safely in this city on Wednesday night, about twelve o'clock. I was pretty tired, I assure you. I rode in the stage from Springfield, without stopping longer than to water and change horses. I have not had time to form much acquaintance with our people yet. But I have already found several old friends, with whom I was acquainted before their removal to this city. Brother David Hall and family are all well. I have not yet determined whether we will board or keep house. I have had several offers to board, but I think it will be more *agreeable* to live in our own house. If we live in the house procured by the Church, they will allow us TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR TABLE EXPENSES. But such is the agitated state of affairs here just now, that it is impossible for me to decide at present. You are not able to come at this time, and I do not know that it would be best if you could. The cholera is now in the city. In its onward course through the streets and lanes, it carries dismay and desolation. The manner of attack is precisely the same as in other places. My own health at present is as good as when I left home. My mind is calm, and staid on God, the rock of my salvation. It seems rather hazardous for a stranger to come here now, but I believe that MY COMING IS UNDER THE SPECIAL DIRECTION OF MY HEAVENLY FATHER. If so, I am safe. Whether I live or die, I am the Lord's. I hope that the intelligence of the presence of the cholera here will not

alarm you, or cause you to feel uneasy on my account. I am fully aware, however, that such is the interest that you take in my temporal and spiritual welfare, that you will feel much solicitude on my account. But, my dear Catherine, do not grieve or be distressed about me. For although the wasting pestilence is here, our good Lord and Master is here also. We know also that in the 'midst of life we are in death;' and that there is none to whom we can look for help and succor, but unto the Lord. I can assure you, my dear, that it is in him that I put my trust—even in him who hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' I feel that he is a 'stronghold in the day of trouble.' My soul is very happy now, while I am writing to you. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and that he hath power on earth to forgive sins, and 'cleanse from all unrighteousness.' It may be, my dear Catherine, that we never shall see each other again in this world; therefore, I now wish to say to you that 'I AM BOUND FOR HEAVEN, AND WILL MEET YOU IN GLORY.' If I die here with the Asiatic cholera, I feel CONFIDENT that we shall soon meet again in our Father's house above. Remember me to all our friends, especially father Elbert's and my own relatives. I desire them all to pray for me, and especially do I desire to meet them all in heaven. Write to me often. I will try and write every few days.

"I remain ever yours in bonds of affection,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 13, 1832.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—Although I wrote to you on yesterday, yet I believe that in these '*perilous times*,' you would like to hear, if possible, from your unworthy companion every day. My health continues good, and my mind is still staid on God. I feel that 'my treasure is in heaven,' and my 'record is on high.' I am busily engaged in the duties of the station. My labors are much increased by the prevalence of this fearful epidemic.

"Perhaps my dear Catherine and all my relatives may think that I am acting strangely and unwisely, in remaining here under the present alarming circumstances. Perhaps *you* may think that I ought to leave immediately, and return to my home. But O, my dear Catherine, the path of duty is the path of safety. WHERE SHOULD I DIE BUT AT MY POST? I have prayed for years to be *directed by the Lord*, and that I might be enabled to serve him and his Church in an acceptable manner. This is still my daily prayer. Notwithstanding the violence of the scourge, the daily evidences of mortality around, and the possibility that I may fall next, yet I do not feel at *liberty to leave my post*. If I fall, I trust in God that I shall fall nobly, and that I shall conquer 'though I die,' and soon meet my friends in a better world,

"Where sickness and sorrow,
Pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

"Brother D. Hall's are well at this time. Perhaps

they will remove to Urbana immediately. I should urge them to do so, if I did not believe the cholera will sweep over all the country, as well as towns and cities. I therefore exhort all my friends not to feel themselves safe out of Christ. O fly! fly! to the rock that is cleft to take you in. Live *temperately*, pray much, keep a good conscience, and the mind calm. Rest in God, who is our 'stronghold in the day of trouble.' He will not cast out any that come to him in sincerity. Do not wait to prepare for death after you are seized with the fatal disease. Many die in a few hours after they are attacked. Let this be a warning to my friends in general. I want you to write to me frequently. 'BE OF GOOD CHEER.' Wait on the Lord, and he shall strengthen thy heart.' Pray for me, that God may preserve me blameless in soul and body, unto his heavenly kingdom.

"Yours, most affectionately, till death,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 14, 1832.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I am glad to inform you that my health is as good as usual. God has most graciously preserved me, while others have fallen on my right and left, in my front and rear. Our stationed preachers and Book Agents were all alive and well last evening. I have not heard a word from any one of them this morning. Brother Hall's family were all alive and doing well last night, and I suppose they are this morning, or they would have sent

me word, as they had promised, should any one of them be attacked. I hope my letters will not excite any alarm that will injure you or any of my friends. They who trust and rest in God, need not be afraid of the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' Already some of our most valuable members have fallen victims to this terrible scourge. Let it no longer be said that cholera attacks none but the profligate and intemperate. Such statements libel the dead. Some of the most temperate and pious persons in this city have died of the epidemic. But I must add no more now, as I must soon start for the church, where I am to preach to-day. But before I close, I will say to you that I feel like trusting in the *Lord* for *health*, *life*, and *eternal* salvation. It is my prayer to God, that we may be spared to see each other again, if consistent with his holy will. But if not, I hope we shall soon meet in our Father's house above. May the Lord fully prepare us to dwell with him in heaven! Remember me to all my friends. Do not forget to pray for me.

"I am, as ever, your affectionate husband,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

"CINCINNATI, October 15, 1832,
"AT BROTHER D. HALL'S.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I again resume my pen to converse with you. My health is as good as usual, and 'MY CONFIDENCE STILL STRONG IN THE LORD.' Yesterday was a precious day to my soul. My ap-

pointments were at M'Kendree Chapel, in what is called Fulton, in a due easterly direction, upon the bank of the river. I preached at 11 o'clock, A. M., and met the class. Three joined on trial. I preached a funeral sermon at 3 o'clock, P. M.; the congregation was deeply affected. I preached again at night; the power of God was felt in the assembly of his people. The members of the Church were stirred up and much quickened. At the close of the service I again opened the doors of the Church, and admitted nine on trial, making twelve in all during the day. O that God may pour his Holy Spirit upon the people, and prepare them for their solemn change! The angel of death is still continuing his dark and desolating march through this city. It is supposed that the number of new cases on yesterday was not so great as on last Friday and Saturday; but to-day it is rapidly on the increase—a larger number of cases have been reported than on any previous day since the commencement of the epidemic. But do not be alarmed at this sad news, as I have said before; I now repeat it again. 'REST IN GOD,' who is the strength of his people, and will give them grace according to their day and trial. The family of brother Hall are well this morning, and are trying to 'be ready also,' so that should they be called away by cholera, they may die in peace, and go into those blessed mansions above where the 'inhabitants are never sick.' My dear Catherine, I feel very anxious to see you once more before called to leave this world,

should it be the will of God. I also feel anxious to see all my dear relatives, that I might once more exhort them to 'prepare to meet God,' and dwell with him in glory; but should the Lord call me away first, it will, no doubt, be for the best. 'The ways of the Lord are right,' though to us short-sighted mortals they are 'past finding out.' Should we never be permitted to meet again on earth, my dear Catherine, we shall meet in heaven; and I now feel that it will not be long till we shall greet each other around the throne of our Redeemer. The recognition will be *mutual*. 'We shall know even as we are known;' and

> 'There we shall see each other's face,
> And all our brethren greet.'

"While we continue in the flesh, let us by faith live much in heaven, and contemplate the resplendent glories of the throne of God. Let us by faith view the person of Jesus Christ with rapture and delight till fully changed into his image, and thus receive a 'meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. Pray for me, and may our 'light afflictions, which are but for a moment, be so sanctified as to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!'

"Remember me to all my relatives and friends, and ask them all to pray for their unworthy brother in Christ.

"I am ever yours, faithfully,

"G. W. WALKER."

"P. S. The cholera is now spreading in some parts of this state and in Kentucky. Many persons, and whole families, have left the city, some of whom have died on the road, and others have fallen after arriving among their kindred and friends; but the PURE IN HEART ARE SAFE.

'Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Beneath his feet he views
With smiles the flaming void—
Sees the universe remove,
The great millenial year begun—
Shouts with all the sons of God
Around the eternal throne.'

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

The foregoing extracts from Mr. Walker's private correspondence with his wife, clearly show the firmness and determined purpose with which Mr. Walker commenced and prosecuted the labors of that perilous campaign in the fall and winter of 1832. It was a time of trouble and fear, such as had never been seen in this country before; but Mr. Walker was "girded with strength," and stood firm at his post like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The noble language of his heart was like that one of old, "Shall such a man as I flee?" It is very gratifying to me to be permitted to record such instances of courage and noble conduct among Christian ministers. It is said that Pyrrhus, seeing the fortitude and valor of the Romans, exclaimed, "If valor were lost, the mold of it might be found in a Roman's heart." I answer, if true,

Christian courage should be lost, it will be found in the mold of such hearts as that of the late G. W. Walker—a man without fear and without reproach—

> "A man in whom the love of Christ
> Was stronger than the love of self."

CHAPTER XXVII.

SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH.

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *what* work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.—PSALM XLIV, 1.

"On all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew,
Thy kingdom come, and hell o'erpower,
And to thy scepter all subdue."

A GRACIOUS work of God commenced during the prevalence of the epidemic. In the beginning of the year a great apathy pervaded the public mind upon the subject of religion. The churches were poorly attended. Professors of religion had grown cold, and many had entirely backslidden. But it was not long after the scourge made its appearance, till a change came over the minds of the people. The "hand of God was stretched out," and very many "regarded it." They humbled themselves, fasted, and wept before the Lord, as did his ancient people, when the judgments of God visited their land. The congregations became larger and more serious as the year advanced, till, with the going out of the old year, 1832, there was a general attendance at the house of God, all over the city. The Spirit of God, in answer to prayer, was poured out. Sinners were

cut to the heart, and seriously inquired, what must we do to be saved?

Bishop Thomas A. Morris, January 1, 1833, in giving an account of the second quarterly meeting and watch-night, at the close of the year 1832, remarks: "Friday was observed as a day of fasting. In the evening the meetings were tolerably good. Saturday was a precious day at Fourth-street. Several souls were '*born again*.' The Sabbath was a day of uncommon interest and heavenly sweetness throughout all our churches, and at night, at Wesley, *one hundred and fifty mourners went forward*, and much good was done. But the *great time* of the feast was last night. From eight o'clock in the morning till dark, our office was literally thronged with applicants for admission to the love-feast. During the speaking an awful solemnity rested on the assembly. When this ended, there was a rushing to the mercy-seat. They filled round the altar, extra benches, and filled the altar inside, till two hundred—some say three hundred—of the wounded kneeled with broken hearts. The doors were then *unbarred*, and hundreds crowded into the galleries, and the *great* battle began. Jehovah thundered in the altar, and out of the altar, in the pews, and in the gallery, and in the hearts of sinners. From that time till midnight, no man prayed *regularly* so as to be heard above the rest, for none could distinguish, for a time, the shout of the redeemed from the wounded in battle. However, after 10 o'clock, the roar of the tempest began to die

away a little, to make room for the halleluiahs of pardoned souls. About this time our little chorister, Rev. William C. Morrison, standing on the stairway of the pulpit, was distinctly heard singing,

> 'He has been with us, and he still is with us,
> And he says he will be with us to the end.'

"We beat up for volunteers. Forty-seven persons joined; more than fifty were converted. We closed with the covenant hymn, and we kneeled in *silent prayer* for five minutes, but before the time expired, the fire from within broke out, so that we could no longer suppress it. We then sung,

> 'All glory to the dying Lamb,
> Throughout my soul I feel the flame,'

perhaps, as appropriately as it had ever been sung before. It was a time of thunder, power, fire, and glory, altogether. But this was only the beginning—the end was not yet. The night following they made a general attack at Fulton, and in the Old Brick, or 'Brimstone Corner,' as it was called by the wicked. The Lord wrought great wonders by the hands of his servants."

Bishop Morris speaks of the second battle on this wise:

"*January* 2*d.*—Last night we had another *great battle.* The attack was made at two points, M'Kendree Chapel, in the eastern liberties—now called Fulton—and the Old Brick, on the corner of Fourth and Plum, in the west. Both wings of the *sacramental*

host carried the day. But our triumph at the Old Brick was the most glorious, where *forty-two* joined, and the number converted exceeded any thing that I ever saw, according to the size of the congregation. The whole number received during the quarterly meeting, from Friday to Tuesday, was *one hundred and thirty-five.* More than *four hundred* have joined this station since last conference."

Within less than five months from the time that Mr. Walker went to his work in Cincinnati, they had between five and six hundred conversions, and more than eight hundred had joined at the different Methodist Episcopal Churches under the watch-care of Revs. T. A. Morris, Walker, and Whitcomb. The year was one of incessant labor and mental toil. A great number had died of cholera, and some of them very happy. This was a time that tried men's souls. I take delight here in referring to a scene in the Third ward, near the river. A good woman, a member of our Church, was seized with the fatal malady. She was not alarmed; her joy was great, and her faith unwavering. She was ready to die. Not long after she was taken sick, her husband, who was an unconverted man, was suddenly attacked also. He was taken to his bed, in an adjoining room to hers. The disease, in his case, progressed apparently toward a fatal termination more rapidly. The devoted disciple, and loving wife, almost forgot her own sufferings, although she was almost gone, when she would think of the danger of her unconverted husband.

She, at last, asked the physician to tell her, candidly, what was his true situation. "Madam," he replied, "I am sorry to tell you he is now beyond the possibility of recovery; he can not live more than one hour; he is already in a collapsed state, and will soon expire." "O," said she, "why did you not tell me sooner?" He replied, "I feared to do so in your feeble state." "Doctor," said the dying woman, "let me get up." He replied, "My dear madam, you are not able." She instantly said, "THE LORD WILL HELP ME," and, to his great astonishment, rose up in the bed, without his aid. She then added, "Help me out, doctor, I want to pray! O, my poor husband, he has no religion! I can not bear the thought that he should die without *it!*" She then kneeled by her bedside and lifted up her tearful eyes toward heaven, and cried out, "Lord, do not cut him down! Lord, do not cut him down! Lord, do not cut him down! He has no religion! Spare him, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, and convert his soul! Amen."

She then arose from her knees, and the doctor assisted her into her bed. She laid down, and closed her eyes. A sweet smile played upon her features, and the doctor thought she was dead, but she soon whispered, "Glory!" Ah, my dear reader, that was the prayer of faith! It pierced the heavens; it reached the ear of Jehovah; it touched the heart of God; it was *effectual* and prevailing. The doctor left her and went into the other room, and, to his surprise,

the dying husband was better. He instantly recovered from his collapsed condition, and was soon able to get up. The wife recovered, and that day salvation came to their house. They both lived to love and rejoice in God, who had showed them abundant mercy, and who had delivered them from death in answer to prayer.

This was a *harvest year* in Cincinnati. Death made fearful inroads among families in the Church and out of it. More than fifty members of our Church fell by the dreadful scourge. Mr. Walker, like his colleagues, "was instant in season and out of season," during the fall and winter. Early in the spring of 1833 I visited Cincinnati, and heard him succeed Rev. Arthur W. Elliott's sermons, at Wesley Chapel, with one of the most powerful and effective exhortations that I ever heard. He then looked as fresh as though he had just entered the campaign. The work of revival went on during the whole year. Over nine hundred made application for admission on trial. Infidelity suffered much, at this time, in its various modifications, especially in the form of Universalism. Many, in those meetings, obtained a clear evidence of perfect love, and others were longing to prove that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Notwithstanding the most wonderful ingathering, the Minutes show but a small increase at the close of the year. This will, doubtless, surprise many, and may lead to an erroneous conclusion. I, therefore, take pleasure in giving a solution of this matter from

the pen of Bishop Morris, who was preacher in charge at that time:

Number of members returned in 1832			1,487
Received by certificate in 1833			165
Admitted on trial " "			920
Total			2,572
Removed by letter	535		
Died of cholera	50		
Other diseases	25		
Withdrawn	13		
Lost from the fold by dispersion during the pestilence fall and summer	76		
Probationers discontinued by removals and other causes	170	869	
Number of members returned in 1832		1,487	2,356
Total increase in 1833			216

This year was a very trying one. Vast numbers were compelled to leave the city on account of the declension of business, owing to the pestilence and the extraordinary afflictions with which the city was visited. The society was scattered and peeled, but notwithstanding all these things the work of salvation went on triumphantly. Rev. Wm. H. Raper, in a letter to a friend, written at this period, remarks: "I have resided in Ohio for thirty-eight years, and have grown up with the growth of Methodism. I have witnessed all the great revivals, but I have never seen such a work of God in this land before."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAMPAIGN AND SIDNEY.

In all things showing thyself a pattern in good works: in doctrines showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity.—TITUS II, 7.

"Argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, or bate a jot
Of heart, or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

THE Ohio annual conference held its session in Wesley Chapel, in the city of Cincinnati, August 21, 1833. This was a most interesting session. Thirty-six preachers were admitted on trial. Total number of members in the Ohio conference, 58,840; increase this year, 7,411. Mr. Walker, in consequence of the affliction of his companion, was sent to Urbana circuit; which, at that time, included the residence of her parents as well as his own. The Rev. Michael Marlay was his colleague, and "true yoke-fellow." They were united in heart and efforts, and the work of God prospered in their hands. During this year Mrs. Walker made her home at her father's, Dr. J. Elbert, sen. Her health was very feeble most of the time. When her husband was ready to commence his labors, on the circuit, he approached her bedside, and, with much tenderness, asked her if she

thought that she could "spare him to go to his work." Her affirmative and beautiful response will be found in the following touching impromptu lines, which were suggested by Mr. Walker's inquiry. They were penciled on a card, and placed in his hand when the hour arrived for him to go to his work:

"Yes, 'I can spare you,' yes, my dear,
Go, preach the Gospel far and near;
Go, tell the wretched of mankind,
That they, in Christ, may mercy find.
And while *you* the glad tidings tell
That sinners may be saved from hell,
May Heaven your labors own and bless,
And fill your soul with joy and peace!
And while you thus your work pursue,
I'll humbly strive to pray for you,
That *you may do* the will of God,
And *I, resigned*, may kiss the rod."

This was a year of deep affliction in the family of Mr. Walker, but the grace of God was sufficient for him. The life of his wife was spared, and God prospered him in his work.

The following is the "plan of Urbana circuit," in 1834–5:

Urbana,	Lockwood's,
Kings creek,	Mount Moriah,
Bethel,	Spain's,
Hain's,	Wm. Frankeberger's,
Good's School-House,	J. Frankeberger's,
Strange Chapel,	Wm. Curl's,
Hatcher's,	Lear Runnion's,
Upper Millcreek,	Mechanicsburg,
Lower Millcreek,	Brick Chapel,

Rapp's School-House,	Africa,
Baldwin's,	Widow Lafferty's,
Middleburg,	Pisgah's.

This was a prosperous year. The pleasure of the Lord prospered in the hands of Mr. Walker and his indefatigable colleague, Rev. M. Marlay. The next annual conference was held at Circleville. Forty-three preachers were admitted on trial. Total increase this year in the membership in Ohio, 4,583. Revs. Walker and Marlay were returned to Urbana, and had another prosperous and happy year together, while "winning souls to Christ." Their souls were "knit together in love," and a friendship was formed between them that death itself will never destroy.

"At the close of this year," says the Rev. W. H. Raper, the presiding elder on Urbana district, "we held a camp meeting on the extreme north part of the circuit. The ministrations of the pulpit were attended with great power. Fifty mourners at the altar at one time; but at no time was the congregation over seven hundred persons. This work," continues the narrator, "appeared to partake of the character of revivals first witnessed in the western country. Sinners fell prostrate under the power of God. Their agonizing and lamentation were great, and believers partook deeply with them in mourning and supplication. 'God, who came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran,' even the God of Sinai, heard in his high and holy place, and came

down! Darkness gave way before his feet, and grace and mercy were distributed by his hands! Sixty-one poor, broken-hearted penitents caught the healing balm. Bystanders, leaning over the altar-railing, stood mute and pale as they beheld the scene. On Monday our little camp really, in some respects, resembled a little fort dealing death to the enemy at every port-hole; and when a wounded sinner would raise the cry on the outside, one or two would leap the battlements and carry him into the Gospel-hospital, and administer to his soul the balm of Gilead. The work still goes on with great success; and Satan, angry, spoiled, and dispossessed, goes howling up and down Millcreek, seeking rest and finding none. Prayer meetings, and class meetings, and a preached word rout him at every point, and drive him from every lair. One class on the circuit received an addition of fifty members as the fruit of that camp meeting."

O, how refreshing to the soul the cherished memories of such hallowed places! Their remembrance stirs up the soul to put forth more vigorous efforts for the salvation of sinners.

SIDNEY CIRCUIT, SHELBY COUNTY, OHIO.

In 1835 the annual conference was held in Springfield, Ohio. Mr. Walker was sent to Sidney circuit with Rev. D. Kemper. His wife, being still in feeble health, remained at Mr. Walker's father's during this year.

The following is the "plan of Sidney circuit," at this period:

Sidney,	Antioch,
Quincy,	Stokes's,
Pine's,	Hardin,
J. Morris,	J. Cole's,
J. Stevens,	J. Parks's,
Westville,	R. Bodkin's,
M'Farland's,	Young's,
Evans's,	Hathaway's,
Trenton,	M'Vey's,
Salem,	W. Jackson's,
Robinson's,	Hollingshead's.
Musselman's,	

During this year Mrs. Walker remained at his father's, on Kings creek, which made the fatigue of traveling the Sidney circuit much greater than it otherwise would have been, from his frequent visits to his family. But Mr. Walker engaged in the work with a cheerful spirit, and the word of the Lord prospered greatly. A gracious revival influence attended his labors on all parts of the circuit.

This was a hard field of labor. The roads were bad, and the rides long. But few churches had been erected in that part of the country. Preaching was most generally held at private houses, and small school-houses, in winter, and barns, and the green wood, during the summer months. The houses were too small for Mr. Walker's overflowing congregations, generally; hence, he was often called to preach in the woods, standing upon a log, or in an open car-

riage, or wagon. God honored him wherever he was sent, by giving him seals to his ministry. He will have many stars in the crown of his rejoicing from Sidney circuit. Rev. Daniel D. Davisson, who is now the author of two excellent volumes of practical sermons, and of whom Bishop Morris once said to me, "he had never known a more pure, guileless, and devoted minister," resided at Sidney at that time. He had traveled that circuit the previous year, but had been compelled to take a supernumerary relation, owing to the state of his health. He spent much of his leisure time in lecturing on English grammar, in the adjacent towns and villages, which afforded him a fine opportunity of hearing Mr. Walker preach very often, and also to form an intelligent opinion of the way in which he was esteemed by the people, among whom he officiated as pastor and preacher. He states it on this wise:

"DAYTON, January 2, 1857.

"Rev. George W. Walker was, without any exception, the most popular preacher among the people generally that had traveled Sidney circuit, up to that period. Thronging multitudes waited upon his ministry, at all popular meetings, such as quarterly and two days' meetings; and at his regular appointments, he always preached to a full house. He was very successful in winning souls to Christ. God had given him power to 'persuade men;' and many will rise up from that region and call him blessed. At that time

he was in manhood's prime, and could endure an amount of fatigue and exposure that others would shudder at the thought of undertaking. He was greatly beloved by the people, because of his noble qualities of head and heart. He was not only popular with the Methodists, but members of other denominations loved him too, for the purity and integrity of his life, as well as his indefatigable zeal in building up, every-where that he went, pure Christianity. Notwithstanding Mrs. Walker was sick at his father's, and he went to visit her frequently across a district of country, where, at times, the roads were intolerable, I never knew him to lose an appointment, or fail to meet an engagement. He was very successful in managing protracted meetings. He was always at work, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. At a camp meeting I never knew him lounging in the preachers' tent, or sitting in the pulpit, while others were laboring at the altar. His manly form might always be seen in the 'hottest of the battle,' as though the Lord had specially appointed him to 'comfort all that mourn in Zion.' Brother Walker was a *great preacher*, in the true sense of that word. He had few equals, and not many superiors. I have loved him ardently ever since he entered our conference. Few if any that have fallen in our ranks, whose death will make so wide a breach. He is generally lamented throughout the connection. I have known him long and well, and take great pleasure in bearing this public testimony to his

superior ability and many Christian virtues. May his bright example and successful career stimulate each of his co-laborers!

"Yours, affectionately,

"D. D. DAVISSON."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAMPAIGN AND PIQUA.

Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you; and I will not be burdensome to you: for I seek not yours, but you.—2 Cor. xii, 14.

The next annual conference was held at Chillicothe in the fall of 1836. From this conference Mr. Walker was returned by the bishop to the Urbana circuit the third time. Rev. David Warnock, who is now favorably known in our ministry, was sent with him as the junior preacher. Their hearts were early knit together in Gospel bonds. This was a year of wonderful success in preaching with Mr. Walker. The Holy Spirit attended his word with power to the hearts of sinners, and he made full proof of his ministry at nearly every appointment on the circuit. During the winter his colleague was very ill for some time with fever, which made Mr. Walker's labors still more onerous; but he did not faint in the day of adversity or trial. His faith was strong, and his "loins girded for the journey."

I subjoin a few extracts from reports of the state of the work at this period. Writing under date of "at home, February 15, 1837," he says:

"The Lord has visited Urbana circuit, especially at Mechanicsburg and East Liberty. The meeting

at the former place continued ten days, and over fifty found peace in believing, and upward of fifty persons united with the Church. It spread through the country, and extended to four other appointments. At the sacramental meeting, at East Liberty, fifteen were converted, and twelve joined."

On the 12th of February Mr. Walker remarks: "I preached twice, and fourteen more joined. In all, we have received *eighty-seven* within the last four weeks, and thirty before our first quarterly meeting. Among the subjects of this work are several who were much impressed with the doctrines of the Universalists.

"CHILDREN AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"But one of the most interesting facts in the revival at Mechanicsburg is the extent of the work among the children—twenty-nine are Sabbath school scholars. What a pleasure to see these 'lambs of the flock' collected to receive the pure milk of the word! I thought, as I looked upon them in class, that the proudest philosophers of Greece and Rome, could they have been present, might have learned a lesson from them that they never could learn in their schools of philosophy, as these 'little children' talked of Jesus' love in redemption, of prayer, love for their parents, the Church, hope of heaven, and of living forever. Thank God for Sabbath schools! We all look with deep interest and high expectation to this and every institution which has for its object the

instruction of children. By this means they are not only to be saved from vice at the present, but to have their minds so imbued with a knowledge and love of virtue as to be placed above its influence hereafter—

> 'The sign of the cross has appeared—the blest sign,
> And faith has deciphered the motto divine;
> He must reign till the nations in homage bow down,
> The wicked his footstool, believers his crown.'"

Under date of May 16, 1837, Mr. Walker remarks: "The Lord still continues the bright side of the cloud toward us. At a two days' meeting at Mount Tabor, held by brother Warnock, twenty-one more were added to the fold."

A note from Rev. R. O. Spencer, speaking of the work of God on the district, under date of March 31, 1837, says: "We have been favored with times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord in an eminent degree at Urbana, Xenia, Centerville, and Wesley Chapel, on the Urbana circuit, where our altars were crowded with more than scores of penitents, and TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY presented themselves for admission into our Church. I am now closing my second round of quarterly meetings; and though, during the first, upward of one hundred joined, God has been pleased to own our feeble efforts still more powerfully during my second round, in giving us rising of two hundred admitted on trial."

Rev. David Warnock, his colleague during that year, who is now stationed in the city of Cincinnati,

remarks in a brief note to me, under date of January 15, 1857, as follows:

"In the fall of 1836 I was appointed to Urbana circuit. I never shall forget the time and circumstances under which I first became acquainted with the Rev. George W. Walker. He was appointed in charge of the Urbana circuit again; and when my name was read out by the bishop, he was sitting near me in the conference-room. I heard some one inquire who I was; and when I was pointed out, Mr. Walker approached me, and I instantly grasped his hand, and, for the first time, received his friendly salutation. I went early to my work, and met with Mr. W. occasionally at different points on the circuit to arrange our work. He then resided at his father's, on Kings creek. Mrs. Walker at this time was in a feeble state of health, and Mr. Walker not only attended to his work regularly, but was devoted in his attentions to his suffering companion. He had a brave heart and noble spirit, and treated me at all times with great deference and kindness. This was my third year in the itinerancy. I was at that time a stranger in a strange land. I shall never forget the kindness of Mr. Walker, and also of his father's family. During the winter, on one occasion, after preaching one very cold night, I slept between damp sheets, which induced, not long afterward, an attack of typhoid fever. I was taken by my colleague to his father's house, where I was cordially received, and every thing done to make me comfortable during my

illness. I was unconscious of my danger, and drawing near unto death. They immediately sent for the Rev. E. Owen, M. D., through whose unremitting attention, and the kindness of Mr. Walker's family, I was again restored to my usual health. I had a fine opportunity to study the character of Mr. Walker during that year. He was not only a very powerful preacher, but a true friend, and an agreeable colleague. From experience and close observation of his conduct for many years, I believe none who confided in G. W. Walker were ever disappointed in their hope. In the Champaign country, many were brought to God through his instrumentality.

"How inscrutable the ways of divine Providence, that one possessed of such finely-developed manhood, and, apparently, in such fine health, should pass away so soon; and that benevolent heart that throbbed with such kind and generous emotions, should now lie under the cold clods of the domains of the tomb! But his work on earth was done, and nobly done, and he has found a '*better home*,' where, amid the new song of the redeemed, he is now receiving the gratulations of many who hail him welcome to the skies as the instrument of *their salvation*. The strong man has bowed his noble head under the stroke of death. His spirit is at rest. We murmur not; yet we sincerely mourn his early dismissal from the battle-field. But the Captain of our salvation has only transferred him from labor to reward—

'He doeth all things well.'"

PIQUA, MIAMI COUNTY.

Mr. Walker's next appointment was at Piqua station, on the Miami river. This is a place of much importance, and has had a large and flourishing Methodist society for many years past. Mrs. Walker accompanied him to this place, and remained with him till spring, at which time she was obliged to go to his father's on account of ill health. This was not only a year of trials, but great blessings to Mr. Walker. His labors were blessed, greatly to the comfort and edification of the Church, and scores were added to the number of such as shall be saved. Under date of February 8, 1839, he writes:

"We are enjoying times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Since conference we have had eighty-six of an accession to our Church; and more than that number have been converted to God."

While Mr. Walker was preaching at Piqua he was invited to Covington, within the bounds of Milton circuit. Rev. Jeremiah B. Ellsworth was present at the time, and witnessed the moving scene of which I am about to speak. Mr. Walker selected for his text upon that occasion the following words:

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him Even so. *Amen.*" Rev. i, 7.

"Never," says my informant, "did I hear him preach with such eloquence and power as on that

occasion. After presenting all the arguments in favor of the 'judgment,' he portrayed the closing scene, and the coming of the Judge, with the hand of a master. The audience first rose up to their feet, and then they were gradually drawn nearer and nearer to the speaker. But when he commenced applying the subject to each individual present, no language can describe the scene. Terror and dismay seemed to fill the minds of the ungodly, and many were soon melted into tears."

It is well known by many of our ministers that Mr. Walker could quote the most sublime portions of Milton and Dr. Young with great force, at any time. On this occasion, he used the following, with magic power. Lifting his eyes up toward heaven, he exclaimed, in the language of the text, "Behold! behold! behold! he cometh. 'Every eye shall see him.' O yes, forlorn sinner, you will then see him. Great God, how shall I describe this scene? Language utterly fails me. Dr. Young thus portrays it:

'Amazing period, when each mountain hight
Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured.
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her plowshare o'er creation. . . .
And now "BEHOLD HE COMETH."
But O, how unlike
The babe of Bethlehem! how unlike the man
That groaned on Calvary! Yet he it is.
The man of sorrows! O, how changed! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible all heaven descends,
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,

As blot and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps suns and stars aside.
And now all dross removed, heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames;
While—dreadful contrast!—far, how far beneath,
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphurous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.'"

He then described the happiness of the redeemed, and the sorrow and wailing of the finally impenitent. "Then," said Mr. W., "shall ye return—discern between the righteous and the wicked—between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not." And while he portrayed the wailings of the ungodly, and those who had rejected the Savior, many in the audience shrieked and cried aloud for mercy. At last, lifting his right hand, and leaning over the pulpit, he pointed toward the unconverted, in the rear of the audience, and exclaimed, "O my God, shall these go away into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" The audience shrank back in their seats, and some fell upon the floor, while others wept aloud. He could proceed no farther. Cries of awakened sinners touched his heart, and prayers were immediately offered in behalf of all who desired to flee to Christ. Many were converted, and brought to the knowledge of the truth, by that powerful discourse on the "last judgment."

URBANA CIRCUIT.—FOURTH YEAR.

At the close of Mr. Walker's first year at Piqua, he was returned by the conference, which was held

that year in Xenia, to the Urbana circuit, for the FOURTH term. This, however, was not to *accommodate* Mr. Walker at the *expense* of the circuit, while his labors were neither appreciated or desired. No, no, the people only seemed to regret that they could not have more of his efficient labors in the Champaign country. He was not the man to *wear out* the first quarter. Like his first colleague on that circuit, Rev. M. Marlay, the longer he staid, and the more frequently he preached, the better he was liked by the people. This year Rev. Samuel Clarke was appointed as his colleague. They lived in love and sweetest union as beloved co-laborers, and many souls were truly awakened, and converted from the error of their way. Mr. Clarke, who is still living in Iowa, retains a high regard for Mr. Walker; and, I am told, speaks often of that year as a green spot in his ministry.

Mr. Walker, under date of Urbana, April 11, 1838, reports the state of the work in this manner:

"We have had a gradual work on the Urbana circuit all the year in places. We have held several three and four days' meetings besides our regular quarterly meetings, at all of which we have had abundant cause to thank God for the manifestation of his presence, and the ingathering to his fold of precious, blood-bought souls. On last Saturday we commenced a protracted meeting in this place, and have had from the beginning *all kinds of opposition* which a fallen world could raise against pure religion.

But, notwithstanding this, the 'Lord has made bare his holy arm in the sight of all the people.'

"Our worthy presiding elder, Rev. R. O. Spencer, was with us on Sunday, and preached twice with great effect. At 11 o'clock, A. M., he preached an able sermon on baptism, which was followed by some remarks from brother Clarke and myself on the same subject. This produced an excitement among the advocates of immersion and *water-remission*, but God owned his word, and sealed the truth on many hearts. Seventeen united with the Church, most of whom professed to have passed from death unto life.

"After having traveled and preached for many years, I have never seen more wonderful displays of Divine power than I have witnessed at this meeting. There are many now in attendance under awakening grace, and our meeting is still in progress."

The people of Kings creek, and all the regions round about, will long cherish the memory of G. W. Walker. They knew him long, and loved him much. He labored hard for their spiritual welfare. He was, from the beginning of his ministry, a good financier, and brought his tact to bear in aiding them on that circuit to erect several excellent churches, some of which are yet standing memorials of his successful efforts. Many in the last day, from the rich valleys of the Mad river, will thank God in heaven, that while on earth they had the privilege of hearing the Gospel from the lips of this highly-honored servant of Jesus Christ.

When the year was farther advanced, Mr. Walker reports the state of the work a second time:

"June 29, 1838.

"DEAR BRETHREN,—Permit me to say to the friends of Zion, that the Lord is still with us in mercy and great power. Our third quarterly meeting at Mechanicsburg was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It continued ten days in succession. At every coming together the Lord was pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit. While the members of the Church sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, careless and impenitent sinners were awakened, and presented themselves at the altar for prayers. The Church prayed in faith, and the cries of the penitent touched the sympathetic heart of our great High-Priest. The cloud of mercy overshadowed us; the golden scepter was reached out; and the Holy Spirit shed the 'fire of love divine' abroad in the hearts of more than EIGHTY SOULS. Glory to God, they were enabled to arise and shine, their light being come, and the glory of God risen upon them. SEVENTY-FIVE presented themselves for admission on trial as the fruits of this meeting. To God be all the glory! Amen. GEORGE W. WALKER."

CHAPTER XXX.

PENTECOST OF THE MIAMIES.

Praising God, and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.—Acts ii, 47.

"Like mighty rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breath.

The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love."

In the fall of 1839 Mr. Walker was appointed to the Lebanon district. At this conference he was also elected, for the first time, as a delegate to the General conference. Our conference was then entitled to nine representatives. Our delegation was composed of the following ministers: Wm. H. Raper, William B. Christie, Jacob Young, R. O. Spencer, Leonidas L. Hamline, Samuel Hamilton, John F. Wright, George W. Walker.

This was a memorable year in the history of Methodism in Europe and America. The first Methodist society was organized by Mr. Wesley, in London, in October, 1739; so 1839 was the one hundredth year of Methodism. It was determined by our brethren

in America and Europe to have a Centenary celebration of Methodism on the 25th of October, 1839. This was a season of peculiar interest and spiritual edification throughout all the Methodist churches in America. Thank-offerings were poured out upon God's altar—large contributions were made for educational and missionary purposes, and the erection of "Centenary" churches, etc.

Sermons were preached, and addresses delivered in all our societies, which had a hallowing influence upon our own Church generally. God was pleased to follow the contributions and "thanksgivings" of our people in the west, with a most signal and gracious outpouring of his Holy Spirit, especially in southern Ohio. At the time of this great celebration Mr. Walker was fully harnessed for the battle on the Lebanon district, aiding by wise counsels and powerful pulpit efforts to spread the flame of revival, which had been already kindled in some places. He was a man admirably adapted to the laborious and varied duties of the "district work." He commenced the labors of this year at Wilmington, in Clinton county, Ohio, the place where, *seventeen years* afterward, God called him home to rest. The great Head of the Church was with him at every quarterly meeting.

He preached, by request, a number of "Centenary sermons," and delivered numerous addresses upon the same subject on different parts of his district. The society at Hamilton has suffered much in years

gone by. They have had two meeting-houses burnt down, and when the new one, which is eighty by fifty-five feet, was in course of erection the front wall was blown down by a severe storm. The Church, at that place, will not soon forget the well-directed efforts of Mr. Walker to aid them in the erection of this new Chapel. Rev. Charles W. Swain, who was then in charge of that station, writes as follows:

"Our first quarterly meeting commenced November 1, 1839. Our presiding elder, Rev. George W. Walker, was with us in the strength and spirit of his Master, and *mightily convinced* many who heard him that the religion of the cross was not a 'cunningly-devised fable,' but the 'power of God unto the salvation of every one that believeth.' He also aided us in raising funds to build a new church," etc. Mr. Swain also remarks "that Mr. Walker, at the time appointed for raising the funds to build the new church, delivered an extemporaneous 'Centenary address,' in which he gave a historical account of the rise and progress of Methodism, which gave great satisfaction." This address was followed by a subscription of three thousand, three hundred dollars—the first effort. This amount was swelled the next day to the handsome sum of four thousand dollars. The efforts of this occasion were followed by a revival spirit in Hamilton, which produced great good. But I must not give the details of this work. Mrs. Walker has kindly permitted me to use a number of letters addressed to herself, all of which were

written, *currente calamo*, without the *least idea* of publication; and, by the way, they are all the better for that. I will give a number of extracts, as they contain a minute history of the work at many points on the Lebanon district:

"CLARKESVILLE, Jan. 29, 1840.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—On the day that I left home I traveled to brother Main's, four miles on this side of Springfield. It was a cold ride, but I think that I have sustained no injury from the exposure. The next day I traveled thirty-four miles, which brought me to brother J. H. Miller's, within one mile and three-quarters of this place. On Saturday I came in to town, and commenced the services at 11 o'clock, A. M. The circuit preachers are both here in usual health. I have preached four times, and exhorted four or five times. It has not been in vain 'in the Lord.' Although the society here, for a long time, has been cold and dead, we now have a *spiritual resurrection*. The whole society is greatly revived. Last night there were twenty mourners at the altar of prayer, some of whom found peace in believing. Twenty-six persons have joined our Church already, and the meeting is going on with still more flattering prospects of success. The members of the Church unite to say that they have never had such a meeting in this town before. The applicants for admission are of a mixed character—high, low, rich, and poor—but all the purchase of my Savior's blood. A Presbyterian lady and one of

her daughters have joined, and two of Esquire Williamson's daughters; the rest of the family are members of the Baptist Church. Mrs. Harris, the wife of Esquire Harris, the former representative of this county, and his daughter and daughter-in-law have also joined; Mr. Wilson, son-in-law of our old friend, the late Thos. Fisher, of Springfield, has united also. This is a great work of God for this town, as there are only about two hundred inhabitants in the place, and you are aware that the surrounding country is under Quaker influence. But they are beginning to take hold of the work in old-fashioned Methodist style—'all together.' May the Lord carry on this good work till not one sinner shall be left in this town to advocate the cause of the devil! Brother Quinn left us on yesterday to visit his son-in-law, Mr. Clarke, at Chillicothe, having received, on Sabbath, the mournful tidings of the death of two of their children. Truly this is an afflicted family! It is only a few weeks since brother Quinn was called to part with his daughter, Susan. Now two of his grandchildren are stricken down at once, and a third is lying dangerously ill. Brother Quinn remarked to me before we parted that he felt 'like one standing on the margin of the grave; the companions of his youth were all gone, and he would soon be numbered with the dead.' I believe that he is 'fully ripe' for heaven and immortal glory.

"I must close; brother Steel is waiting for me to go with him to visit old brother Mitchell, who is

greatly afflicted. He is the father-in-law of brother Loomis. My health is as good as when I left home, but I am somewhat afflicted with *hoarseness*, from the labors of the meeting. I intend that brother S. shall preach to-night, and we will then close the meeting on to-morrow, the Lord willing. I will ride to Lebanon, and rest there till Saturday. I hope this may find all well. Pray for me, my dear Catherine. My love to all the family, and take a large share for yourself. And believe me ever,

"Your truly and affectionate husband,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

Mr. Walker, in making his first report from the district, remarks: "The Lord has deigned to visit this part of his moral heritage. It is our duty publicly to acknowledge what he has done, and is still doing in our midst. There is not a circuit nor a station in the district but what has been favored with an effusion of the Holy Spirit. The impenitent and careless have been awakened, the broken in heart comforted, and old professors quickened and sanctified. The first quarterly meeting on the district this year was held at Wilmington. Here I met the venerable James Quinn, who is preacher in charge, and one of the first pioneers of the west. He has been in the service almost half a century. His locks are now whitened by the frosts and snows of many winters, his cheeks furrowed by time, and his steps slackened by the weight of more than sixty years;

but in the strength of the Lord, he is pressing on in the glorious, sure, and certain hope of the blessed goal. A crown of life will soon adorn his immortal brow. Sixty have joined on the circuit up to this time. They have taken a Centenary collection of over $400.

"Our next meeting was at Lebanon station, where Rev. Henry Turner is in charge. I found things here in a pleasant state. They have great peace, and some prosperity—sinners convicted and evangelically converted. Thirty have joined on trial, and the work is on the increase.

"At Springboro, Rev. J. M'Dowell, fifty have recently been converted, and more than that number convicted.

"At Spring meeting-house, the meeting lasted some twelve days and nights. Awakenings and conversions numerous—seventy-seven have been added to the Church.

"At Franklin a great work is now in progress.

"At Ridgeville forty united with us at our last meeting.

"The meeting at the town of Monroe lasted two weeks, and the good work spread in every direction. Eighty-eight joined, making in all over three hundred since conference.

"At Oxford there is a good work in progress under the labors of Rev. A. W. Musgrove. Sixty have joined since conference, and the work is spreading.

"On Germantown circuit, sixty have joined since

conference, and the work goes on with power and steadiness.

"On Eaton circuit, Rev. Asa B. Stroud and Rev. Werter R. Davis are reaping a fine harvest of souls. One hundred have joined since conference, and the work is still going forward.

"At Eaton we have had a good time—$2,300 subscribed to build a 'Centenary Methodist Church,' and $100 contributed to missions.

"On Greenville circuit, north of this, brother Williams reports one hundred and thirty-eight added since conference.

"The times are ominous; the work of the Lord in our midst is glorious. The bloody banner of the cross floats in triumph o'er us, and Christ reigns victorious. Amen. G. W. WALKER."

"NEAR GERMANTOWN, Feb. 12, 1840,
"AT REV. J. B. FINLEY'S.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—This will inform you that my reason for not coming home from Franklin was owing to the state of the roads and weather. The mud is so deep that I feared I should not be able to make the trip, and get back in time for my next quarterly meeting at Hamilton. The roads are now beginning to settle, and if I possibly can, I will come home after my next quarterly meeting at Hamilton. I hope you have received my letter from Clarkesville, and that you are still pressing forward to the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

My health is as good as when I left, although much worn down by EXCESSIVE LABOR. The work of God is so *general and glorious*, that I can get no time to rest. From Wilmington circuit I went to Lebanon station, where we had a most powerful meeting, which continued all week, and I suppose it is still going on. Upward of sixteen were converted in one afternoon, and at night twenty had joined on trial before I left. This is the most glorious work that has been in Lebanon for many years. On Wednesday of that week I went to Monroe, where there was also a great work of God in progress, and tried to preach for them. Eighty-eight joined at that meeting, and many found peace in believing.

"On last Saturday we commenced our meeting in Franklin. Twenty-three had joined when I left on yesterday, (Tuesday,) to come to this place. The meeting is still going on most gloriously at Franklin. There is the best meeting in progress here that has ever been witnessed in this town. Dr. Schmucker, and Dr. A. Miller, came up here from Cincinnati, and commenced a two days' meeting for the benefit of the German population. The word of the Lord took effect, and two or three were converted on Monday night. Before the close of that meeting two or three persons, who were not Germans, came forward for prayer. Brother Miller then went over to Franklin for help. Brothers M. and R. were there, who came over immediately to engage in the work.

"Last night we held a love-feast, composed of Ger-

mans and English. Some related their experience in the German language, and others spoke in English. It worked admirably well. We then called forward the mourners, and fifteen presented themselves for prayers. A number were converted, and among them a lady, the wife of a merchant in this place, who had joined the Church on last Monday night in Franklin. I again opened the doors of the Church, and seven more were added to the fold. This morning brother Maley preached in English, and Dr. Schmucker exhorted in German. It was a time of POWER AND GREAT GLORY. This evening Dr. Schmucker is to preach in the German language, and I am to follow him with a sermon in English. We are hoping and praying for a mighty display of the power of God. O that God would carry on this work in Germantown, till all shall bow to his scepter! Amen.

"Sister Finley sends her love to you, and says that she knows, by experience, how to feel for you in your afflictions, and prays that they may be the means of making you perfect. I have been disappointed in not getting a letter from you at Franklin; but hope, on my return to that place to-morrow, to receive the much-desired epistle. Give my love to all the family, and believe me, as ever,

"Your affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER.

"FEBRUARY 13.

"P. S. I am now at brother M.'s, in the town of Franklin. The meeting last night in Germantown,

of which I spoke, was a powerful display of the mercy of God, in saving men by the Gospel of his Son. I witnessed a number of clear conversions. Fourteen had joined in Germantown before my departure. The work is still progressing in this place. Thirty-nine in all have been added here up to this date. May our God continue to shake all nations, till the whole earth shall be filled with his glory!

"G. W. W."

CHAPTER XXXI.

FOOTSTEPS OF WARRIORS.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—ACTS xv, 26.

"Good soldiers they, and sure to gain
The crown for which they toil;
Since he who leads the valiant train
Himself has trod the battle-field,
And borne away the spoil."

IN the spring of 1840 Mr. Walker attended the session of the General conference which met in the city of Baltimore. As Mrs. Walker at this time was in very poor health, she was advised to travel, in company with her husband on that occasion, in a carriage over the mountains. Mr. Walker found it very difficult to procure a horse that was of good mettle, and yet sufficiently gentle for such a fatiguing trip. He was always a believer in the doctrine of a special providence. He committed this matter by prayer to that God who does not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground without the notice of his eye. One morning, while he was ruminating in his mind, not knowing where he should go to procure a horse that he should be willing to trust, a stranger rode up with one that

was exactly suited to his mind. The man did not know that Mr. Walker desired to purchase a horse at this time, and was much pleased to find so ready a purchaser, while, at the same time, Mr. W. was most unexpectedly accommodated with a good horse for his journey. Mr. Walker was so struck with this little incident, that, to perpetuate and keep alive in his mind and heart the memory of the signal and Divine interposition in his behalf in "time of need," he instantly named this horse "DUE TIME." The animal proved himself trustworthy; and thus they were enabled to proceed on their journey, and, with "Due Time," crossed the mountains to Baltimore in *good time*, etc.

This year was truly a memorable period in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the valley of the Little and Great Miamies. The gracious "centenary revival" continued through the winter of 1839, and the spring and summer of 1840. Mr. Walker, in reporting the state of the work at the close of his second round of quarterly meetings on Lebanon district, April 1, 1840, says: "The work of which I have spoken before still goes forward with increasing power and glory. Never were any set of men more truly devoted to God and the work of soul-saving than the ministers within the bounds of my district; consequently, the work of God is going on in an UNPARALLELED MANNER. On several of the circuits we have been requested to furnish assistant ministers, but this I have only been able to do in one

instance. FIVE HUNDRED have been added already on Franklin circuit, and between two and three hundred on Eaton. More than TWO THOUSAND souls have been converted and added to the Methodist Episcopal Church on this district within the last *five months.*"

"GERMANTOWN, September 9, 1840.

"MY VERY DEAR CATHERINE,—I now take up my pen to redeem my promise to write immediately after my second quarterly meeting. Through the mercy of my kind, heavenly Father my health is much better than it was when I left home. The diarrhea, with which I have been so long afflicted, has entirely left me, and my appetite is much improved, and my strength increased FIFTY PER CENT. For all this I desire to praise the Lord with all my heart. My journey from home to the camp meeting near Oxford was very fatiguing. The weather was oppressively warm, and my strength so nearly exhausted, that it was with much difficulty that I reached the encampment. This passage of Scripture is almost literally fulfilled in my case: 'He that will lose his life for my sake shall find it.' Although the rain poured down in torrents on Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night till every thing on the encampment was thoroughly drenched and completely saturated with rain, yet, strange to say, my health continued to improve all the time, and is still getting better and better. In the hand of the Lord we are safe at home or abroad.

The meeting was not numerously attended on account of so much rain; but the Lord was present to save sinners. The number of conversions could not be ascertained precisely. Upward of fifty presented themselves for admission on trial, including those that joined at our love-feast meeting, held in Oxford, immediately after we adjourned at the camp-ground. We had the pleasure of the company and efficient labors of Bishop T. A. Morris and Rev. William H. Raper at our camp meeting. They both desired to be kindly remembered to you. From Oxford I came to this place, and at night heard Rev. Adam Miller, the German missionary, preach his farewell sermon to the people in this part of his field of labor. On Saturday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., we commenced our quarterly meeting. There is in this town all the opposition to Methodism that earth and hell combined can devise; but, notwithstanding all this, the Lord was with us to comfort and refresh the hearts of his people. Sinners were awakened and converted to God, and several united with the Church. Others are almost persuaded to be Christians. The Church is evidently gaining ground in Germantown. The Lord prosper his own cause more and more in all this region of country!

"The preachers are all busily engaged in winding up their labors and business matters before taking their departure for conference.

"I hope this will find you in your usual health and spirits, supported by the comforts of faith and

patience of hope, looking and preparing for the day when you shall be taken home to the better paradise of Abraham's bosom—

'Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.'

"I spent last night with Rev. J. B. Finley and family; they are all well, and wished to be remembered to you. Brother and sister Bruner also send much love to you. I have just licensed their only son, J. Asbury Bruner, to preach the Gospel of peace. He is now recommended by the quarterly meeting conference as a suitable person to be admitted on trial in the Ohio annual conference.

"I have licensed NINE preachers on my last round thus far, which makes the number TWELVE in all, since the commencement of the year, on my district. The Lord is raising up, and sending forth more laborers into his vineyard. I do most humbly pray that he may make them abundantly useful in spreading the knowledge of a Savior's name. The time has come when many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase. Jesus, ride on till the earth shall be filled with thy glory!

"My love to all the family. The Lord bless you, and keep you, my dear Catherine, unto his eternal kingdom and glory!

"As ever, your affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER."

"West Chester, August 11, 1840.

"My Very Dear Catherine,—The quarterly meeting at this place closed last night. I know that you are exceedingly anxious to hear from me, as I was unwell when I left home. I feel much better this morning than I have since I left home. My appetite is very good, etc. I hope that these lines may find you all well, firmly trusting in the Lord for all things, and humbly making known your requests to almighty God with prayer and thanksgiving. He who hath delivered us will still deliver them that put their trust in him. It would afford me the *greatest earthly pleasure to be at home with you, to enjoy the sweets of domestic love and mutual affection;* but the work of the Lord calls me away, and I *must obey* for the sake of Christ and the perishing souls of my fellow-men. Our meetings here have been very interesting; the congregations unusually large. Last Sabbath week I was compelled to preach in the grove; but the Lord was present to bless, and a number were added. On last Sabbath the house would not hold the women, and for a time we knew not what to do. At length they adopted this plan—to draw up their wagons and carriages in the lot along side of the church. A window was then taken out, and I stood in the open space on the window sill, and preached the Gospel to those *within* and without the house at 11, A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M. The Lord stood by me, and sealed the word on many hearts. The crowd was so great during all the day that we could not find room to

administer the sacrament till Monday. We then met at 10 o'clock, A. M., and I preached on infant baptism. There was a Presbyterian and Baptist minister present. The name of the latter was Leamon. After I had administered the ordinances I opened the doors of the Church, and among the first that came forward to join was the only son of this Baptist minister, a resident merchant, and a very influential man in this region of country. The next one that came forward was his wife. This was a matter of great rejoicing to us all. The old stock of Methodists have nearly all died, and moved out of the town; but God has remembered our Zion and raised us up friends again who welcome the messengers of peace to their homes.

"I am now staying at the house of this good brother L., who, with his estimable wife, does all in his power to make me happy.

"'What has God wrought?' In the last three days twenty-three have joined, and a general interest is yet felt among the people. May the Lord still carry on his work more gloriously!

"When I rode into this place on last Saturday and saw the old meeting-house, it caused more than a thousand thoughts of the past to rush into my mind. I remember that fourteen years ago, when on my way to the district conference of local preachers in Cincinnati, to receive license to preach, and also get a recommendation to the annual conference, I attended a quarterly meeting in this same town, and in this

same old church. Father Collins was then the presiding elder on the Miami district. At that time I had only been licensed to exhort *six months*, and yet, strange as it may seem to some, I was a candidate for the itinerancy. But what changes have taken place since that eventful period! Father Collins has been compelled to retire from the active field of the itinerancy through the infirmities of old age; and many, much younger in years than myself, have fallen from the walls of our Zion; but God has graciously preserved me through fourteen years of hard labor in the itinerancy; but youth is gone, and my strength somewhat abated. A weight of responsibility rests upon me, and I am now tracing up the footsteps of youthful warriors. But O, how changed! I can scarcely recollect places or the features of friends once familiarly known to me; but God *does not change*. RELIGION HAS NOT CHANGED. It made me happy in youth, and it makes me HAPPY NOW. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits! In reference to my allowance, it will be all made up before the close of the year. Two of these noble-hearted stewards paid me ten dollars out of their private funds, and it gives me great pleasure to acknowledge their kindness.

"Sister Sackett, of Monroe, sends you a fine present. Pray for me, that God may support me. My love to father and mother.

"Your affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER."

Rev. Granville Moody, in speaking of the quarterly meeting at West Chester, under date of August 17, 1840, remarks, that "it was an interesting and profitable season. The oldest members of the Church say there never has been as large an assembly in this town before. The word preached profited the people, being clothed with *surprising power*, and was 'mixed with faith in them that heard it.' We concur in judgment with the opinion expressed by our presiding elder, Rev. G. W. Walker, 'that Methodism stands fifty per cent. higher in this valley to-day, than at any previous period.' The vast assemblages of serious inquirers after truth at our various appointments, show the triumphs of the 'ancient faith.' At this meeting twenty-four souls were added to the Church. Upward of two hundred have made application on the circuit.

'Green as a leaf, and ever fair,
May their profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.'"

"OXFORD, December 29, 1840.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I had a very fatiguing ride from my home to Darrtown, the place of the quarterly meeting on Germantown circuit. We had a good meeting, which continued for several days. I have no doubt that the fruit thereof will be seen in eternity. I commenced my labors here on Friday night. The meeting is still in progress, and the prospects very good for a general revival. The number

of mourners has increased daily. On Sunday night and Monday morning we had good prayer meetings, and nine professed conversion. Last night we held our love-feast, and the house was crowded. The meeting was honored by the presence of the King of kings. Twenty-three came forward for prayers. The meeting will be protracted. Brother Moody is in fine spirits, and resolved to keep up the meetings as long as he can. The congregations are very large, and a great interest manifested, by saints and sinners, in all the exercises.

"Of course, I am somewhat exhausted by these protracted meetings. I feel the need of sleep more than any thing else. I have resolved to try and get a short nap to-day, if I can.

"My next quarterly meeting is in Harrison, on the Indiana state line, within the bounds of the New Haven circuit. The new church at Hamilton is to be dedicated at our next quarterly meeting in that place, and I can not tell when I shall be able to get away, as they design to protract the meeting. I may get off by Wednesday morning; if so, you may look for me on Thursday night, January 14, 1841. It is indeed a trial for me to be separated so much from you in this life; but, my dear, if we are faithful to our blessed Master, we shall have our reward, even life for evermore, and a whole eternity to *spend together* in the presence of the Lord,

'And not a wave of trouble roll
Across our peaceful breasts.'

"May the Lord keep us and all our dear relatives as under the hollow of his hand, and bring us all to his eternal kingdom and glory! My love to father and mother, and *myself to you*, my dear Catherine.

"Yours, G. W. WALKER."

"CINCINNATI, AT DR. SEEGER'S, Feb. 19, 1841.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I seize a moment this morning to write to you before I start to my quarterly meeting, at the Union meeting-house, on West Chester circuit. I know it affords you pleasure to hear from me, although I am not able to write frequently. I hope this letter may find you as comfortable in body as when I left home. Through the mercy of God, my health is improved, but I can not expect much change for the better, while performing so much labor. The work of God is still going on most gloriously on the district. There is now a good work in every pastoral charge except one. In many places the work is of an extraordinary character. May the great Head of the Church cause it to deepen and spread, more and more, till,

'Like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!'

"I have been enabled to arrange my temporal business satisfactorily. I trust the Lord will open up our way more and more before us, and that we shall be enabled to say, at all times, 'Good is the will of the Lord concerning us in all things.' Let us, therefore,

continue to call upon his name in sincerity and truth; to praise his name while we have our being.

"I had the pleasure of taking tea, last evening, with Dr. S. A. Latta and his lady. The topic of conversation, in part, was a retrospect of the past. Do not think me boasting, but we finally came to the conclusion that we had done pretty well, considering our early advantages. I then remarked, in backwoods style, 'We shall take care that the devil does not get any of us at last.' The response was unanimous, 'By the grace of God he shall not get me, if I can do any thing to help it.' God grant that we may all meet in heaven at last, where we may

'Flourish fair, and put forth all our bloom,'

and be crowned with glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life, in the presence of the angels of God! I shall not return till my 'rest week,' after the Monroe quarterly meeting.

"Dr. Seeger and lady send much love to you and mother Elbert. My love to father, and mother, and Mary, and all the friends, and *myself to you*, my dear Catherine. Do not forget to pray for me all the time. I am, as ever,

"Your affectionate husband,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

"OXFORD, March 24, 1841.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I am now seated in the parlor at brother Matson's, to converse with you for

a little season. I have had no rest, either for mind or body, since we parted. I arrived at Miamisburg on the morning the quarterly meeting commenced, and tried to preach at 10 o'clock, and I remained there till Thursday afternoon. I was entertained, very kindly, by our old friend, D. B. Grothe. We had the most interesting meeting ever held in Miamisburg, the 'people themselves being judges.' The power of God was present to convict, convert, and sanctify. Although there has always been a most inveterate prejudice against the Methodists in that place, yet the truth found way to many hearts. The people flocked to the church by multitudes, and wept and trembled under the word of life. Although there is still much opposition to Methodism, yet many of the influential have joined us, and all the respectable portion of the community have ceased openly to persecute us.

"Several Lutherans have been converted, and now speak in our meetings. Even some poor, deluded Universalists have been converted, and now say they will go with us to heaven. But I can not describe all that was seen, heard, and felt, during that meeting. It is still in progress, and many of its thrilling and soul-cheering scenes will be remembered

> 'As long as thought and being lasts,
> And immortality endures.'

"I arrived here in company with Rev. George W. Maley, on last Saturday morning. Up to this time we have had a most interesting and profitable meeting.

In some respects it has been an unusual meeting. The preacher in charge, Rev. Granville Moody, and some of the brethren, requested me to preach on the subject of HOLINESS. The Lord owned his word and sealed it on many hearts, so that the great body of the membership are now seeking the blessing of 'perfect love.' Some have already found and professed it before their brethren. Yesterday morning, in our speaking meeting, the blessing of the Lord came down among his people, 'like rain on the thirsty earth.' Every soul in the assembly felt that God was there. Some of the irreligious fled from the house for fear of being made prisoners of grace. May the Lord pursue them and bring them to his fold!

"I can hardly recollect the time when I saw more happy persons together. They were locked in each other's fond embrace, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and very full of glory. May the Lord carry on the work of Christian perfection! The members of other Churches have met with us, frequently, during our protracted meeting. Doctor Bishop, ex-president of the Miami University, has attended several of our meetings, and taken a part in the exercises. He was present when I preached on holiness, and has since spoken in one of our social meetings. Last evening I took tea with him, and spent a few hours most agreeably in his family. He is, by birth, a Scotchman. He was licensed to preach in view of his coming to labor in the American field. He

only preached eight Sabbaths in his native land. He has been in this country for more than forty years; acting as professor or president of some literary institution, or exercising his talents as a minister. He remarked to me that he was once a very *rigid Calvinist*, but that he had become liberal in sentiment for the last twenty years past, and had always been personally benefited by his associations with our ministers and people. He made me a present of one of his productions, entitled 'Biblical Philosophy,' in token of his brotherly regard, and as a remembrance for coming years. I shall esteem it highly for the sake of the donor. My next quarterly meeting is to be in the village of New Haven. I hope the Lord will meet with us in great power and mercy. The work of the Lord is still going on gloriously in different parts of my district. Brothers Stroud and Kemper are having a good time at Middletown. Between fifty and sixty had joined when I last heard from them, and the brethren were pressing the battle to the gate. May God shake the nations, and subdue the whole world to his scepter! Pray for me, my dear Catherine, wherever I go, that my bow may abide in strength, and my way open up before me. Request all the family to pray for me, and let us pray one for another, that the Lord may continue with us, and bless us, and deliver as out of all our trials; that we may serve him in righteousness more and more all the days of our lives. He has been with us as a family, and he still is with us, and he

has promised to go with us to the end. Lord help us! Amen.

'Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace,
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.'

"I must close this letter, as I am expected to dine at Mr. Payton's to-day.

"My love to all the family, and especial love to yourself.

"I am your ever-affectionate husband,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

"MIAMISBURG, Dec. 29, 1842.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I again do myself the pleasure to write you, knowing that you are always not only glad to see me but to hear from me, by letter, when absent. I had a cold and tedious trip to this place. My horse was a little lame on the way in consequence of the roughness of the roads, but, by the good providence of God, I arrived in safety. I find the church here in a low state. More open and brazen-faced infidelity I have never seen in any place that I have visited of the same population as this. However, in the name of our God, we set up our banners, and resolved to 'beard the lion in his den.' In the commencement of our meeting it seemed almost impossible to secure any thing like good order in the congregation. A number of vile persons would laugh, and talk aloud while I was preaching. I soon gave them to understand that I

would not suffer such conduct in the house of God, and took occasion to deliver several lectures on decency, decorum, good behavior, etc. On last Monday morning several very respectable citizens and two or three members of our Church deputed Doctor B. to wait on me, in person, and inform me that they were ready to assist me in keeping good order if I would only call upon them for assistance. I suggested the propriety of their taking seats in the back part of the audience in order to take the names of the miscreants, in order to bring them before a magistrate, or to present them to the grand jury. In this way the names of five or six were soon taken by this committee, which scared the disturbers of our peace most prodigiously. They gave us no trouble afterward. We have held two meetings each day since, and the Lord is powerfully reviving his work. Our meetings are now the theme of general conversation throughout the entire community. A great many are deeply awakened by the Holy Spirit, and several very influential citizens have united with the Church, and several more will join soon. There is now a fair prospect that Christianity will triumph over every 'false way.' Some members of this infidel party attend our meetings for the purpose of ridicule, and to get something to talk about. One of them found himself in a strait place at our meeting this morning. His wife was most pungently convicted of sin, and wanted to unite with the Church. She also desired her husband to come along with her.

He would not consent, and held her down on the seat by his side. Presently she cried aloud to God for mercy, and fell back trembling and pale upon her seat. Her husband looked as pale as if the day of judgment had come. After a while his wife commenced shouting and praising God, and the frightened husband sprang to his feet as quick as if he had received a shock from a galvanic battery. As soon as he recovered himself a little, he took hold of his companion with the design of leading her out of the house. As soon as this was perceived, three or four good ladies, members of the Church, immediately surrounded him, and commenced exhorting him with so much fervor that he soon called a halt, and left his wife till she was able to get along without his assistance. We let them alone and suffered him to act out before the world his true character. And now, while I am writing, a clock peddler is reading the poor fellow a severe lecture, in the bar-room, on the superlative meanness of such conduct. The landlord has just come, and says he is getting a *drubbing in the right way.* The infidels of this town were about to organize a club on New-Year's day and have a public address, but I think God will overrule their wicked designs. May this blessed work continue to go on, for God has promised to 'clothe his enemies with shame, but upon himself shall his crown flourish.' O God, arise and plead thine own cause in the midst of this wicked people!

"On to-morrow I start for my next quarterly meet-

ing at Miami meeting-house, about five miles from this place. They have had a most gracious work on that circuit. Since conference they have received on trial one hundred and thirty persons. May the Lord spread the hallowed flame all around the district!

"I hope this will find you in usual health and fine spirits. I have been very hoarse since I came here, but feel some better at this time. I have been laboring night and day in an uncommon way for me. I soon discovered that 'soft words' and a 'smooth tongue' would do no good here. I have tried the 'hammer and fire,' and cried both day and night, the 'sword of the Lord.' The battle has been in close quarters all the time, and now we are just in the hottest part of the engagement. The battle is the Lord's, and we have no fears in regard to the issue. Next week I expect to go to Cincinnati, from there to my quarterly meeting at Sharonville, and from thence home to see my dear Catherine. God bless and preserve you! My love to all, especially brother Moses and sister Maria. Pray for me! Amen.

"Yours, ever, till death,

"G. W. WALKER."

CHAPTER XXXII.

WESLEY CHAPEL, CINCINNATI.

See that he may be with you, without fear, for he worketh the work of the Lord, as I also do.—1 CORINTHIANS IV, 17.

"Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, forever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring."

MR. WALKER was returned to Cincinnati in the fall of 1843, and stationed at Wesley Chapel. This congregation had been much agitated the previous year, owing, in part, to a failure in the proper administration of Discipline in some matters affecting the moral character and reputation of some of its members. Mr. Walker had been well known heretofore as a faithful and judicious administrator, and was often appointed as a mediator, or "peace-maker," to harmonize and reconcile belligerents. His appointment to the city, at that time, was very opportune, and considered, by all who were acquainted with the circumstances, as a most judicious arrangement of the Episcopacy. Things at Wesley, and also at New-Street, among the colored people, soon became tranquil and prosperous. The waters subsided into their proper channel; and there was not a "complaint," "trial, or appeal," during the whole year.

Mr. Walker made a number of excellent improvements during this year at Wesley. The lecture-room and class-rooms in the church were materially altered for the better, and the external appearance of the building much improved, also. The attention to class meetings, and the regular means of grace, was much better than formerly. The Sabbath school was in a healthy and prosperous state at the close of the year. The colored society, once agitated, was now at peace. Mr. Walker, by the help of God, had "poured oil upon the troubled waters," and the dove of peace had again returned, and the members of the little society were all looking for better times. The Bethel enterprise, within the bounds of Wesley Chapel congregation, was at "low-water mark," when Mr. W. arrived at his post. At the first meeting of its friends during that year, the question was seriously asked, "Shall we give it up, abandon the enterprise altogether, or provide for its better accommodation, and continue it?" By the advice and with the aid of Mr. Walker, that question was *practically* decided in the affirmative. An "upper room" was secured in Cassily's Row, east of Main-street, which was sixty feet wide, and one hundred and twenty feet long. Temporary seats were soon provided, and the little Sabbath school, which at that time only numbered fifteen scholars, was transferred from its *low estate* to a more "*exalted*" position, up a flight of stairs just numbering FORTY-FOUR steps from the side-walk. At the close of Mr. Walker's efforts, the school had

increased to two hundred scholars, with a competent set of teachers, and a good Sunday school library. This "upper room" was fitted up comfortably, at an expense of three hundred dollars.

Rev. John W. White, whose indefatigable labors will not soon be forgotten in Cincinnati, was appointed city missionary the next year, and labored with success at Mohawk and at the Bethel. The following year the Bethel became an independent charge, and I was appointed to that laborious post of duty. The new church was not yet finished, and I had to preach, for several months, at the elevation of FORTY-FOUR steps from the pavement. The early friends of that good enterprise, I am confident, will never forget Rev. G. W. Walker. His memory there is "like ointment poured forth."

During Mr. Walker's labors at Wesley Chapel, his moral courage was once tested most thoroughly. Mr. Strobridge, a young man of promise, whose mother belonged at Wesley, died of small-pox. Before his death he desired to have the sacrament administered to him. His family sent for Mr. Walker. This was a sore trial, and such a one as he had never been called to endure before. His friends advised him not to go, but after due time for reflection and prayer, he concluded to go and do his duty, and leave his case in the hands of God, who had always stood near him in times of trial and exposure. He performed the solemn service, and commended the spirit of the young man into the hands of God. He died the next

day, and Mr. Walker went to the house and preached his funeral sermon. In a letter to his brother, he refers to this occurrence in the following manner: "I have recently been exposed to small-pox. I went and administered the sacrament to a young man who was dying of this disease. I buried him the next day. It was two weeks ago last Monday. I hope I shall not take the disease. I have had strange feelings in my eyes, head, and back, for several days. This morning I took a salt-bath, and feel much better. If I should take it, you shall hear from me soon. I would sooner risk my own life than that a member should die without the sacrament, when they express a desire to communicate in the dying hour." Noble man, and noble sentiments, each alike worthy of perpetual remembrance!

Mr. Walker believed the path of duty the only safe one, and governed himself accordingly, leaving events with God. He has been known, more than once, to *peril his own life*, to save the life of a fellow-being. Mrs. Walker informs me, that on one occasion a young man had fallen into a stream, and was about to perish. Mr. Walker was an expert at swimming, and on seeing the young man sink, immediately plunged into the stream, and swam to the place. He dived into the deep water to rescue the sufferer. The drowning man seized Mr. W. with a death-grasp, in such a manner as to prevent his swimming, and both must soon have been drowned, but Mr. W., after a desperate struggle with the drowning man, broke

loose from him, and came up to the surface. After breathing a few seconds, he dived a second time, seized the drowning man, and brought him up, and then took him upon his back and swam ashore. Mr. W. was well-nigh exhausted, but succeeded in rescuing this noble young man from a watery grave. His brother speaks of a similar incident.

A most lovely trait of Mr. Walker's character was his benevolence. He was not only benevolent, according to his means, but according to his *ability*, personally to assist those who *needed it in any way*. He has been known to walk the streets of Cincinnati for hours, and sometimes the greater part of the day, to find employment for the stranger in distress. In order to contribute liberally to relieve the wants of others, he found it necessary to be economical, as a "faithful steward" of what God had given him. He conscientiously avoided extravagance in expending money for that which was not necessary for the comfort of his family; yet every thing necessary to make them comfortable and happy was cheerfully and willingly provided. He delighted to enjoy the society of his relatives and Christian friends, and especially his itinerant brethren, at his own board. And the stranger who might call, would always receive a sincere and hearty welcome. Oftentimes, when they were leaving his hospitable roof, he would smile and say, "Remember, brother, the latch-string is always out at my house."

In regard to his many benevolent acts he did not

let his left hand know what his right hand had done, except when it might be necessary for the sake of example. Many of his acts of benevolence were only known to God, himself, and the recipient, or to his bosom friend. Many, yea, very many of his kindest deeds, charity, and brotherly-kindness will never be known till the full bestowment of the rewards of eternity. He was a great friend of young ministers, and often aided them in such a way as to secure their friendship, love, and esteem forever. He was very kind to the stranger in distress. I could give many examples of this kind, were it necessary. I will now only mention one, with whose history I am personally familiar. The rain was pouring down in torrents when a poor young man called at the parsonage house, at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati. He was a stranger in that city, and without means to pay his bill at the hotel, or to redeem his baggage. He had been unfortunate in business, and had spent all the money that he had in seeking employment without success. His native home was east of the range of the Alleghany Mountains. He came out west determined to do the best he could. He presented the only "recommendation" that he had, which was a "certificate" of his good standing as a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church from his native town. Mr. Walker listened to the recital of his past history, crushed hopes, and blighted earthly prospects. His heart was "*touched.*" He believed the story to be true, and his subsequent conduct will

show to the reader whether his sympathy, which he freely "*expressed*" for the young man at that time, was really sincere. Well, he did not say to him, as many have done, "Brother, I am very sorry for you, but I have an engagement that calls me away; and, moreover, if I had time to go, I am comparatively a stranger in the city, myself, and I do not know of any person that needs an assistant clerk or salesman. I would like to aid you very much, but my *family expenses* are very great, *salary small*, and, therefore, I have nothing to spare in the way of *charity* at this time. When you call again I hope I will be in a better condition to assist you." No, no, he was not the man to say to a suffering fellow-being, or a Christian brother, "Depart in peace, be *ye* warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body." He instantly said, "Brother, I will help you;" and forthwith put on his hat, took his umbrella, and started out through the rain, calling in at every store, or wholesale grocery, where he thought there would be any hope of succeeding in procuring him a situation. Noon came, and as yet he could find no place for the stranger. He brought him home to dinner, and renewed the effort again in the afternoon. At times Mr. Walker said he thought he would be compelled to give it up, but he prayed to God, and threaded up and down along Main-street, and at last dropped in at the commission house of Mr. M. After making known fully the object of

his visit, he introduced the young man, and procured him a first-rate situation. He then paid all the expenses that the young man had incurred at the hotel, and gave him money to supply his private necessities, for a time, and then told him to go and do the best he could; and, in the end, his employer would do a good part by him. The young man wept, and assured Mr. W. that his kindness should never be forgotten. He engaged in business with Mr. M. the next day. It was not long before his employer advanced his salary, and gave him a more prominent position in his commission house. The young man was found competent and faithful in the discharge of all business matters intrusted to him. He was also found to be a devoted Christian, a good class-leader, and a faithful Sabbath school laborer. God prospered him in all things, and it was not many years till he had secured the confidence of business men to such a degree as to enable him to commence business for himself. He became connected with the Bethel Church enterprise within the bounds of Mr. Walker's charge, where he labored with great success as a private Christian in more than the treble capacity of Sabbath school teacher, class-leader, steward, and trustee. In the fall of 1846 I was appointed to the Church with which he then stood connected. I am familiar with his history; "I speak that which I do know." He married an amiable young lady, a member of our Church, and settled not far from where I boarded. In less than two years after his

marriage he died a peaceful and triumphant death, leaving a wife and a sweet little son to mourn his early departure. I know it is sometimes the case that such acts of benevolence and kindness are soon forgotten by the recipients, but it was not so with Mr. B. He never forgot the kindness of Mr. W. In after life he acknowledged, frequently, his indebtedness with tears of gratitude. Not long after, he went into business for himself, and while Rev. G. W. Walker was stationed at Christie Chapel, Mrs. Walker was surprised by seeing at her door, soon after they had taken possession of the parsonage house, a dray pretty well filled with groceries of almost every kind that was needed for the season. At first she was at a loss to know where they came from, and what could have induced her husband to purchase so largely for his small family. The sequel is soon told. Mr. B. had taken this *substantial way* of making a suitable acknowledgment of his own appreciation of the noble and disinterested conduct of his friend and benefactor, Rev. G. W. Walker. This is only one case out of many that might be given of a similar character. I have chosen to record this one, because of my own knowledge of the obliged party. In his conduct toward strangers in distress he was the living embodiment of the sentiment contained in the following stanza:

"A poor, wayfaring man of grief,
Has often crossed me on my way;
He sued so humbly for relief,
That I could NEVER ANSWER NAY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORRIS CHAPEL, CINCINNATI.

Neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being examples to the flock.—1 PETER v, 3.

Ye are witnesses, and God also: how holily, and justly, and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe.—1 THESS. II, 10.

"Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down."

IN the fall of 1844 Mr. Walker was appointed to Morris Chapel. This was an exciting period in the history of Methodism in Cincinnati, on account of the dissatisfaction growing out of the action of the last General conference. A meeting had been called at Wesley, which resulted in much harm, and, finally, a number seceded, and formed a small society in what was called "Burke's Church," within the bounds of Morris Chapel charge. Mr. Walker was a safe man to be at the helm in time of a storm. His knowledge of human nature, and his singular ability to control and soothe the feelings of persons who became dissatisfied or offended by our Church action, was remarkable. By his prudent course the gracious work of revival in his Church went steadily forward the two years that he was stationed at Morris. Two or three

hundred were converted to God, and added to the fold of Christ, in the western part of the Queen City, through his labors in 1844 and 1845.

A new charge was organized within the bounds of Morris during the first year. The Church was dedicated before conference, and called Ebenezer. This was an off-shoot or colony from Morris Chapel charge. The Lord prospered the labor and toil of his hands. Many in the day of eternity will rise up and call him blessed. His intercourse with the officiary of that charge has left an impression of the goodness of Mr. Walker's heart that time can not efface. In a recent conversation with Harvey Decamp, Esq., who is still connected with the official body at Morris Chapel, he remarked: "We all loved him; and our Church was never in a more prosperous state than while he was stationed among us. During the two years that he was here not a single note of discord was heard in our official meetings."

Mr. Walker thus reports the state of the work at that time:

"PREACHER'S OFFICE, MORRIS CHAPEL, Jan., 1845.

"During the last two years this charge has been highly favored of the Lord. Last year, by the aid of their indefatigable pastor, Rev. William Young, they erected a fine new church. I found the charge in a healthy state last September, and we have had a gradual ingathering ever since. I have received on letter and by certificate since conference just ONE

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE, and the prospect still brightens. Last Sabbath night our altar and the space in front was filled with mourners; and at the close of the exercises eleven more joined. There have been fifteen conversions within the last twelve days. There is a good prospect of a revival in all the Methodist congregations in this city; but there is yet much ground to be occupied, and we must all unite heart and hand in the great work of spreading Scriptural holiness over this land. May the Lord baptize us all afresh for this work, that we may only live to *love* and *labor* for the Lord!

"G. W. W."

Later in the same year, he says again:

"PREACHER'S OFFICE, MORRIS CHAPEL, Oct. 17, 1845.

"The Lord is graciously reviving his work in Morris Chapel. Our first quarterly was a gracious season. Twelve joined on Sabbath night, and several were converted to God. The altar was crowded with mourners on Monday night. Thirty-three joined during the week, making fifty-six in all since conference, a period of not quite five weeks. We have omens of revival in all the charges. The Lord send it just now, and let all the people know that there is still a God in Israel! You know that we have erected a new church within the bounds of this charge, now called Ebenezer, [afterward changed to Christie,] and that quite a number went from this church to the new colony; and ten or twelve have gone from us to

the Church South; but, notwithstanding all this, our numbers now only lack thirty-one of what they were at the close of last year; so we think we shall be fully able to set off another colony west of the White Water canal. This we will do, God willing, for *we are* at it, and 'always at it.'

"G. W. WALKER."

The prediction of Mr. Walker that Morris would send out a second colony westward, was fulfilled a few years afterward.

In the fall of 1849 I was appointed to raise money for the erection of the beautiful Methodist Episcopal Church which now stands on the corner of Park and Longworth—an additional proof of the zeal and liberality of the good people of Morris.

While the controversy between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South was going on, Mr. Walker often felt disquieted in spirit. On one occasion, Mrs. Walker presented him the following beautiful lines of her own composing, which I deem worthy of a place in these brief recollections. They breathe a true Christian spirit:

"O peaceful dove, whence hast thou flown,
Who once didst bless our Church;
Where hast thou found the 'olive branch'
On which thou lov'st to perch?

Methinks in some lone wilderness
I hear thy pensive song;
Far, far, remote from human strife,
O, wilt thou tarry long?

Thou'rt gone where crystal waters flow—
From life's pure fount above,
Where every wave reflects thy form,
And gently murmurs love.

O had I wings like yonder dove,
I'd seek thy peaceful home;
I'd sit beneath thy olive branch,
And never more return.

I'd listen to thy mournful song,
And weep for Zion's grief,
Till pity move thee to return,
And bring the olive leaf.

I'll follow thee through desert wastes,
From thee I ne'er can part;
And when I sink in death's cold wave,
I'll press thee to my heart."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HAPPY DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

He hath done all things well.—Mark vii, 37.

"How well he fell asleep!
Like some grand river widening toward the sea—
Calmly and grandly, silently deep,
Life joined eternity."

This year Mr. Walker was called to mourn the death of his honored father, John Walker, Esq. Mr. John Walker, sen., after a residence of thirty years in Ohio, removed, with his family, in the year 1843, to the state of Iowa, and settled in Van Buren county, on the Des Moines river. He was an upright man, a good citizen, true patriot, kind neighbor, and a faithful soldier of the Lord Jesus. He was given to hospitality; and, while a resident of this state, his house was the welcome home of itinerant ministers; and after his removal to Iowa, his door was still open to receive the messengers of a free and full salvation. Mr. Walker, from the hour of his conversion to God and union with the Methodist Episcopal Church, never vacillated in his Christian career. He never, on any occasion, or under any circumstances, manifested the least dissatisfaction with the doctrines, the government, and the peculiar usages of the Methodist Epis-

copal Church, of which he continued a worthy communicant till death; but, on the contrary, was often heard, both in public and private, to express his appreciation, and even admiration, of the economy and doctrines of the Church. But he was not a bigot. He cultivated a spirit not only of toleration but also of brotherly feeling for the different branches of the Church of Christ. Who could blame him for loving his own the best, when they are apprised of the fact that he always believed, instrumentally under God, he owed his salvation to the Methodist Episcopal Church? He endeavored, while living, with all possible diligence, by precept and example, to mold and fashion his entire household according to the doctrines and teachings of the Savior and his apostles. In this good work his amiable wife heartily co-operated. God was pleased to crown their united efforts with success. Their children "called them blessed;" and one after another was converted to God, till not only all their children, but several of their grandchildren, were enrolled among the "household of faith."

In reviewing the history of this family, we are constrained to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Here we see the transforming power of a pure Christianity. What a wonderful transformation! O what

"Amazing grace is in the Gospel found!"

thus to regenerate the human heart—to change the rebellious transgressor, and to cause him to love what

he once hated, and labor to build up what he once had thought would be "doing God's service to destroy."

Not long after Mr. Walker had settled in Iowa, the itinerant Methodist preachers sought them out, and always met a warm reception in their humble dwelling. A Methodist society was soon organized in their neighborhood, with which all the family soon became united. At this new place of worship, in the far west, they often experienced "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The year previous to the death of Mr. Walker, God favored their little society with a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. More than one hundred were converted and added to the fold of Christ. Mr. Walker now felt like one of old, who came by the direction of the Holy Ghost unto the Temple: "And when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then he took him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." Luke ii, 28–31.

Mr. Walker lived in Ohio during the pioneer period, and had seen much of the goodness of the Lord. And now, when old and gray-headed, amid the fertile prairies of the far west, among strangers, God again visited him with his salvation. Here, in the far west, surrounded by all that could render life pleasant—in the society of their children and grandchildren—Mr.

and Mrs. Walker hoped to see many good days; but, alas! in an unexpected hour a fatal sickness seized several branches of the family, and five of their loved ones were laid in the silent tomb. Mr. Walker was also taken ill, and died November 5, 1845, in the full triumphs of that faith he had so long professed. He suffered but little at any time during his last sickness. His mind was calm and unruffled to the last moment. He was not only calm and peaceful, but *constantly filled* to overflowing with the love of God. He exhorted all his children and friends present to meet him in the kingdom of glory. During his affliction he took great delight in having his pious companion, children and grandchildren, and pious friends join him in family devotion. He often requested his neighbors to come and sing, and pray with and for him. He often requested his children not to be anxious about him, or desire to retain him longer on earth. He felt that his work was done, and like a shock of ripe corn, he greatly desired to be gathered into the garner above—

"The palace of angels and God."

He would often exclaim, "VICTORY, VICTORY THROUGH JESUS CHRIST!"

On one occasion, not long before the weary wheels of life stood still, he said, with emphasis, "There is no mistake about it, I AM GOING TO HEAVEN." And again he said, "There is not a cloud between God and my soul."

At last the closing scene approached, and when asked what message he had to send to his sons in Ohio, Rev. George W. Walker and Moses B. Walker, Esq., he promptly replied, "Tell them to meet me in heaven. Tell them that I DIE FIRM IN THE FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST. Tell them that I die at my post; that Jesus is precious to my soul; and that I want all my children to MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

O how full of encouragement and hope is such a death-bed! May it be our privilege thus to bid adieu to earth!

CHAPTER XXXV.

DAYTON DISTRICT.

We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word.—ACTS VI, 4.

But we have been thoroughly made manifest among you in all things.—2 COR. XII, 6.

"But deep this truth impressed my mind,
Through all the works of God;
The heart benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God."

IN the fall of 1846 Mr. Walker was appointed to the Dayton district, and for the next four years his family resided in this city. At that time the cholera prevailed in different parts of the country. Mrs. Walker did not like to see her husband start off alone. In the early part of the year she accompanied him to some of his quarterly meetings. At Germantown she was taken sick, but recovered so as to proceed with him to Carlton, where she again relapsed, and was confined to her bed. Mr. Walker went to Xenia from Carlton, and left Mrs. Walker at Mr. Binkley's, where she was obliged to remain for six weeks. On arriving at Xenia he called at Mrs. Nesbitt's, and was told, before he alighted from the buggy, that she was dying of cholera. He was not daunted in the least by this announcement, but went in and closed her

dying eyes, and then by prayer commended the family to the protection of God. There was much alarm in Xenia at this time; but, notwithstanding the prevalence of the epidemic, he preached regularly during his quarterly meeting, and on Monday returned to where his wife was sick at Carlton. He spoke more of his religious experience at this time than usual. He professed to have great faith and confidence in a *special providence*, and this no doubt wonderfully sustained him in time of pestilence, sickness, and death. He often remarked to his wife that he had "*no fear of death.*" This was his language by night and day. Perfect love casteth out all fear.

> "Though in the paths of death I tread,
> With gloomy horror overspread,
> My steadfast heart will fear no ill,
> For thou, my God, art with me still."

His labors were very much blessed on the Dayton district. The quarterly meetings were numerously attended, and were generally seasons of peculiar religious interest. He was very much beloved by the preachers under his care, and the laity welcomed him most cordially in every part of his work.

In the fall of 1847 he was again chosen as a delegate to General conference. In the spring of 1848 Mr. Walker went to Pittsburg, and attended faithfully to all business matters with which he was intrusted. He left Mrs. Walker in this city in a very feeble state of health. The session of that General conference was protracted to an unusual length, and

kept him from home seven weeks. He was an active and influential member of the "Committee of Forty," to deliberate in reference to the difficulties then existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Church South. Mr. Walker always felt his responsibility most deeply in whatever involved the interests of the Church with which he was connected. While at Pittsburg he was constantly engaged, day and night, trying to promote the peace and prosperity of our beloved Zion. I was present during nearly all the session, and I never saw him spend an idle moment. He watched with patience and deep solicitude all that was done and said upon that memorable occasion; yet, amid the business of the conference, his thoughts would often turn homeward to her whom he had left in affliction.

One day, while the conference was in session, a letter was placed in his hand post-marked from Dayton. The inscription was recognized at once as the handwriting of his wife. At first he was agitated, and feared it contained unwelcome news; but on opening it, imagine his agreeable surprise. The first object that met his eye was a little white rose which Mrs. Walker had pressed in the Holy Bible, and accompanied it by a few poetical verses, dictated by true affection, to cheer his spirit amid his arduous labors. It touched his tender heart. He could not refrain from shedding tears. After reading the letter he showed the verses to a friend sitting near him in the seat. I feel assured that many of my friends will

thank me for permitting them to read this unexpected and beautiful

"FLORAL DISPATCH.

"A little messenger I come,
As the lonely carrier dove,
Emblem of trusting innocence,
My language purest love.

I bring a kiss upon my cheek
From one who loves you dear,
And hopes, when duty's task is done,
That you'll remember her.

She pressed me on the sacred page
Which speaks of Adam's spouse;
As if to print upon my heart
The memory of your vows.

She chides not for your long delay,
While duty calls to part;
Like snow-bird's song in winter's day,
Hope cheers her pensive heart.

When summer's last sweet rose is gone,
And wint'ry blasts shall chill,
She'll send a sprig of evergreen
To say she loves you still."

Mr. Walker was a man of deep emotion, and a most devoted husband. The smile of pleasure and tear of true affection would always tremble in his eye upon the reception of such tokens of love from his affectionate companion, who often surprised him, when absent from home, by writing her sentiments of esteem in poetry.

During a subsequent absence, the "sprig of evergreen," promised in this floral dispatch, was sent to him, accompanied with suitable verses. I take the

liberty of furnishing the reader with the "Second Messenger" also:

"A message I bring from your lady dear,
Which she promised long ago.
The summer has pass'd, the flowers are dead,
The fields are covered with snow.

At the close of day, she pensively sings
Of friends who have passed away;
While the wind's low moan and the zephyr's sigh,
Respond to her plaintive lay.

She bids me say, though the flowers are dead,
And the winds sing the dying year,
Joys that are fading, would bloom as the spring,
If the friend of her heart were near.

But in patient hope, till duty is done,
She waits till thy wanderings cease;
And thy Lord shall say, 'tis enough, tired one,
Return to thy home in peace.'"

They became mutually fond of these emblems of true and pure affection—the "rose" and the "evergreen"—which Mrs. Walker did not forget, in the depth of her sorrow, to place on his bosom as a pledge of her *undying love*, when she laid him down in the cold grave.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHRISTIE CHAPEL, CINCINNATI.

A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me.—1 CORINTHIANS IX, 16.

"To be the means of the salvation of a soul, I consider the highest honor that can be conferred upon a mortal in this world; and for this I forego all other honor that does not stand connected with this one work."

"Perish discretion, when it interferes
With duty! Perish the false policy
Of human wit, which would commute our safety
With God's eternal honor! Shall his law
Be set at naught, that I may live at ease?"

IN the spring of 1851 he was called to pass through sore trials and bereavements. In the spring of 1850 his brother, Z. Walker, took charge of a little band of adventurers from Ohio, who started, by the overland route, to California, in quest of "gold dust." Mr. Shelby, who had married one of his sisters, accompanied them to that far-off land. They suffered many privations during their outward-bound trip—encountered hostile bands of Indians, and, after hard fighting, barely escaped with their lives. On the way they were overtaken by pestilence, and seven of their number died of cholera. On arriving at California Mr. S., his brother-in-law, was taken sick, spent all his money, for which he had mortgaged his farm,

and was compelled to return without having accomplished his object. They started home in the spring of 1851 on a sail vessel, and nothing was heard of them for a long time. They had a perilous passage, and one of their number, who was also a relative of Mr. Walker, died on the Pacific. For a long time Mr. Walker was kept in a state of suspense as to what had befallen them. In the midst of this deep affliction he also received the sad intelligence of the death of his beloved mother; and, in addition to all this, his beloved wife was taken suddenly ill and was not expected to live. In the midst of these repeated strokes I visited him; and, although his manly head was bowed with grief, yet he was patient and resigned, attending diligently to all his duties as the pastor of a large Church. While wave after wave was rolling over him he seemed to wax stronger and stronger, and could sing, while passing along the valley of "Bacca,"

> "The path to glory lies
> Through conflicts and distress,
> But joyful we, at length, shall rise,
> The kingdom to possess."

While Mrs. Walker was "passing under the rod," from an attack of her heart, and a dark cloud hung over the fate of the adventurers to California—no tidings had been received from them for a long time—and, while they were daily expecting to hear that some one, or perhaps all of them, had perished, Mrs. W. fell into a stupor, and had the following remarkable and instructive vision. I will tell it to you as

it was related to me: "While lying upon her bed in a rather desponding frame of mind, she saw her husband softly approaching her bedside; he smiled upon her, and said, gently, 'My dear, if you will cast your eyes toward the east, I will show you HEAVEN;' she immediately turned her eyes in that direction, but, at first, saw nothing but a heavy cloud hanging above the horizon, mingled with light and shade; but as she continued to gaze steadily, for a few moments, she perceived a tremulous motion to pass over the face of the cloud, and immediately a large and beautiful golden hand appeared in the midst of the cloud as it was lifted up toward mid-heaven. Mrs. Walker instantly exclaimed, 'That is the hand of God, I have seen it before.' In close proximity to the hand appeared the full moon, which was shedding a clear light over the scene. Beyond that appeared to her enraptured gaze the HEAVENLY WORLD, the sight of which, and of the 'golden hand' in the cloud, produced such an ecstasy of joy as to awake her, instantly, from this sweet and almost beatific vision."

The sight of the golden hand filled her mind with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Her language was,

> "My Father's hand prepares the cup,
> And what he wills is best."

This ecstatic frame of mind continued several weeks. The oft-repeated reference to this vision encouraged and strengthened the faith of Mr. Walker very much

under the sorrows of his bleeding heart, occasioned by the death of his dear mother, and the uncertainty which still hung over the fate of his brother and other relatives on the Pacific coast. When Mrs. Walker had recovered, she wrote the following beautiful and touching verses on the "golden hand," to perpetuate the memory of the Divine goodness:

"Affliction came, and in her hand
She bore a cup of gall;
She bade me drink the bitter draught—
I drank—yes, drank it all.

My heart beat wild in my fever'd breast,
While my feeble frame was shiv'ring,
My blood grew hot, and my hurried pulse,
Like the lightning shaft, was quiv'ring.

I looked to heaven, with tearful eye,
And asked, 'Is this Thy will?'
A hallowing influence touched my soul,
And said, ''Tis God—be still!'

A soothing calmness lull'd my frame;
I slept, and sweet it seemed;
For in it I forgot my pain—
Seem'd well, and sweetly dream'd.

I saw a mingled cloud appear—
A cloud of light and shade—
It hung along the eastern sky,
Till I saw the shadows fade.

A trembling motion passing o'er,
Disclosed a glorious sight;
It was the Almighty hand appeared,
In mellow'd, golden light.

A pale, full moon, beside it beamed,
And seemed to smile on me;
Beyond appeared the heavenly world,
Far as the eye could see.

The joy that fill'd my throbbing heart,
Awoke me from my rest—
The vision fled—'t was but a dream,
Yet that dream to me was blest.

Affliction's gloom my soul o'ercast,
Yet all resigned, it bowed;
As the vision showed, may I ever see
God's hand within the cloud!"

At the close of the labors of Mr. Walker on the Dayton district, he was again returned by the Bishop to Cincinnati, and stationed at Christie Chapel. Here the Lord was pleased to bless his efforts in the awakening and conversion of many sinners. In writing to his brother, Moses B. Walker, Esq., at Germantown, under date of December 23, 1850, he remarks: "I should have written sooner, but for the press of important engagements that are now upon me. I am sorry to hear of your family affliction. This is truly a world of disappointment. I am fearful about our relatives who have gone to California—that far-off land of *toil*, sickness, and death. But God is there as well as here.

'There is mercy in every place;
Mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.'

I still pray for them, and hope for the best, yet I fear they will never all return again to their homes in Iowa. GOD KNOWETH. As to '*expenditures*,' I have found but one way to get along, since I have known myself—to leave *luxuries* for those who do not know

any better than to buy them—buy only necessaries, and only such of them as I can not do without, and preserve my health and that of my family. Any other policy would have sunk me long since. Catherine is able to be about the house. My own health is some better; but I have so much to do, that it is difficult for me to take proper care of myself. I have had a revival in progress in my charge for some six weeks, and have had but two sermons from my brethren in the ministry. I intend to favor myself a little more—this I must do, or fail totally.

"We have a great many warm friends in this city. My congregations are very large. I believe my humble efforts never excited more attention, or resulted in more good, in the same time, than since I have been in this station. I hope it may continue. I have received upward of eighty into the Church since I came. TO BE THE MEANS OF THE SALVATION OF A SOUL, I REGARD AS THE HIGHEST HONOR THAT CAN BE CONFERRED UPON A MORTAL IN THIS WORLD, AND WILL SECURE THE GREATEST GLORY IN THE WORLD TO COME; and for this I forego all other honor and glory that does not stand connected with this work. My life has been one of sacrifice, toil, and care; but if faithful, I shall have my reward where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. *I feel that the years of active and efficient life with me are nearly numbered, and I am anxious to make them tell to the best advantage.* I hope you will be kept from harm, and be useful in your present position,

and through all the journey of life, and finally 'gain secure the port of endless rest.' I was much gratified to see the complimentary notice in the Journal of your speech, and of your good deportment. The old Quaker made his fortune by being 'CIVIL.' I CONSIDER HONOR ABOVE GREATNESS—not what some call honor—but propriety and dignity of conduct—doing right at all times, and to all men. God bless and direct you in all things!

"The clock has just struck 9. I must close. All join in love to you.

"As ever, your brother,

"G. W. WALKER."

It will be seen from the foregoing extract that God graciously visited Christie Chapel at a very early period under the ministrations of Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker was returned a second year to Christie Chapel, and labored with as great success as the year previous. During the winter, early in December, he was attacked with typhoid fever, during which he was reduced very low. Mrs. Walker informs me that she never changed her outward garments for twenty-one days and nights; while, with sleepless vigilance, the greater part of the time she watched the progress of the disease. A niece of Mr. Walker was sick in the house at the same time. Mr. Walker was very happy during this affliction. As soon as he was partially restored, he resumed his labors, and held a protracted meeting of five weeks' continuance, that was greatly

blessed in the conversion of sinners. Notwithstanding his unceasing efforts, Mr. W. says his health improved constantly after the commencement of the protracted meeting.

In the spring of the year he went to the General conference, at Boston; and after performing, with great acceptability, his duties as a delegate, he returned to the west, and resumed his labors among a people that loved him most devotedly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.—JOHN xi, 28.

"Ah! and there are tears
Of tender love in many an eye for thee;
. . . . . Pure spirits should not pass unmourned:
This earth is poor without them. But a view
Of better climes broke on thee, and thy soul
Rose on its stricken tent without outspread wing
Of seraph rapture: for, to reach a home
There is no restless hope, no vain desire,
No film o'er faith's bright eye, for love no blight
Is glorious gain: and lo! that home is thine."

DURING this year Mr. Walker was called to part with his affectionate mother. This stroke fell heavy upon his sensitive heart. Mrs. Mary Walker was born in St. Mary's county, Maryland, October 20, 1781. From her narrative, already given in part, we learn that she was an extraordinary woman. Her mind was naturally strong, and, before her death, well stored with useful knowledge. She had cultivated her taste for reading from childhood. In her early days she took great delight in reading novels and light literature, generally; but after her conversion to God, she read history, and good books of a more serious and instructive character. She would often "redeem the time" from her household duties to read the Holy

Bible. She took delight in studying Clarke and Watson, and a peculiar pleasure in reading the works of the Rev J. Wesley, and the sweet-spirited Fletcher. Perhaps but few persons could be found that possessed finer colloquial powers. She was blest with a retentive memory, and had the rare ability to use her knowledge to the edification of others without the slightest show of vanity or ostentatious display. She had a fine command of the English language, and could use it to great advantage in the defense of the doctrines and peculiar usages of our Church, which, at that day, was often opposed and bitterly denounced by our enemies. I have been told she had the best arguments ready at a moment's warning, and often "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." She was deeply experienced in the things of God, and had remarkable gifts in prayer and exhortation. In class meetings and love-feasts she always spoke with clearness and power, much to the comfort and edification of those who had the privilege of being associated with her in Church fellowship. Her old friends will long remember the eloquence and power with which she spoke of the deep things of God, especially in the love-feast meetings. At times a divine "unction" attended her speaking that was peculiarly refreshing to all believers. When she felt that it was proper for her to call into full exercise her "best gifts," she could arouse the slumbering conscience of the sinner, and by Divine aid reclaim the backslidden in heart and practice. Notwithstanding her

superior talents, she was "clothed with humility," and was never known to be obtrusive either in public or private. She was the friend of the widow, the orphan, and the stranger, and always administered to the wants and necessities of the sick and suffering to the extent of her ability. From different persons I have learned many facts and interesting traits of character that I can not enumerate. She always commanded the respect and sincere love of her whole family; and by her good example, pious instruction, and fervent prayers, was, no doubt, the means of bringing them to God.

Her son, George, before and after he entered the ministry, entertained the very highest veneration and warmest love for his devoted mother. He always ascribed his own salvation more to her instrumentality than any other person or persons. She guided his youthful mind from earliest childhood; and after his conversion directed him in all his theological studies, till he entered the traveling connection. Mr. Walker always paid great deference to her opinion on any subject, but more especially in things of a spiritual nature. Her retentive memory often supplied for him the place of a Scripture "concordance." He never failed to consult her about any obscure or difficult passage of Scripture, and often had reason to praise God for such a safe and heavenly-minded instructor. When inspired she had a voice of angelic sweetness, and, like one of old, was "mighty in the Scriptures."

It is a fact worthy of observation, that most ministers who have been eminently useful, owe much of their success and greatness to maternal guidance and instruction. O, who can properly estimate a mother's influence in forming the lives and destiny of her children!

> "Mother, thy gentle hand hath mighty power,
> For thou alone may'st train, and guide, and mold
> Plants that shall blossom with an odor sweet;
> Or like the cursed fig-tree, wither and become
> Vile cumberers of the ground."

Mrs. Walker loved to be in the society of her children; and when separated from them, took great delight in holding correspondence with them. Her letters always breathed a sweet spirit, and were often highly interesting and instructive. She possessed a fine poetical talent, but seldom exercised it. I am glad that I have been permitted to make one or two extracts from her private correspondence.

Extract from a letter written by Mrs. Mary Walker to her son, George, in the early part of his ministry:

"KINGS CREEK, CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, Nov. 12, 1829.

"MY DEAR SON,—Through the mercy of God we are all in pretty good health at present. There have been a great many deaths in our settlement, most of whom died of the milk sickness.

"On the 7th of October Mr. J. L. C. left this world in hope of a better. I visited him; sang and prayed with him; and had the *heart-felt* satisfaction of hear-

ing him say, that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned his sins a few hours before his departure. While I was singing, he broke out in these words: 'THANK GOD! Thank God for his pardoning mercy!' To this I replied: 'Halleluiah! Glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever!' He dated his conviction from the sermon *you* preached at the death of his child, which appears to have been like a 'nail in a sure place' to the most of the family. His father and mother, I believe, have both found peace in believing.

"On the 1st of November his brother I. departed this life; and on the 6th, his brother T.; and at the same time it was hard to tell which would go first—his father or mother, or his brother A. I can truly say, I have never seen such distress before. They appeared to look to the Methodists for help. Myself and family have given them all the attention that we could, for which I thank God, for it has proved a blessing to my own soul.

"Our preachers are worthy men, and, I think, will be useful. Thank God, I feel glad when it is said: 'Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord!'

"And now, my son, after what has occurred here, let me exhort you never to *omit the duty of preaching a* FUNERAL; but 'sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper—this or that.'

"My taste for poetry sometimes induces me to send you a verse of my own composing; but I shall not ask forgiveness, because I mean *well*.

"Write soon, for we all want to hear from you. May the Lord bless your labors, add many seals to your ministry, and, at last, crown you in heaven, for Christ's sake is the prayer of your mother.

"MARY WALKER."

About a year after Mr. Walker's marriage to Miss Elbert, and while traveling on the Hillsboro circuit, his affectionate mother writes to them in the following interesting style:

"KINGS CREEK, CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, June 10, 1831.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—With pleasure I take my pen to converse with you—to inform you that through the mercy of a kind Providence we enjoy a degree of health of body and peace of soul. Thank the Lord for his mercy! Your brother John is married and comfortably situated, and, I suppose, thinks *with yourself and others*,

> 'Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
> There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
> The world was *sad*, the garden was a *wild*,
> And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled.'

"I received Kitty's letter with true pleasure. I thank the Lord for his mercy to you both.

"Our camp meeting begins on the 29th of August. Brother Raper sends you his best wishes, and requests you to come, by all means, to his aid. We are all hoping to see you at that time. Write as soon as you receive this, and let us know how you are

getting along in the way to heaven. I desire very much to hear from you, and to see you again; but should this be denied me, I hope to hail you on the banks of deliverance, where I expect to see all of God's faithful ministers 'come flocking home,' bringing their sheaves with them.

'Take courage, ye conquering soldiers!
Death shortly will sound your retreat,
And then all your arms shall be grounded
At Jesus, your general's feet.
Eternity then shall be ringing
SALVATION to God and the Lamb;
O Christians, I long to be singing
With angels the praise of his name!'

Amen. Glory to God! my heart beats high for victory over death, hell, and the grave.

"I hope this may find you both well in soul and body. O that God may protect you from every ill that may await you; give you grace and wisdom to declare his counsel faithfully! I leave a blank place for you to say AMEN, and hasten to close.

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARY WALKER."

In 1843, as before stated, Mr. Walker moved to Iowa, and settled where he could enjoy the society of his children, most of whom had already moved to the west. In 1845 Mr. Walker died, and soon after this sad event Mrs. Walker's health began to decline. Though comfortably situated with her daughter, Mrs. Stokes, surrounded with her children and grandchildren, now a numerous band, yet the world seemed

changed, having no longer charms for her. She appeared more like an inhabitant of another and better world—

"A weary pilgrim sighing for the rest to come."

Two years after the death of her husband she suffered a severe affliction, from which she never recovered. Her lower extremities were so paralyzed that she never could walk but little, nor could she ever ride in a carriage with any degree of comfort; so that she was deprived of the public means of grace for a long time. However, she found a source of unfailing consolation at home, and could say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Her Bible, periodicals, and religious books, family and private devotions, were made a great blessing to her. On the 5th of March, 1851, she calmly fell "asleep in Jesus." Her end was peace and holy triumph.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MOUNT AUBURN, AND WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

The liberal desireth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.—ISAIAH XXXIII, 8.

"Like Christ, the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her wings of universal love;
And still enlarged, as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace."

IN the fall of 1852 Mr. Walker was appointed to a small chapel on Mount Auburn. During this year he found a pleasant home in the family of Moses Brooks, Esq. The congregation on Mount Auburn is mostly composed of families residing contiguous to the church, who formerly were connected with other churches, in different parts of the city. In view of the position of the church, and diversity of religious sentiment among the dwellers on the mount, there is but little hope of gathering, soon, into the fold a large number, either "on trial," or by "letter." This was the smallest field of labor that had ever been assigned to Mr. Walker. It was not exactly suited to his *aggressive* spirit; yet even here he was the same industrious servant of God—instant in season and out of season. In "*sowing*" the good seed of the kingdom, he did not regard the wind. From the

time that Mr. W. entered the ministry, to the close of his useful life, he was never "triflingly employed," but

> "Always found in every station,
> Something still to do or bear."

The Trustees of the Wesleyan Female College needed some one to assist them in securing "material aid," to carry forward their well-matured educational plans for the future. Mr. Walker, on seeing this "open door," volunteered his services, which were most cordially accepted by the honorable Board of Trustees. Instead of spending his leisure hours during the week *socially* with kind friends, or lounging in the "offices" of others at "*business hours*," he might be seen daily threading the streets,

> "Amid winter's cold and summer's heat,"

soliciting scholarships for that noble and flourishing institution, erected on Vine-street, for the education of young ladies. He brought to the "good work" a warm heart and a willing mind, as well as considerable practical experience in *Church financiering*. He found many warm hearts and open purses, and before the year closed, he raised more than TEN THOUSAND dollars, in "scholarships," for the Wesleyan Female College. He made no charge for voluntary services thus rendered. It was a gratuity to the College altogether on his part; but afterward, the honorable Board of Trustees of the institution presented him with a "*perpetual scholarship*," as a token of respect,

and substantial "*testimonial*" of their appreciation of his valuable labors in behalf of the College.

His correspondence with relatives, and many of the friends of Jesus, during this year, a part of which is only before me, is full of religious interest. Indeed, many of his letters are highly entertaining, and would be read with much profit and pleasure, were I permitted to publish them. They clearly show that Mr. Walker was gradually "dying to the world," and ripening for the skies.

WALNUT HILLS, AND CONGRESS-STREET GERMAN MISSION CHURCH AGENCY.

At the close of the year 1853, by the urgent request of many of his friends, he was appointed, by the Bishop, in charge of the Church at Walnut Hills, with the understanding that he was to act as agent for Congress-Street German Methodist Church. Mr. Walker was well known to the Church as a most successful hand in raising money for the erection and completion of churches, educational purposes, etc. This induced the trustees of the new German Mission Church, on Congress-street, to solicit Bishop T. A. Morris, who is a resident of Cincinnati, to appoint Mr. Walker to get them out of what they called a "tight place." The kind-hearted Bishop, previous to the session of our annual conference, very *delicately reveals* to Mr. Walker, in a brief note, the strong probability that he should grant them their request. After stating the condition of that Church,

Bishop Morris remarks: "As you have a *fine reputation* for raising the means of carrying on GOOD ENTERPRISES, the eyes of these brethren appear to be turned to *you* as the one who can raise the amount which they need. I have been requested to see you for them, etc." As Mr. Walker never sought nor declined any appointment made by the "powers that be," of course he interposed no objection to this one, but left his case, as heretofore, in the hands of the "appointing power," remembering that the "lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing is of the Lord."

The whole amount of indebtedness supposed to be on the Congress-Street German Church and lot, when Mr. Walker at first entered upon the duties of his agency, as represented by the trustees, was five thousand dollars, and the amount necessary to finish it was estimated at one thousand dollars, making the total sum six thousand.

COLLINS CHAPEL, AND CONGRESS-STREET GERMAN MISSION CHURCH AGENCY CONTINUED.

At the close of the year 1854 Mr. Walker was appointed to Collins Chapel, with the understanding that he was to devote his spare time in begging money for the German Mission Church, on Congress-street. Mr. Walker always took a deep interest in the success of the German mission cause. The ministers and members of our Church received him gladly as agent, and all wished him success in his laudable

and praiseworthy efforts. Surely God has wrought wonders in our midst, among this interesting portion of our population, since these missions were first established. About the time that I commenced preaching, in 1835, Rev. Wm. Nast, D. D., commenced his successful career. He was "laughed to scorn," for a while, but God was as surely with him as he was with Mr. Wesley, the original founder of Methodism in England, in 1739.

A flame was soon kindled up in Cincinnati that has since spread all over America, and across the waters to England and Germany. This work is of God, and it can not be overthrown or come to naught. One-fifth of a century has not rolled away since the work was first commenced, and now we can enumerate FIFTEEN THOUSAND converted Germans in Church-fellowship, THREE HUNDRED church edifices, ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT PREACHERS, and thousands of good Wesleyan German books, Bibles, hymns, tracts, etc.; also a German periodical, called "The Apologist," edited by Dr. Nast, a man of rare and singular ability, with a subscription list of near TEN THOUSAND. Let all the people praise God for the success of this good cause. I do not wish to make any invidious comparisons among my dear brethren, yet I think I am safe in saying, many long years may roll away before the German mission work will have another George W. Walker raised up to plead their cause so nobly and efficiently on all occasions.

Notwithstanding the times were hard, and calls

upon our people numerous for objects of benevolence, at this time, yet Mr. Walker met with great success. He raised and paid over to the board of trustees, during the first year, the handsome sum of $3,789.75. The second year was a most trying year for the agent, yet he raised $1,949.56, making the total amount, raised for the relief of this Church, during his two years' agency, of $5,739.31.

During the two years in which he supplied the pulpits at Walnut Hills and Collins Chapel, and solicited money for the German Mission Church, Mrs. Walker resided in the family of his brother, M. B. Walker, Esq., near Germantown, who had been bereaved by the death of his wife, and left in charge of three little children. Mrs. W. went there to live, that she might assist in the care of these little motherless ones. This was the reason why his brother George removed his family to that place at this time. Mr. Walker was very successful in his agency, and for a long time strong hopes were entertained by himself and friends that he would be able to relieve this suffering Church from embarrassment before the close of the conference year. But, upon a close examination of all the accounts of the board of trustees of said Church, it was found, to his sorrow as well as their own, that the actual indebtedness was much larger than was first stated to him when he commenced his labors. But Mr. Walker was not disheartened at this, but resolved to increase his efforts in their behalf. He spent the greater part of

the year in begging and pleading with all his "might" the German cause. The sequel shows that he did not labor in vain.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HILLSBORO DISTRICT.

Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not.—2 Cor. iv, 1.

I will very gladly spend and be spent for you.—2 Cor. xii, 15.

"In such an enterprise to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day than death."

In the fall of 1855 Mr. Walker was appointed to the Hillsboro district. The place of his destination was entirely unknown to him till a few moments previous to the adjournment of the conference at Urbana. He received this announcement without a murmur, as he had always previously done.

On the 16th of October he removed his wife and household furniture to the beautiful town of Hillsboro, in Highland county, where he was kindly welcomed by many of his old friends, among whom he had labored twenty-five years before.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker had not kept house for three years past; but now, with great pleasure, they fitted up a "hired house," and recommenced housekeeping near the spot where they first had enjoyed this pleasure, in the year 1830, the second year after their marriage, when Mr. Walker traveled the Hillsboro

circuit. With renewed vigor they both entered upon the duties of their new field of labor. Mr. Walker manifested the same untiring zeal, industry, and energy that characterized his early ministry. He attended faithfully his appointments on the district, and through pelting storms and winter's cold he went on his way laboring, day and night, to accomplish the great work of his Master. He was very popular among preachers and people. Great crowds attended upon his ministry at every quarterly meeting, and God signally owned his labors in the awakening and conversion of many precious souls. During the first quarter, within the bounds of his district, SIX HUNDRED were added to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and about as many converted to God.

It affords me pleasure to insert an extract from his own report, dated Hillsboro, February 27, 1856:

"My appointment to the Hillsboro district, at the last session of the Cincinnati annual conference, has brought me to reside in this goodly town, where, twenty-five years ago, myself and wife first commenced to keep house. At the conference held in New Lancaster, in the fall of 1830, I was appointed to the Hillsboro circuit, of which Hillsboro was the most central and principal appointment. It was then a four weeks' circuit, and included a territory but little less than the present district. There were then not more than four or five church edifices in the circuit, and they were of an inferior kind. We held our meetings chiefly in private family residences, or

in school-houses. Our appointments were mostly on week-days, and, of course, the congregations were small; but we had a prosperous year—some four hundred were added to the Church within the bounds of the circuit.

"Well, after laboring for a quarter of a century in other places, I have been, for the last four months, traveling over the region of country embraced in the old Hillsboro circuit. But the hand of improvement has so changed the face of the country, that there are but few places that I can recognize. In 1830 the country was still in a state of nature; now there are large farms, fine houses, and all other things corresponding therewith. Thriving villages have been built in various places, where the industrious mechanic has established himself; and while hoarding a little fortune for himself and family, he is also rendering essential service to the agricultural interests of the neighborhood. Instead of the dim pathway or mud road, we now have the fine turnpike or wonderful railroad; and instead of the old stage-coach or spanker, making four miles an hour, or of the post-boy, with his mail-bag, whip in hand, mounted on his pony, as an express, to carry important news from one point to another, in most places we travel in splendid cars on roads and wheels of iron, propelled by steam twenty or thirty miles per hour, and receive the most important news of the day, from one end of the continent to the other, quick as a flash of lightning.

"But great changes also have taken place in society.

The men and women who were here, in the fullness of their strength, twenty-five years ago, have mostly passed away from the fleeting scenes of this life, and are now surrounded with the changeless realities of that world from whence they shall not return to enjoy again a probationary life. The few of that generation who still remain are borne down by a weight of years. Old age, with its own train of infirmities, labor, and sorrow, has brought them next door to the grave; there, in daily expectation, they await their change. Another generation is now on the stage, struggling with the duties, cares, and responsibilities of their own peculiar times.

"While these responsibilities, in some respects, differ from those of their fathers and mothers, they are not less numerous and important. 'May they be strong, and quit themselves like men!' We are thankful that we can say in truth, that in the midst of the wonderful improvements of the age, the people, in this section of the country, are not unmindful of the great interests of education and Christianity. In addition to our excellent common schools, we have some academies and seminaries, male and female. . . . A suitable number of literary institutions of a high order we must have, in order to a thorough and finished education; and such education we must have among women as well as men, if we expect to ascend in the scale of national respectability and greatness, civilly and ecclesiastically. Every true friend to the country, therefore, should lend a helping hand in the great

work of promoting a thorough and sanctified education.

"In regard to the progress of Christianity in this part of our common country, its influence is generally felt. In almost every village and neighborhood the people have, or are supplying themselves with substantial and commodious houses in which to worship God, where they are blessed with the preached Gospel from the lips of a living ministry, and all the ordinances of the household of faith. Such has been the increased demand for ministerial labor, that we now have from ten to twelve ministers in the regular work within what was the bounds of the Hillsboro circuit twenty-five years ago; and their work of faith and labor of love is not in vain in the Lord. During the last three months, within the bounds of this—Hillsboro—district, there have been from five to six hundred persons added to the Methodist Episcopal Church on trial, and most of them have been happily converted to God, and 'saved by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.'

"The Church in most places within our bounds has taken advanced ground in experimental and practical piety. To God be all the glory, now, henceforth, and for evermore! In conclusion, let me say to my brethren, both in the ministry and in the laity, while the unhappy Dr. Cooke and a few others, equally unhappy with himself, are laboring to throw mud and bespatter the Methodist ministry and Church, as if they were not a part of the household of God, let us go on with

our appropriate work, spreading Scriptural holiness from the rising to the going down of the sun, till Messiah shall have his dominion from sea to sea, and from the mountains to the rivers, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth, that the whole earth may be filled with the knowledge and glory of the Lord, even as the waters cover the sea!"

In the latter part of the month of January the health of Mrs. Walker declined suddenly, so as to confine her to her room and bed, and for a long time her life seemed to hang in doubt. This was an unexpected trial of the faith of Mr. Walker, situated as he was on the district. But after doing all that true affection could dictate, he left her to the care of her medical attendant and kind Christian friends at Hillsboro, and went on with his work on the district. Her affliction was not only sanctified to her own soul, but it was the means of stirring him up to seek after more and more of the "mind that was in Christ." The editor of the "Beauty of Holiness," at this place, had written to Mrs. Walker to contribute something to that work, and referred especially to her attachment to the Bible doctrine of holiness. In consequence of her illness, she requested Mr. Walker to answer this letter for her. I am truly glad that I am permitted to make the following extract from it, as the result of preaching on the subject of holiness.

Mr. Walker, in referring to the fact that Mrs. Walker still took delight in this doctrine, remarks in his letter dated Hillsboro, April 10, 1856:

"It is the chief topic of her contemplation, and the preferred subject of her conversation. Not long since, as I was leaving her sick-room to go to one of my quarterly meetings—not knowing but that she would be gone to her rest in heaven before I could return—the last thing she said to me was, 'My dear, preach holiness.' I trust I shall not soon forget these words, coming from the depths of the soul of one so near and dear to me, and at the time, to all human appearance, trembling on the last dizzy verge of human life. In the village where that meeting was held we had but one class, and that form of infidelity called Universalism, with its concomitants, had long held a controlling influence in the place. In my sermon, on Saturday, I alluded to the request of my wife and the circumstances under which it was made. The reference produced a thrill in the congregation, and on Sabbath I announced as the subject of my discourse, 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Many, if not all, were surprised at the text on that occasion, as there was a general expectation that the discourse would be in defense of Christianity and against that form of infidelity prevalent in that section of the country. The Lord helped me on that occasion, and the whole congregation was deeply affected. But for the request of my dear wife my subject would have been different on that occasion, and, in all probability, the result would not have been so good upon the congregation. Infidelity was attacked at a point in a

way that it least expected. The nature and necessity of inward and outward holiness was explained and exposed by arguments drawn from nature, from reason, and from divine revelation, as essential to present, future, and eternal happiness, and only attainable in the present life, through faith in the atoning blood, and justifying righteousness, and all-prevailing intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ. Names, sects, and parties seemed to be lost sight of, and the one great consideration, personal holiness, as the only meetness for heaven, appeared to occupy every mind. Before the meeting finally closed some thirty or forty were added to the Church. I am fully persuaded that there is no better argument against infidelity, in any of its phases, than may be drawn from experimental and practical piety, when presented and enforced according to the true standard of Gospel provision and promise. That is, a pure heart and a holy life—received and maintained by a living faith in a living Savior—living in Christ, and Christ in us the hope of glory. Then we are filled with the Spirit, have communion with the Father, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness."

The following interesting letter to his brother, M. B. Walker, Esq., gives an account of the way he spent his last "thanksgiving day" on earth, and also the manner in which he spent his *fifty-first*, which proved his last "birthday." It will be perused with interest and profit, I doubt not, by every reader of these recollections:

"HILLSBORO, November 27, 1855.

"We are always glad to hear from you, and more especially when we learn that you are walking in the path of duty—moving forward in harmony, love, and prosperity. Of course we always speak of your house as HOME, having spent so much of our time in your family. First, immediately after your marriage, when you resided in Germantown, and then at Dayton, and the last two years at your residence at Spring Hill; but, as we are *itinerants*, and subject to frequent removals, since the death of our dear parents, we do not feel that we have any home in this world in the sense that we did while they were still living. At present, your house comes the nearest filling in our minds the deep and profound meaning of the word HOME. However, we feel an assurance that we have a 'home in heaven,' and the hope of getting there comforts and reconciles us to our present lot. It is our daily prayer that we may all meet in that better HOME, never to part again—

'No! never part again.'

"We are glad that you had a pleasant 'thanksgiving day.' We never spent a more pleasant and profitable one together. It was a holy Sabbath here. The stores and shops were all closed, and business of every kind suspended. A large and intelligent congregation assembled in the Presbyterian church, at 11 o'clock, A. M. I endeavored to address them from these words: 'Rejoice evermore. Pray without

ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.' 1 Thess. v, 16–18.

"After service, in company with Rev. G. C. Crum, Hon. William Trimble, and others, we partook of a most excellent 'thanksgiving dinner' at the house of Rev. Joseph M'Dowell Mathews, President of Oakland Female Seminary. After dinner we had a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul.' Most of the teachers of the Seminary were present, and the piano discoursed sweetest music, and we closed the entertainment with a 'hymn of thanksgiving and prayer.'

"Yesterday was my *fifty-first* 'birthday.' The morning found me in Vienna, a small town, ten miles from Washington, and about the same distance from Wilmington, and just twenty-five miles to the north of Hillsboro. The roads were intolerably bad—almost impassable. As I had not spent even a small part of a birthday at home for several years, I resolved to go to H. if possible. I arose early, partook of a little breakfast, and put my horse and buggy in good order, and plunged into the mud, and made *three miles* the first hour, traveling all the time on the 'lower track.' Do you understand? There is much truth in that old saying—'in order to succeed, take hold; hold and never give up or let go.' I persevered, and reached home at 4 o'clock, P. M., and had the privilege of spending the night with my dear Catherine. We talked over the past, read appropriate portions of the Scriptures, sang a birthday hymn, and prayed.

"I do not know whether I shall see another birthday in this world; if not, I hope to dwell in a better country, and in a better city—a country where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick—a city where the streets are paved with gold.'"

Mr. W. at this time was a delegate-elect to the General conference, which was to convene on the 1st of May, at Indianapolis. He deeply felt the responsibilities that devolved upon him in his relation to that body. As there were several very important and deeply-interesting questions to be presented for discussion and final action, in which the vital interests of our Church were deeply involved; and as he had also to manage some very important "appeal cases," he resolved to be present if he possibly could. After mutual consultation and prayerful deliberation, he thought it best to remove Mrs. W. to Germantown, where she might remain in the care of his brother's family during the session of the General conference.

Mrs. Walker's health in the spring was but little improved; but not wishing to detain her husband from the discharge of the important duties assigned him by his annual conference, she summoned all her remaining strength and energies for the trip. On the 16th of April they closed their house, and bade farewell to their pleasant home, which they had occupied just six months, in the enjoyment of that peace and happiness, which love for the cause of God and true affection for each other alone could impart. For

the last time they looked upon that peaceful home which they never again would inhabit, although at that time they had but little expectation of realizing the sad scene which awaited them. Ah! how little do any of us know what is laid up for us in the future! Mrs. W. at that time thought it most probable that she would soon be called to leave her dear companion to pursue life's weary journey alone, while she was "resting in hope."

They traveled from H. by the way of Cincinnati, by railroad, and arrived in safety at the house of his brother the same day. For several weeks Mrs. W.'s health was such as to render her recovery doubtful; yet Mr. Walker committed her to God, and returned to the district, to meet his engagement at the quarterly meetings till the 1st of May.

From a letter written to his brother I perceive that he commenced writing a sketch of his life and travels in Michigan—at the request of Rev. E. H. Pilcher—to be included among the memorials of Methodism in the state of Michigan, but he was not permitted to proceed far till interrupted by other more pressing engagements.

CHAPTER XL.

GENERAL CONFERENCE, INDIANAPOLIS.

The fear of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity.—MALACHI II, 6.

Here I stand; I can not change; God help me!—LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

"A happy lot be thine, and a larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bound thy will
In cheerful homage to the will of right;
And lovest all, and doest good for ill." BRYANT.

AT length the time arrived for Mr. Walker to go to the General conference, at Indianapolis. This was an hour of severe trial. The continued affliction and prostration of his beloved companion affected him most deeply. Frequently the tear unbidden moistened his manly eye. The interests of the Church, which he loved most dearly, and his own responsibility, pressed heavily upon him. He said, "THIS IS A TRIAL," no doubt intending to convey the idea that others, long since past, were small in comparison with this one. But heretofore he had never swerved from duty, nor "fainted in adversity"—love for the cause of Christ and the Church again predominated; and, being assured that his afflicted wife would have all the attention which kind friends could bestow, he started for conference. On the opening

of the session, he addressed the following letter to Mrs. Walker:

"INDIANAPOLIS, May 1, 1856.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I am boarding in the family of my old friend, brother Enos, who was one of the officiary when I was stationed at Morris Chapel, in Cincinnati. The delegates all look in fine health and spirits. I have met many old friends and acquaintances among them. I hope we shall be preserved from 'all evil,' and kept from doing wrong in any thing. I feel quite calm. I trust the Lord will give me wisdom and strength to perform all my duties during the session. I believe that God will take care of his Church. I think of you every hour, and pray that the Lord may spare your life, and restore you to health—and that we may spend many happy days together on earth. Pray for me, and for the members of the General conference.

"The Lord God of our fathers bless you! I *love to write your name.* I begin and end my letters with it, as you often perceive.

"Your ever-affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER."

He wrote frequently to Mrs. Walker, during the session of conference, and endeavored to comfort and sustain her faith by words of sympathy and true affection, but especially by the promises of God. Of course I am only at liberty to make a few extracts

from these deeply-interesting communications. Under date of May 9th he writes from the hall of representatives:

"My Dear Catherine,—Yesterday afternoon I received sister Mary's letter, which brought me the joyful intelligence that you had rested sweetly, and was much relieved—and that you were so 'patient and looked so happy, and were so full of love, that it afforded her pleasure to wait upon you, and look upon your countenance.' This letter found me in the midst of great responsibilities and pressing duties. Truly it came very opportunely, and was, to my mind and heart, like a cooling draught of water from a *pure fountain.* I have been *calm*, and I expect to continue so during the progress of the exciting 'appeal cases' now before this body. I intend to preserve the *dignity* of a Christian minister while conducting the appeals I have consented to manage; and *gain them in the end.* My client, from Fort Wayne, Rev. J. S. M'Abee, is here. His case is set for next Tuesday.

"Want of more time compels me to close this letter. Be assured, in the midst of all my responsibilities I do not forget to *pray for you*, and all the family. I believe the Lord is with you, and that he will sanctify all your afflictions to your spiritual and eternal good. God bless and keep you as the apple of his eye, my dear Catherine!

"Your affectionate husband,

"George W. Walker."

He had been appointed, by our conference, to defend its action in the expulsion of Rev. L. D. Harlan, for slandering the character of Bishop L. L. Hamline. His noble bearing and courteous manner, on that occasion, will not soon be forgotten. He never expressed a doubt of the innocence of the Bishop, and the "righteousness" of the action of the Cincinnati conference, by which the Rev. L. D. Harlan was unanimously expelled from our Church and ministry. After bringing the case fully before the General conference, and the testimony was read on both sides, he proposed to submit the case without argument. To this, however, Mr. Harlan objected, and was permitted to make his defense. Mr. Walker did not think it necessary to make any reply to Mr. H., and the case was submitted. The action of our conference was nobly vindicated by confirming its decision, whereby L. D. Harlan was expelled. I was present during this exciting trial, and had a good opportunity to hear and learn the opinions of others in regard to the manner in which Mr. Walker conducted himself on that peculiarly trying occasion. His course of action was universally approved by his brethren. He also received still greater credit for the manner in which he defended Mr. M'Abee, who had been expelled, for immorality, several years ago, by the Pittsburg annual conference. I think I never heard him speak with more force and clearness than in making his defense in behalf of this expelled minister. Mr. Walker thought that his client had been

deeply injured, and resolved to do his best to restore him to his family and to the Church. At the close of his able and eloquent defense, the decision of the Pittsburg conference was reversed, and Mr. M'Abee restored to his former standing in the ministry by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Walker's speech, on that occasion, was considered the best of the kind made at Indianapolis. It evinced much skill, and a correct knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical law. A reference to this "appeal case" will be found in the following interesting letter to his wife:

"INDIANAPOLIS, May 13, 1856.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I improve this moment to address a line to you. Through the mercy of our heavenly Father, I am in usual health. My trust is still in the Lord! I feel that he owns me for his son! The conference is moving on slowly. We have so many 'appeal cases' to attend to I fear the session will be a long one. To-day we tried the 'appeal' of my client, Mr. M'Abee, of the Pittsburg conference. Mr. Wakefield, of the Pittsburg delegation, defended the action of their conference in an able, eloquent, and ingenuous argument. As Mr. Wakefield proceeded in his speech my poor client, Mr. M'Abee, looked despondingly. I soon perceived that I had something to do or my poor client was a doomed man, but my conviction of his innocence remained firm throughout the whole argument in favor of the action of their conference. As Mr. Wakefield

waxed warm, and rose higher, my own confidence of success rose also. In my introduction I secured the profound attention of the conference, which I was enabled to hold to the close of my argument. At the close of my defense Mr. M'Abee was acquitted by a vote of ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT to SIXTEEN. After suffering under the sentence of his own conference for six years, he is once more a happy man, and permitted to return to his deeply-afflicted and injured family, with the glad tidings of his triumphant acquittal. I feel that I HAVE DONE RIGHT IN DEFENDING HIM, and I think I have not wronged or offended the members of the Pittsburg delegation.

"I am anxious to hear from you often. If brother has not time to write, get sister Mary to write for you. My love to all the family, and a large share for yourself, my dear Catherine. You see that I still love to write your name, as I begin and end my letter with it. May the Lord have you in his holy keeping, and bless you with the fullness of his grace and benedictions!

"Your affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER."

"P. S. Since writing the above, my client, Mr. M'Abee, has just come into my room to express his gratitude and hearty thanks for my successful plea in his behalf. He is the happiest-looking person that I have seen in Indianapolis. He looks at least ten years younger than he did three hours ago. He

informed me that he went direct from the General conference room to the telegraph office, and sent a dispatch to his family, at Fort Wayne, and one also to his sons in Canton, Ohio, informing them of his acquittal, that their minds might be relieved, and that they might be joyful once more in the 'land of the living.' I requested him to bear to them my sympathies and congratulations, etc. G. W. W."

He preached on the Sabbath several times during the session of the General conference; once at Connersville, Indiana, where he had the pleasure of meeting his old friend and colleague, Rev. D. Whitcomb. He returned home to see Mrs. W. twice during the session, but could only remain a few hours; expressing, at each interview with his wife, his great anxiety to be in his place when any question of interest came up for discussion and the action of the body. In the midst of all these exciting scenes, Mr. Walker never lost sight of his duty to his God and his afflicted companion. When absent from home, he invariably found time for two things—time to pray, and cultivate personal piety, and also, generally, time to write kind and affectionate letters to his excellent wife—an example worthy of the emulation of all Christian ministers.

"INDIANAPOLIS, May 15, 1856.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—Through the mercy of God, I am in usual health, and feel that my trust is in

the mighty God of Jacob. You are in my thoughts all the time, unless some press of business should get the entire occupancy of my mind for a little season. I hope that you are improving in health, and that the Lord comforts and sustains you by his heavenly benedictions. I am very anxious to see you, but *duty binds me here* for the present, and duty, to the exclusion of every thing else, must, as you know, be followed.

"We are moving along as fast as should be expected of such a large body of delegates. To-day we settled the question of the 'extension of time' on circuits and stations. The subject was fully and ably debated, on both sides, nearly two entire sessions. The vote stood *one hundred and twenty-two* to let the rule remain as it now stands in the Discipline, only *eighty* voting in favor of a change. I recorded my vote with the majority. I am on the 'Committee on Itinerancy,' and the presiding elder question is now before us. I think the vote to-day, against the 'extension of time,' a pretty fair indication of the disposition that will be made of this vexed question also. Slavery seems to be the all-absorbing question, and I suppose will call forth the ablest debate of the entire session. I know not what the result will be. I leave it all with the Lord. My trust is in him, and my prayer shall be for God to 'rule and overrule' all these things to the honor and glory of his own great name, and the salvation of precious souls.

"Time flies, and I must close. God bless you, my

dear Catherine! Give my love to brother's family, and kiss the children for me.

"Your affectionate and devoted husband,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

I can not close this chapter without giving my readers an extract of a letter from Rev. William P. Strickland, D. D., the able reporter of the "acts and doings" of the last General conference. It is dated

"NEW YORK, December 1, 1856.

"REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,—*My Dear Brother:* You request me to furnish you some recollections of our dear, departed Walker, but especially my last, as connected with the late General conference. Brother Walker's seat, which was rarely if ever vacant during the long session of that body, was not far from the reporter's table, and on the right of the Speaker's chair—the conference being held in the hall of the house of representatives. My relation to that body making it necessary to be always present, gave me an opportunity to hear and see all that was said or done by him. It is known to all who were acquainted with him, that he was always punctual in attending to his duties in the Church. For a period of upward of twenty years I have met him in the conference, of which we were both members, and I never once failed to find him at his post. It would not, therefore, be thought strange, that at every General conference roll-call, his bold, commanding voice, would be heard

responding to his name. To every subject which came before the General conference, whoever might, in consequence of its apparent insignificance, be listless and inattentive, it might be taken for granted that it was not Walker; indeed, so scrupulous was he in attending to what we have thought minor and unimportant matters, that we have been sometimes surprised at his greatness in little things. He seemed to regard every thing that was in any way worthy of Church action, important. His sterling, uncompromising integrity, and unflinching fidelity, united to a most minute and careful attention to all matters, personal and relative, make his memory precious to the Church. He possessed a transparency of character that enabled one almost to see the motives which actuated him, and he was always as far above a mean suspicion as he was of a mean act. But whence have I wandered? You ask me for my last recollections of Walker.

"He made but few speeches in the General conference, preferring to work and act rather than to speak. The speeches which he did make, however, were characterized by strong sense, and sound, comprehensive, conservative views. His greatest efforts were made as counsel in behalf of the Cincinnati conference in the case of Harlan. He had been appointed by his colleagues to defend the action of the conference in that case; and the manner in which it was managed could not have been done better by any man. But his plea as counsel for M'Abee, who ap-

pealed from the decision of the Pittsburg conference, was a most masterly effort, and carried the General conference almost unanimously against the action of the annual conference, which had expelled him from the Church. Indeed, we never heard a more able defense, or one which carried a clearer conviction of the injustice of a decision, than was made by Walker on that occasion. He was beloved by his colleagues, and highly respected by all the members of the General conference. 'He rests from his labors, and his works follow him.'"

During the discussion of the slavery question, Mr. Walker made a speech, which was characterized by good sense, and sound, conservative views. Although often called upon to differ in opinion with his brethren, yet he always acted a manly part, and manifested no want of confidence or sincerity in those who, from a sense of duty, entertained and advocated different views of ecclesiastical Church action or polity. When convinced that he was in error, he took delight in acknowledging that *he was on the wrong side;* but when fully satisfied that he had found the truth, he would hold it fast, and suffer no one to wrest it from him without a contest. I have often seen him sorely pressed, but never knew him to quit the field without first battling for the right. His conduct on such occasions always reminded me of the language of the immortal Luther, "HERE I STAND; I CAN NOT CHANGE; GOD HELP ME!"

On his return from Indianapolis, in speaking to Rev. William I. Fee of his action relative to the "report on slavery," he remarked, "I award to my brethren the same honesty of intention which I claim for myself. In this matter I acted for the glory of God, and the best interest of the Church. I then believed, and still believe, that a different course of action by the General conference, would have resulted in a division of the Church. THERE IS NO ACT OR VOTE OF MY PAST LIFE WHICH I AM MORE WILLING TO MEET AT THE BAR OF GOD THAN THIS. I would rather be *right*, than to enjoy any honor which the Church can confer upon me. I love to have the approbation of all my brethren, but the approbation of my conscience more."

The thrilling speeches and exciting scenes of the General conference of 1856 will never be forgotten by its members and the thousands of visitors who were daily in attendance. "Ichabod" is not written upon the walls of our spiritual Jerusalem. God is still "going forth with our armies," in Europe and America. The presence of the delegates from the Wesleyan Methodists, in England, added much to the interest of this memorable occasion at Indianapolis. I was sorry I was not permitted to remain till the adjournment. Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., editor of the Ladies' Repository, says: "The closing scene was peculiarly solemn beyond description. At 12 o'clock at night, on the 3d of June, the journals 'were read up,' and after *thirty-three* days of fatiguing labor,

religious services were performed. Then followed the parting shake of the hand, the utterance of the solemn farewell—those men of God parted to meet no more on earth. As it has been in times past, so shall it be in the future. Before another General conference shall be convened, some of our number will have seen the 'last of earth.' Spirit of Light and Truth, help each one to ask, 'LORD, IS IT I?'"

At the close of the session Mr. Walker appeared in fine health, and among all that body of men, none looked more like seeing "many days." Yet two months are scarcely fled and gone, before he is called home to the reward of the skies. The earth is full of changes. Therefore, "boast not thyself of to-morrow." Three of the members of the late General conference—Cooper, Walker, and Watson—"have entered into the joy of their Lord." How appropriate our Lord's admonition, "BE YE ALSO READY!"

CHAPTER XLI.

RETURNS TO THE DISTRICT.

Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.—2 TIMOTHY IV, 5.

"HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVETH MOST."

"The law of heaven is love, and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measures in which love is given
* * * * * *
If there is any thing that keeps the mind open
To angel visits, and repels
The ministry of all, 'tis human love."

AT the close of the General conference Mr. Walker returned to his brother's at Spring Hill, near Germantown. He found Mrs. Walker slowly recovering. This filled his heart with joy and gratitude to God, who had dealt so graciously with her during his absence. He only had a few days to rest before he was compelled to bid her adieu, to resume his accustomed duties on the Hillsboro district—generally holding two quarterly meetings before he would return to his brother's to pay her a visit. During his absence he continued to write frequently to Mrs. W., as he had done when at Indianapolis. I feel it due to

his memory to insert several lengthy extracts from these interesting and highly-instructive epistles, more particularly to show the quiet and peaceful frame of mind in which Mr. W. closed his ministerial labors on earth.

He had great difficulty in getting to his first quarterly meeting after he returned from Indianapolis. He failed in making the "connections" at different points on the railroad, and did not reach Hillsboro till late on Saturday evening. He was then about twenty miles from the place of his meeting; but he soon procured a conveyance, and proceeded part of the way that night, and reached the town of F. before the close of the love-feast on Sabbath morning. On his return home he spoke frequently of this meeting to Mrs. W. The crowd was so great that they were obliged to go out into the grove. His sermon on that day will not soon be forgotten. He spoke with great liberty, and faithfully warned the wicked to flee from coming wrath. He did not daub them with untempered mortar. At the close he took hold of the skirts of his coat, and called heaven to witness that he was "pure from the blood" of his dying congregation; and then, I am told, added in the most emphatic manner, "I feel solemnly impressed that this is the last time that I may be permitted to warn you: if you go to perdition you shall not say in the day of judgment, that G. W. Walker was the cause of your damnation, or that he failed to give you timely warning," etc.

The following letter was written while at the house of an old friend, three miles north of Hillsboro:

"At Mr. Buntine's,
"North of Hillsboro, June 19, 1856.

"My Dear Catherine,—Your kind letter has just come to hand, and I assure you that I was glad to hear from you, and to learn that you are now as well as when I last parted with you. I wrote to you from Hillsboro, and hope that my letter may reach you to-night. I dined yesterday at Mr. Thompson's, in the country, with a large party of the Trimble connection. We had a pleasant time. I preached here last night, and had a refreshing time from the presence of the Lord. The Holy Spirit was poured out on the people.

"You repeat your admonition, 'Preach holiness.' Well, it so happened that I preached on that subject last night with more than ordinary liberty and power. I also preached on the same subject on last Monday morning at my quarterly meeting. The members of the Church were greatly refreshed, and continued to weep and shout for a long time. I trust the fruit of that effort will be seen in eternity.

"Rev. David Whitmer is now here. He informs me that the meeting at Snow Hill wound up '*gloriously*.' The meeting continued in progress till Wednesday night. Ten joined on trial. I am trying to do the best I can for the dear people of my district. I enjoy myself as well as I could expect in view of our

present situation. My trust is in the Lord; I leave all with him

'To chose and to direct,'

confidently believing that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' Pray for me, my dear Catherine. My love to all; and much love especially to yourself. The Lord have you in his holy keeping, and fill you with all the fullness of God!

"Your affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER."

At the close of his next quarterly meeting he returned to Germantown, and spent a few days with his wife and friends. On his return to the district, he writes again as follows:

"HILLSBORO, June, 1856,
"IN OUR LITTLE PARLOR ALONE.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I reached this place in safety on Friday evening, and stopped at the house of brother Edward Easton. I found our friends generally in good health, with one exception—the family of Judge Price has been bereaved of their eldest son. He was a promising youth, and one of the heirs to the large estate of Stirling, in Columbus. He was out in Hardin county improving his lands, and, while there, was taken very sick. He started home, and died in a few days after his arrival here. His disease was congestion of the brain. I hope this sad event may prove a salutary warning to the irreligious young men of this place.

"We have had a good quarterly meeting. Our congregation on Sabbath was very large. I tried to preach three times. I hope it was not altogether labor lost.

My health is as good as usual, and my SOUL SEEKS ITS CENTER AND RESTS IN GOD. I hope you are kept in peace, and are improving daily in bodily strength. You share daily in my prayers—that God would keep you in soul and body secure as the apple of his eye. My love to all the family, and especially to you, my dear Catherine.

"Pray for yours truly and affectionately,

"G. W. WALKER."

A few days after this letter was written he received a short epistle from Mrs. Walker. He hastens to reply in the following interesting and touching manner. The spirit which it breathes is refreshing in this cold and selfish world:

"HILLSBORO, July 3, 1856.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—Your sweet little letter of the 30th ult. came to hand on Tuesday evening, and I am very glad that you can now sleep sweetly, and thus be refreshed. I am sorry to hear that sister Mary and the child are unwell. We had a very pleasant meeting here last night. Several of our young men spoke very well. If they continue faithful, I am persuaded that SEVERAL OF THEM WILL BECOME ABLE MINISTERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"I have been very busy since Monday last, putting some thoughts on paper for the Fourth of July. I do not know that I shall use them, but they may be of use at some future day. Thus, by keeping busy, I have not had time to get lonesome or feel sad. I think I am resigned to my lot, state, and condition, in the present life, and believe that the Lord will overrule and graciously sanctify all things to our spiritual and eternal good. I DO LOVE YOU and pray for you. Do you pay back in the same coin? Yes, I know you do. Well, let us persevere to the end. Love is the very element of happiness; it sweetens all the ills of life. They who love most are the most happy. Dark and sad must be that heart that is a stranger to love; but to be really happy we must love God, who is the fountain of happiness. I must now close, as breakfast is near at hand, and I have not yet finished my Fourth of July address. I think I shall get home on Monday evening. My love to all, and especially to my dear Catherine. The Lord have you in his holy keeping, and fill you with the comforts of his love.

"Pray for your affectionate husband,

"G. W. WALKER."

CHAPTER XLII.

LAST SERMONS.

By which ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.—1 CORINTHIANS XV, 2.

"They led the warrior to his couch, and calmly laid him down;
They smoothed the pillow for his head, that soon would wear the crown
Of fadeless light, prepared for him in the blessed land above,
Where those his labors here had saved shout their Redeemer's love.
The armor of his hallowed faith still shone upon his form—
Brilliant success had brightened it in many a battle-storm;
That armor was, in early youth, his panoply and pride,
The gift of heavenly grace to him, by heaven sanctified."

ON Monday, July 7, 1856, at the close of the labor of his fourth quarterly meeting, at Greenfield station, he returned home to his brother's, at Spring Hill, near Germantown, to visit his wife, who was still deeply afflicted. This was the last visit that he made to the house of his affectionate brother, Moses, and the sick chamber of his devoted companion. He remained till Friday. During the time that he tarried there he complained of being unwell, and had one or two slight chills, and experienced some little derangement of the stomach. He was induced to consult the family physician of his brother, and took a simple remedy, which afforded him temporary relief.

During the three days that he spent at Spring Hill he appeared unusully serious and meditative in his

manner, and conversed much upon religion, and read the Holy Bible to his afflicted wife. He also read aloud an essay, in the Beauty of Holiness, on the "Life and Character" of that great and good man, John Howard, the philanthropist, who followed so closely in the footsteps of his blessed Master, in doing good to the poor and wretched. Mr. Walker, while reading this sketch, was at times deeply affected and moved to tears. He also read, during his stay, an article which he himself had written on the subject of holiness. This article he read with care and deliberation, as if scrutinizing his own views on this important subject. When he had finished reading it, he remarked to his wife, "*I believe it contains sound doctrine.*" He then quoted, several times, with emphasis and great solemnity, the words of the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, renew a right spirit within me." He then said to his wife, "IT IS A GREAT THING TO HAVE A CLEAN HEART AND A RIGHT SPIRIT."

On Friday morning, July 11th, he arose early, and conducted family worship in the sick-room of Mrs. Walker. His prayer was noticed at the time as being unusually solemn. He spoke of the uncertainty of life during their separation. He then prayed ardently for the Divine protection and guidance in the way of his duty, and for a preparation for the *rapid* approach of death. It was noticed that the word *rapid* had been recently added to *usual prayer* for a preparation for that solemn hour. As soon as he

was ready to go, immediately after breakfast, he repaired to the chamber of his sick wife, and bade her an affectionate farewell, and then proceeded to the adjoining room to bid his brother's wife and children a *last farewell.* As he returned, Mrs. W. stepped into the hall, and he affectionately bade her a *second farewell,* saying, with emphasis, as he pressed the farewell kiss upon her pale cheek, "I WILL NOT FORGET YOU!" He then, with his carpet-sack in his hand, passed out of the house, to return no more.

His next quarterly meeting was at Wilmington, Ohio. On his way he passed through Dayton, and stopped at the house of Rev. William I. Ellsworth, pastor of Raper Chapel. He complained some while there, and remarked that he was anticipating a return of the chills. He appeared very serious, and did not converse much, but after partaking of some refreshment, took his departure by the way of Cincinnati, and arrived at Wilmington, by the cars, the same afternoon.

At a previous quarterly meeting at that place, he had been very kindly entertained at the house of Mr. R. P. Finley. Not long after the arrival of the cars, he was met by this same kind brother, who invited Mr. W. again to share of his hospitality. As they walked up the avenue, Mr. Walker remarked to his kind host, "What a change in the face of nature since I was here last winter! Then all was gloom, the earth covered with snow and ice; but now how changed! All nature is clad in verdure and beauty;"

and continued this strain of remarks for some time, and then, in the most emphatic manner, exclaimed, "None but God could accomplish such a work." He spent the evening with this kind family in his usual cheerful and instructive manner, and retired to bed, and rested well during the night. In the morning he experienced no increase of the insidious disease that was gradually affecting his health, with the exception of an *unusual stupor*, or constant desire to sleep, which he tried to account for because of his recent attack of the chills.

He preached his first sermon during the quarterly meeting on Saturday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., from these words: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Psalm li, 10.

The reader will recollect that his mind was dwelling upon this subject before his departure from home, on the previous Thursday. He spoke with great power and clearness upon the *nature* and *necessity* of a "clean heart," and urged his hearers to seek this inestimable blessing with his usual power and earnestness. He dined with Mr. Shepherd, and attended the business of the quarterly meeting conference at 3 o'clock, P. M., in his usual prompt and efficient manner.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, he preached again, with great liberty and earnestness, from the following striking and appropriate words, in view of his approaching end: "According to my earnest expectation, and *my* hope that in nothing I shall be ashamed,

but that, with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by my life, or by my death. FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN." Phil. i, 20, 21.

He dwelt especially on the last part of the verse, "to die is gain." How appropriate, in this place, the following words, on the "power of religion," spoken by Mr. Walker, some time since, upon another occasion:

"It is a pleasing task to speak of the *conversion of sinners* to God, and to enter their names upon the roll of the Church militant—as, in this way, the family of the faithful is increased on earth, and the borders of Zion enlarged. Why, then, should we regard it as a melancholy and painful task to speak of the triumphant death of the *sanctified* Christian, and his glorious entrance into that higher state of blessedness which God has prepared for all them that love him—since, in this way, the mansions prepared in our Father's house are filled with shining inhabitants, who unite to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and swell the chorus of the skies. We are told, by the Savior, that 'there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,' though he has his perilous course yet to run, in a path stretching through a dreary and dangerous wilderness, ambushed by many hostile and formidable enemies—has many dangers to brave, mountain difficulties to overcome, and many hard battles to fight, before he arrives in safety at his

Father's house; that happy place where Jesus dwells, with all his saints, on high.

"What, then, must be the joy felt among the angelic throng, when they see the character of the saint complete! His work done, his last battle fought, the last enemy vanquished; and, from the death-bed scene, the last conflict of mortality, the deathless spirit to mount and soar, under their guidance, above its boldest flights in time, above its cares, above its joys, above its sorrows; and stop not till it gains the blest goal, breathes its own native air, and folds its pinions in Abraham's bosom.

"But this delight is not confined to the angels: there is a joy that springs in the bosom of Him, who, arrayed in imperishable glory, sits upon the throne of the universe, and that spreads through all the celestial hierarchies, and raises their emotions into a universal burst of joy and praise to Him, who entered the list with all the mighty enemies of man, who went down to the place of graves, and overthrew the king of terrors upon his throne of skulls; and, by the power of his cross, 'opened up a new and living way' from earth to heaven; marked it out with His own most precious blood.

"These are some of the excelling glories and triumphs of Christianity. It not only gives peace and consolation in life, but it gives joy and triumph in the hour of death. When friends on earth can do no more, and the heart and the flesh are failing, the Lord is the strength of the believer's spirit, and

will be his portion forever and ever." "To die is gain."

On Sabbath morning he felt tolerably well. At 9 o'clock he opened and conducted the exercises of the love-feast, in his usual way, by reading an appropriate chapter in the Bible. This was a gracious season, and many seemed to enjoy it. Mr. Walker occasionally did not enjoy a love-feast meeting immediately preceding the hour of preaching, his mind being frequently absorbed in the subject upon which he expected soon to preach. It was so that morning.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., he selected for his text the following passage: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Galatians vi, 14. The conduct of St. Paul, the cross of Christ, the object of his glorying, were the points upon which he descanted with much force and power, to a large and attentive audience. At 3½ o'clock, P. M., he preached a sermon preparatory to the administration of the sacrament from these solemn words: "And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me." 1 Corinthians xi, 24. He spoke, *first*, of the institution of the Lord's supper; and *secondly*, of the duty of all true Christians and penitents to communicate whenever they had an opportunity. The discussion of these points seemed to give him much pleasure. At the close of the sermon he seemed weary, and

solicited another to consecrate the elements, but afterward he assisted in their administration to a large and deeply-affected circle of communicants. At the close of the communion he attended to the ordinance of baptism, making some very pertinent introductory remarks to the service. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of infant baptism, and often preached upon that subject with great clearness and power. And now that he was about to close his ministry forever on earth, how touching and beautiful that the last public service should be the consecration to God, in holy baptism, of two sweet little infant children—emblems of innocence, and fit representatives of the

"Land of the pure and the holy!"

O, then "forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

O, how solemn must be the remembrance to the Church, at Wilmington, of that "last sacrament," and baptism of the little "innocents," by Rev. G. W. Walker! Ah, well might he have said, as did his Master on that "doleful night before his death:" "'But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." FAREWELL, MY BELOVED HEARERS!

'We, too, with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross, on which he bow'd his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.'"

His public ministrations were now ended forever in the sanctuary. It must have been an interesting occasion thus to witness the close of the labors of such a noble and successful embassador of Christ. Before pronouncing the benediction Mr. Walker remarked as follows: "In all probability I am speaking to you for the last time. Although I have still the appearance of health and strength, yet *thirty years of hard labor in the work* of an itinerant minister has done much to enfeeble my constitution and impair my health. And I have been admonished, for some time past, that my time for labor would soon be over. FAREWELL!" And had he have known, with certainty, that the time of his departure was at hand, he would, no doubt, have added, with an inspired apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but all them also that love his appearing."

"Receive the benediction: Now unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever! The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all! Amen."

CHAPTER XLIII.

LAST HOURS.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.—2 TIMOTHY IV, 6.

"SPEAK CANDIDLY, GENTLEMEN, I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE."—G. W. WALKER.

"Thou
Whom soft-eyed pity once led down from heaven,
To bleed for man; to teach him how to live;
And O, still harder lesson, how to die!
Disdain not thou to smooth his restless bed
Of sickness and of pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops. Calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
Bursts from the thralldom of incumbering clay,
And on the wings of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into liberty, light, and life."

MR. WALKER seems to have had a premonition of his approaching dissolution. In all that he did, he acted as if the eye of God was upon him. I often noticed him in the General conference, when called to act upon any subject; he seemed to do it with an eye single to the glory of God. His introduction to the last speech that he made was peculiarly solemn, and will long be remembered by all who heard him. While at his brother's on Sabbath during the session of the General conference, he was invited to preach in Germantown. He selected for his text, upon that

occasion, the following words, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Hebrews. I have heard it spoken of as one of his most successful efforts—close, practical, and often melting the audience to tears. At the close of that memorable discourse, he lifted up his hands, and with a peculiar emphasis, and rather strange, expressive solemnity, cried out, "I call heaven and earth to witness that I have faithfully delivered my message to this people." This impression, as it deepened, was no doubt graciously sanctified to his good. His last illness, which was of fourteen days' duration, was very severe. I am indebted to Rev. Thomas Collett, stationed minister at Wilmington, for many of the items from which I have written out the following minute statement:

After the labors of the meeting, he rested but little on Sabbath night, and complained much of nausea, and sickness at the stomach, but felt better in the morning, and paid a pastoral visit to the widow of the late Rev. James Quinn. While there, he was seized with a pain in the back, between his shoulders, which he regarded as an indication of an attack of sickness similar to what he had before. He dined with Rev. T. Collett, at the parsonage, and remained there most of the time attending to the business of the Church. Before leaving, he was requested to preach on the next Wednesday night, to which he replied, "I will do so if the Lord will."

Early in the morning he wrote a few lines to Mrs.

W., of which the following is an extract, and the last letter that he ever penned:

"WILMINGTON, CLINTON COUNTY, July 14, 1856.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I hasten to drop you a line before the closing of the mail for the south-west. I reached this place in safety, on Friday evening last. I found our friends all well. WE HAVE HAD A GOOD QUARTERLY MEETING. I have had to do all the preaching. I am as well as when I left home, with the exception that I have had a slight attack of *hives*, though not as severe as the one I had at Cedarville, last summer. I suppose this is the cause of my sickness at the stomach. But I enjoyed my dinner to-day very much. I hope you are still improving in strength and body, and have peace and comfort in believing in the blessed Savior. There is no passenger down train on this road till two o'clock, P. M. I shall try to get home on next Monday. Pray for me, my dear Catherine. My love to all the family. Write to Clarkesville. The Lord have you in his holy keeping.

"Your affectionate husband,

"GEORGE W. WALKER."

Tuesday, July 15th.—On Tuesday he still complained of the pain in his back, but thought he was better than on Monday. He spent the day in the family of Mr. David Morgan.

Wednesday, 16th.—He was much indisposed during the early part of the day. By invitation, he dined

with Dr. Davis and wife, at the Buckeye House. After dinner he was much indisposed, and sought relief by lying down. Having made a previous engagement, he went to pass the afternoon in the family of Jacob P. Brindle, Esq. While there, he was taken seriously ill, and was soon conducted to the chamber from which his spirit at last received its dismissal from earth. He immediately sent for his good friend Dr. Davis, who attended through all his sickness.

Thursday, 17*th*.—He was very ill—had rested but little during the night previous. He remarked that the "*attack was a severe one; that it extended from the center to the entire circumference of his system.*" He seemed very anxious that it should be broken, if possible, to enable him to attend his next quarterly meeting at Clarkesville, in view of which his case received prompt attention from his physician, but without a very flattering result. At one time he said, "I have a presentiment that I shall not recover, and yet," he continued, "I can hardly think that I am to die yet. I should like to get well for the sake of my dear afflicted wife. Still the Lord may have determined otherwise, and HE WILL DO WHAT IS RIGHT." He frequently replied, in answer to the inquiries of deeply-interested friends, "MY CASE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE LORD," adding, "he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

Friday, 18*th*.—He was very much prostrated. His attendants were surprised that he should so soon become unable to rise or help himself. During all this

day he required constant assistance. He *expressed* his convictions that his recovery was doubtful, and also remarked, "that he had never been so violently or dangerously attacked before; but always added, "IT IS ALL WITH THE LORD." He was now earnestly engaged in prayer for himself, and requested the prayers of others, and remarked, "I have great confidence in the prayers of the righteous."

Saturday, 19*th*.—At the request of Mr. Walker, Rev. Thomas Collett went to his meeting at Clarkesville, on Saturday. Mr. Walker was now *dangerously ill*, and when brother Collett was about to start, he said, "Tell my brethren at Clarkesville to pray for me. *I have great confidence in the power of prayer*, in answer to which it may please the Lord to add unto my life;" and then added, with much emotion, "O that my dear Catherine knew how sick I am! I know I should have the special benefit of her prayers for my recovery." Rev. J. Maxey waited upon him during this day. On the return of Mr. Collett, in the evening, Mr. Walker was very much interested to know the particulars of the quarterly meeting at Clarkesville.

Sunday, 20*th*.—Having rested better on Saturday night, he was thought by himself and physician to be a little better in the morning. But as the day advanced he grew worse, and at night had a high fever. He told Mr. Brindle, the kind-hearted gentleman with whom he staid, that he now believed he "should not recover," but said, "It is right we should make use

of all proper means, and leave the event with God." He desired brother Brindle to conduct the religious exercises in the evening. At one time, while his thoughts seemed to be dwelling on the history of his past life, and his conduct as a Christian and a minister, he said, "I have always endeavored to act in view of this great truth, THOU, GOD, SEEST ME." What a consoling reflection this must have been to Mr. Walker at that period!

Monday, 21*st*.—He manifested much concern about his dear wife, and remarked, "She will expect me home to-day or to-morrow, but I will be unable to go for many days—perhaps never." He then proposed to send a messenger to inform her of his illness, but finally concluded to send a letter, which was done. He also made some engagements for his next quarterly meeting, and conversed much upon religious topics. At one time he said, "I can not tell what the Lord is about to do with me;" but then added his favorite and often-quoted motto, "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

Tuesday, 22*d*.—Attentively cared for all day by Mr. Collett and Mr. Maxey; very ill in the evening; medicines producing no favorable change. He remarked again during this day, "I have endeavored to act under a deep conviction that 'THOU, GOD, SEEST ME,' and I have tried to do the best I could, but now I have nothing to boast of—

> 'This all my hope and all my plea,
> For me the Savior died.'"

The Rev. Stephen H. Holland remained with him during the night. In view of Mr. Walker's critical situation, Dr. Davis deemed it best, and, at once, to call in Dr. Jones to assist him as a consulting physician.

Wednesday, 23*d*.—Still suffering very much. His friends had another season of prayer in his sick-room. As they were about to commence, it was announced that his physicians were coming in, which occasioned a little hesitancy on the part of Rev. S. H. Holland, who was invited to conduct the exercises. On perceiving this, Mr. Walker instantly remarked, "Gentlemen, go on with your prayers—I do not stop my prayers for any thing." After prayers, Mr. Holland said to him, "Brother Walker, I hope you will get well;" to which he replied, "I shall, brother, if the Lord please." At another time he said to Mr. Collett, "Well, brother, I have been trying to do the Lord's will for the last thirty years; I am now *suffering* his will. It is one thing to *do*, and another to *suffer* the *Divine will*. We may serve God both in doing and in suffering." About twelve o'clock Mr. Collett said, "Mr. Walker, I am going to dinner now, and to see my wife." At this saying he seemed to be deeply moved—the tears gathered in his eyes, and he replied, "I have a wife too that I would love to see now. Poor Catherine, how anxious she will feel for me!" In the afternoon of this day he was much engaged in prayer, and often repeated the language of David, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and

renew a right spirit within me;" adding that sweet stanza,

> "Take my poor heart, and let it be
> Forever closed to all but Thee;
> Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
> The pledge of love forever there."

On the seventh day of Mr. Walker's illness, finding that there was a probability of his lingering some time, though his physicians still apprehended no danger in his case, Mr. Walker requested one of the young ministers—Rev. Mr. J. Maxey—to convey in person the tidings of his illness to his afflicted wife at Germantown. For two days Mrs. Walker had looked, with anxious solicitude, for the return of her husband as usual. But, ah! she looked in vain! On Wednesday morning, while she was walking on the upper porch at her brother's, she saw the messenger at a distance coming toward the house. Although a stranger, at the moment she saw him, she felt in her heart that he was the bearer of sad tidings, which, alas! was too soon verified. The messenger, however, insisted that she should not be alarmed—that at the time of his departure her husband's symptoms were more favorable; and that Mr. W. did not wish her, in her very feeble and prostrated state of health, to attempt to visit him, unless it became absolutely necessary. Mrs. Walker, although extremely anxious to go, concluded to remain till Mr. Walker's brother, with whom she resided, should go and bring her word again as to his true condition. On the arrival of his brother, Moses, at Wilmington, he expressed much

pleasure, indeed, at seeing and conversing with him. He assured his brother that his recovery was doubtful, and requested that he should write his last will and testament. His brother Moses could not realize at that moment the critical condition of his brother George, whom he loved so well. He spoke of his brother's strong constitution, his power of endurance, and tried to rally him by saying, "I think you have given up too easily; try and bear up, my brother, I think you have strength enough left yet to wear out this disease." To this his brother George responded in language worthy of himself in his best days, "No, sir! No, sir! I have not surrendered easy—I have contended every inch of ground with this disease, and I will conquer; but I shall not get well."

His brother Moses was obliged to leave in a few hours, and return home in consequence of his little son, who was lying very dangerously ill. He requested Rev. Mr. Collett and others to attend to the writing of his will. He did not apprehend that his brother would die, but made arrangements with the friends who were in attendance to send a special messenger for Mrs. W., or a dispatch to Dayton, if his symptoms should become more alarming. Dispatches were sent, but unfortunately did not arrive at Germantown.

Friday, 25th.—He was no better, and his symptoms were more unfavorable. In the evening he requested brother Collett to write his will. It was finished about midnight's solemn hour, and signed by

Jacob Brindle and R. P. Finley. As soon as it was finished he seemed much relieved, and, no doubt, felt that his work was almost done.

Saturday, 26th.—Rested apparently pretty well; inclined to sleep most of the day. In the evening he requested Mr. Collett to read the Scriptures. He selected the fourteenth chapter of St. John. When he came to the twenty-seventh verse, Mr. Walker interrupted him, and said, "Yes, that is what I have—'PEACE, PEACE'—I have no sense of condemnation, nor any uncommon sense of divine approbation, but PEACE WITH GOD."

"Glorious the Christian hero falls
From earthly fetters free;
Beneath the ensign of the cross,
Waving in victory.
Behold him gazing on the folds,
Anxious for his release;
High hopes of heaven are in his heart,
His sainted death shout 'PEACE.'"

Late in the evening he was suffering very much from a high fever, which had now evidently assumed a typhoid form. He requested Mr. Collett to remain with him during that night.

Sabbath, July 27th.—In the morning he seemed much inclined to conversation. Several Christian friends came in, with whom he conversed freely.

Mr. Collett having to preach and attend to other duties during the day, did not see him till evening. On his coming in again, Mr. Walker said, "My precious brother, where have you been so long?" He

replied, "I have been much engaged—preaching in the morning, and also in the afternoon." "That is right," replied Mr. Walker. Mr. C. then informed him that he had appointed a season of prayers for his benefit, prior to the evening service. Mr. Walker again expressed his confidence in the efficacy of prayer, and said, "I hope, brother, you will have a very solemn time."

After mutual consultation among his friends, it was thought best to send a special messenger, with a carriage, for Mrs. Walker, to Germantown, where she was confined to bed by a long-continued illness. Heretofore Mr. Walker had opposed her coming, knowing, as he said, "she would more than likely lose her own life in the attempt;" but now he no longer objected. Mr. R. P. Finley and his wife immediately started with their carriage to see if she would undertake the hazardous journey.

This was Walker's last earthly Sabbath. The next was spent in that "nobler rest above,"

> "Which for the Church of God remains,
> The end of cares, the end of pains."

Rev. W. N. Maxey, who watched with Mr. Walker day and night, remarks:

"His confidence in God was unshaken at all times during his severe illness. While holding conversations with his physicians and friends he often remarked that he had confidence in the remedies used only as they should receive the *Divine* blessing upon

them. At all times, when speaking of the hopes of his recovery, his language invariably was this: 'If it should be the *will of the Lord*, I hope to recover.' He requested me several times to read the Scriptures for him. He took delight in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John: 'Let not your heart be troubled; I am the true vine,' etc. He also took great pleasure in the ninety-first Psalm, commencing, 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' On one or two occasions, when apparently distressed in mind, and suffering much in his physical nature also, I asked him why he appeared so much distressed; he replied it was owing to bodily pain, and on the account of his separation from his beloved companion in time of affliction. When asked if the religion he had so long recommended to others sustained him in the hours of his severest sufferings, he always responded promptly in the *affirmative*."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Surely, I come quickly. Amen! Even so, come Lord Jesus.—REVELATION XXII, 20.

"THEY KNOW WALKER."

"SHOUT! SHOUT! WHY DON'T YOU SHOUT!"

Monday, 28*th*.—He was very restless, and suffered much during Sunday night, but more quiet through the day. He talked, frequently, of the probability that he would not recover, in consequence of his continued and increasing prostration, both of mind and body, but added, "The Lord can raise me up, if he will." He was much engaged in prayer through the day, and quoted largely from the Bible and hymn-book very accurately, with a little assistance. He seemed to enjoy this exercise very much. At one time he said, "IF I DIE, I HAVE NO DOUBT BUT THAT I SHALL BE SAVED." At another time, on Monday, he said: "The pain with which I was seized at sister Quinn's has never left me since." Knowing that Mrs. Walker had been sent for, he seemed very impatient to see her, and frequently asked Mr. Collett when he thought she would arrive; and then added, "Poor dear wife, it is a great journey for her, but

she will come, or die in the attempt." Mrs. Walker, in consequence of the failure of dispatches, was kept in a state of painful suspense, known only to those who are called to endure it, from Friday till Monday, the 28th of July, when her brother-in-law, M. B. Walker, Esq., early in the morning, came to her chamber of sickness, and informed her that a messenger had arrived, bringing the sad intelligence that her husband was sinking fast, and that but very little hopes were entertained of his recovery. This was as the knell of death to the hopes of Mrs. Walker. The language of her heart, at that moment, was, "Let me go, that I may die with him." She instantly arose from her bed, and prepared for starting. This was a solemn and deeply-affecting scene. She put her own *burial-clothes* into her trunk with her wardrobe, expecting to return no more till brought back in her coffin, to be laid in the grave with her beloved one. She was assisted into an easy carriage, which had been so furnished and arranged, that she could be taken in a reclining posture. Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Finley, and her brother-in-law, she set out upon her sad journey to W., a distance of thirty-five miles across the country, over a hilly road a great part of the way. Mrs. Walker, for some time, had been suffering from a disease of the heart, and, though now slowly recovering, was not able to bear much fatigue or excitement. Her physician and friends thought it almost impossible for her to endure the ride, yet her determination and desire were

strong to go, and *die with him*, who was dearer to her than life itself. This was a day such as there had been none like unto it in her past history, an hour of deep and agonizing sorrow, such as she never had before experienced. The weather was extremely warm and oppressive. They proceeded slowly along, doubting whether she would be able to go half the way without becoming entirely exhausted. However, God was better to them than all their fears.

Soon after their departure a dark cloud overspread the sky, and a heavy shower of rain laid the dust and cooled the sultry air. This was a blessing, and helped to strengthen the faith and steady the trembling nerves and palpitating heart of this feeble and heroic woman. They reached Waynesville, rested for a short season, and then proceeded on their journey. On reaching Wilmington, about 6 o'clock, P. M., another heavy shower came up, accompanied with a thunder-storm, which compelled Mrs. Walker to remain some time in the carriage, after arriving opposite the house of Mr. Brindle, where Mr. Walker was confined to his death-chamber. This was a moment of painful suspense to Mrs. W., while, in silent grief, she sat in the carriage, not knowing as yet but that he was "already dead," and she should hear his voice no more. As soon as the storm abated she was removed from the carriage, and carried to the room where the husband of her youth lay almost helpless under the power of disease. As Mrs. Walker pressed his pale and sallow cheek, all the

tender sensibilities of his noble heart were moved, and he wept in silence. His tongue, now faltering with extreme weakness, failed to express the deep emotions of his soul. Mrs. Walker, fearing the effect of this meeting upon his feeble frame and wasted energies, endeavored, through the strength of that grace which had hitherto sustained her—summoned all her remaining fortitude, and tried to suppress her *own grief*, that she might once more encourage *his fainting spirit.* After taking a little stimulant he revived, and, as usual, forgetful of self and his own sufferings, spoke of the trial it gave him to have her exposed to the storm, in the carriage at the door; but, on being assured that she had received no injury, he seemed to check the murmur, by saying, "I am so weak now, that I can not control my feelings." He then made a remark in regard to Mrs. W.'s comfort, and then asked for the young woman who had accompanied her, and desired to shake hands with her also. After taking a short repose, he said, "WE MUST BE RESIGNED TO THE HOLY AND BLESSED WILL OF GOD, and say, 'THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.'" Mrs. Walker, though much fatigued by the journey, nerved herself for the last kind effort to administer comfort to her dying husband. She remained with him most of the night, and during the few days and nights which he remained on earth, desiring in her heart, as she often said, that by the will of God she might *die with him.* Like Ruth, she could say, truly, "Thy people shall

be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more, also, if *aught* but death part thee and me." Ruth i, 16, 17.

She willingly gave her last shred of strength to wait upon him, and to try and soothe his sufferings. It was very providential that Mrs. W. came just when she did, as the disease afterward progressed rapidly in its fatal mission. Mr. Walker was not afraid or terrified at the approach of death. Asking the physicians one day what they thought of his case, and seeing that they hesitated, he said, "*Speak candidly, gentlemen,* I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE!"

The last three or four days of his life he suffered intensely, but never murmured.

Tuesday, 29th.—He suffered much; and such was the violence of his disease, and its tendency to the brain, that his mind did not always maintain its balance. His heart, however, unerringly pointed heavenward; and amid his occasional spells of delirium, a train of religious ideas seemed to pervade his mind, and he often gave utterance to many beautiful things. At one time he heard some one utter profane language in the street. He instantly roused up, and said, "There will be none of that in heaven."

Wednesday, 30th.—Last night was one of great suffering, and in the morning he was evidently declining very fast. Although his mind was affected, he knew those around him, and seemed sensible of his situation; yet he could not concentrate his mind

upon any subject so as to converse much. He recognized the Rev. William Simmons, who had called to see him, but could not converse at length, yet readily assented to many things said by Mr. Simmons, and seemed to understand his prayer. He would frequently try to quote a passage of Scripture, or stanza of poetry, but not being able to recollect it all, would ask some one near him to repeat the remainder. The following beautiful words seemed to be much in his mind:

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
The pledge of love forever there."

And when the last line was finished, he would respond, "Yes, that is it, that is it." When asked by Mr. Simmons if he had any message to send to the members of his conference, he simply replied, "THEY KNOW WALKER." He did not notice the departure of Mr. Simmons. As night came on, it became apparent that he could not survive long. His bodily sufferings, during a great part of the night, were intense. At one time he said,

"He 'll not live in glory and leave me behind."

At another time he said, "I am ready to die or live." And many other expressions, of a similar import, probably fell from his lips unnoticed, owing to the anxiety of friends to administer to his bodily wants. He seemed not only sensible, but very grateful to his brethren and sisters, who were in constant attend-

ance, ministering to his wants, and laboring to preserve his precious life. At one time he remarked, "I ought to be a very happy man, there are so many kind sisters and brothers around me, waiting upon me, and administering to my comfort." And seeing his wife shedding tears, he said, "Do not weep, do not weep." Ah! methinks, could he have spoken more, he would have added:

"Farewell, my dearest wife! I 'm loth to part
With thee, the dear companion of my care
And bliss, when I had any bliss to share;
So round my heart, with many a fiber bound,
To give thee up, inflicts the deepest wound;
But Jesus calls me to his blest abode.
I go *the first*, but thou art on the road;
'Tis but a moment, love! REPRESS THY TEARS."

He repeated the same expression at another time, "Do not weep." He seemed to feel deeply on account of leaving her alone in the world in her feeble state of health. He called her frequently with tenderness, "My poor, dear wife;" but for fear of distressing her too much, refrained from speaking of their separation personally to her, but requested his brother, M. B. Walker, Esq., to "take her to his own home, and take care of her; to be kind to her in gratifying her little wishes, and in supplying her wants while her life should be spared." In speaking of his wish and desire that she should stay in his brother's family, he remarked, "She will then be close by me," probably remembering her oft-expressed wish that they might both be laid in the same

grave, and believing, as he said, that "she would soon follow him."

During his last hours, at one time he said, "I am a homeward-bound pilgrim." During his last night on earth he quoted much from the Bible, and appreciated very much any assistance afforded him by his friends in finishing passages which he was only able to commence. As the night advanced, respiration became more difficult; and as his sufferings increased, he prayed more ardently for "help to endure." After midnight he aroused from his state of coma, or stupor, and exclaimed, "SHOUT! SHOUT! WHY DON'T YOU SHOUT!" And at another time he seemed to be charging the enemy at the head of the valiant and noble band of his co-laborers in the conference, and he exclaimed, "O ye ministers! ye ministers!" Mr. Collett said, "What do you wish to say to us, Mr. Walker?" "Well," said he, "I want you to put down sin and the devil." Rev. William M. Smith, who stood by his dying-bed, says: "A short time before he breathed his last, during a partial exemption from bodily anguish, I observed an expression of triumph on his countenance, and gathered from his dying lips the significant words of 'VICTORY!—GLORY!—HALLELUIAH!' He soon afterward lost the power of articulation. His respiration became less difficult and slower, till at last, amid weeping friends, his freed spirit left its clay tenement, on Thursday morning, 20 minutes past 4 o'clock."

Mr. Walker was dressed and laid in his coffin in

the same clothes in which he had preached his last discourses on Sabbath. When his hands were folded across his breast, he presented that noble dignity and calm serenity of countenance which characterized him in life. In five hours after his death his body was placed in the hearse, and Mrs. Walker, with a bleeding heart, was placed in an easy carriage, accompanied by Mrs. Finley, the kind-hearted woman who had gone to Germantown with her husband to bring Mrs. W. to Wilmington; Rev. William M. Smith, from Germantown circuit, and M. B. Walker, Esq., and a few others, also accompanied them homeward on their mournful journey. At the time of their departure the house of Mr. Brindle was filled with sympathizing and mourning friends, and members of the Church at Wilmington, for whose spiritual welfare Mr. Walker had given his labors, and spent his last strength. As the mournful procession slowly proceeded through the country and towns toward the last resting-place of the dead, the response of the driver to the oft-repeated inquiry, "Whose remains are you carrying to the grave?" was like a dart which pierced afresh the bleeding heart of Mrs. W.; yet she was upheld amidst it all by an unseen but almighty Hand, a wonder to herself and friends, a monument of Divine power and sustaining grace.

They arrived at Spring Hill, the residence of M. B. Walker, Esq., just as the sun was sinking below the western horizon. Sympathizing friends had gathered in to watch during the night with the remains of their

departed friend and faithful minister. Dispatches announcing his death, had been sent to his ministerial brethren, at Cincinnati and Dayton.

Mrs. Walker wishes me to record, in this permanent form, not only her gratitude to Him alone whose mercy has thus far sustained her in this severe trial, but especially to express her gratitude and heart-felt thanks to the family of Mr. Jacob Brindle, in whose house, and from whose kind family, Mr. Walker received so much sympathy and numerous acts of kindness and attention, during his protracted sufferings. Also to express her sincere and heart-felt thanks to the stationed minister, Rev. Thomas Collett, whose unremitting attention together, with that of Rev. J. Maxey, R. P. Finley and lady, Drs. Davis and Jones, and many others, whose names I know not, excited the admiration, and drew forth from Mr. Walker so many expressions of gratitude during his sickness. God grant that they and their families may find mercy in that day! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

CHAPTER XLV.

CEREMONIES AT SPRING HILL.

Weep ye not for the dead: neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.—JEREMIAH XXII, 10.

"Few men could boast more friends than thou,
As sighs and tears may tell;
From those who never knew till now
They loved thee half so 'well.'"

IN consequence of the warmth of the weather it became necessary to inter the body on the following day. The funeral services took place at the residence of his brother, near Germantown. Although the notice was short, a large number of friends from the village and surrounding country were present on that mournful occasion. The funeral discourse was preached at 2 o'clock, P. M., by his old friend and co-laborer, Rev. Michael Marlay, presiding elder of Dayton district. The discourse was founded upon the following appropriate words:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Timothy iv, 7, 8.

Mr. Marlay, after giving a brief and lucid explanation of the doctrines of the text, proceeded to apply the subject to the life and character of the deceased in a striking and appropriate manner. While speaking of the manhood, courage, gifts, graces, integrity, and purity of life and conduct, and success of Mr. Walker's ministry, at times he was moved and filled with deep emotion. As he continued to speak, with a choked utterance, sighs and sobs filled every part of the house.

The strong and manly frame of the speaker was bowed under the great weight of the unexpected stroke, so that at times it was with difficulty that he could proceed with his discourse. As I gazed upon the moving scene, I was ready to exclaim, "Behold! he loved him!" At the close of his sermon he remarked as follows:

"I first became acquainted with Rev. G. W. Walker in the fall of 1826, when on his way to the local conference, from which he was recommended to the Ohio annual conference. We were introduced by a mutual friend, in the altar of prayer, on the camp-ground, near Ridgeville, where we were both engaged in laboring with seekers of religion. There I first heard his manly voice raised in earnest prayer to God, and was struck with his ardent manner and spirit. He was received into the Ohio annual conference that fall, and was appointed to Union circuit, where his fourth or fifth sermon was preached in my house. In the fall of 1833 we were appointed to the Urbana

circuit, where we labored together two years. During these two years I became intimately acquainted with him, and from that time to the day of his death I never entertained a doubt as to his sterling integrity of character. Mr. Walker and myself since that time have been closely united in our views and feelings, and have conferred together in the most confidential manner on all subjects relating to the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"During those years that we traveled together his pious wife was greatly afflicted; indeed, she was confined nearly all the time during the two years to her bed, and we frequently expected that she would soon die; but, amidst all these afflictions, Mr. Walker was always at his post as a self-sacrificing soldier of the cross. While he was heroic and undaunted in the hour of conflict, he was lamb-like when by the bedside of his afflicted companion. Indeed, he never appeared to better advantage to me in any position than he did by the side of his afflicted wife. In fact, he was a true man. He was sometimes impetuous, *but he could not act in a mean or dishonorable way.* He would do what he believed to be right at any sacrifice. Who ever knew G. W. Walker to quail in the hour of conflict? His LION HEART knew no fear, and yet, a kinder heart never beat in the breast of man. He was a preacher of great force and power; and, doubtless, he will have many 'stars in his crown of rejoicing' gathered from his different fields of labor. He was always frank to express his views on all sub-

jects that might be presented for consideration before the body of which he was a member. He had no *concealment* in his character, yet he would treat an opponent with the utmost fairness and courtesy. He was no bigot. He was a conservative man—by which I do not mean one who is opposed to TRUE PROGRESS, but one who, from principle, would rather suffer wrong than to do wrong. He would never, however, 'compromise' at the sacrifice of principle.

"Mr. Walker was four times a member of the General conference; and in 1848 took an active part in the action of that body which declared the plan of separation—so called—a *nullity*. In 1852 he was an active member; and in the last General conference at Indianapolis he was an active and influential member. He made an able speech on the '*great question*'—opposing any action that would, in his judgment, be an infraction of the organic law of the Church.

"Mr. Walker was a growing Christian in his religious experience. Those who knew him could not fail to see that, as he advanced in years, his Christian character was maturing constantly.

"During the present summer, in our pleasant interviews, I was struck with his increasing spirituality, as seen in social conversations. But I need not give particulars; he was known and read of his brethren in all this region of our country, where he has gone preaching Jesus and the resurrection. He fell at his post, as a soldier of the cross, with sword in hand, and doubtless, is gone to mingle with his fellow-sol-

diers who had gone before him to that brighter world on high. This is not the time nor place to sketch fully his many virtues, if my feelings would allow me to proceed. I am not here to-day to eulogize, but I come more like a friend. I come more in the capacity of a *mourner, as one who had lost a brother.* I am here to sympathize with his smitten family and afflicted relatives. I feel that his character needs nothing like embellishment. I do not possess powers of description adequate to such a task. The impression made by his life and preaching on the living mind and heart of thousands far surpasses the power of description from mortal tongue or pen. In every part of our wide-spread country will be found the willing witnesses of his ability and success as a Christian minister—'living epistles read and known of all men.' He was more than a great man—he was a GOOD MAN—'full of faith and the Holy Ghost.' While we sorrow to-day, let us be reminded that our deceased fellow-laborer has 'entered into the joy of his Lord.' In the society of the 'pure and the holy' he mingles to-day among the redeemed, and walks the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, clad in his snow-white robe, in sweet fellowship with the sainted Collins, Jones, Hunter, Christie, Bigelow, Raper, and a host of his co-laborers that have gone on before. We weep and rejoice both on this solemn occasion. We sorrow not as those who have no hope. We look up with the eye of faith to the country that is very far off, and see him there. We would not recall him

if we could from his 'heaven of rest' to the conflict and toils of the itinerancy. No, no!

'We would not wish to call him back
To earth, ungenial soil,
Again to bear earth's darksome gloom;
Its anguish and its toil.

We would not, in our selfish love,
Drag his blessed spirit down
From glory's clime, nor from his brow
Wrest the angelic crown.'

No, my beloved congregation, as with mournful tread we follow him to the cemetery and there repeat the solemn ritual,

'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,'

rather let us say, 'Sleep on, sleep on, my brother; thine is a glorious rest. Peace, peace to thy memory! Thou art now forever at rest.' 'Asleep in Jesus.' But, glory to God, when the last trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised, we will greet our brother again, in that land where

'Death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.' "

The close of this eloquent and affecting sermon was followed by a short address from the writer of these brief recollections, after which we united to sing the 1086th hymn, commencing,

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

His remains were then removed to the cemetery, followed by his weeping friends, and a number of his brethren of the Cincinnati conference, from the surrounding circuits and stations, and placed in a public vault.

On Sabbath, August 10th, the coffin was removed, and placed in a family vault, which had been prepared, in the form of a grave, walled to the top, and covered with stone slabs. This vault is of sufficient capacity to contain the remains of his wife by his side, when God shall call her from the sorrows of earth. The funeral service at the burial was read by Dr. Comstock, assisted by Rev. Mr. Henkle, of the Lutheran Church at Germantown. As the coffin was lowered to its resting-place, Mrs. Walker placed a white rose and an evergreen upon his bosom, and bedewed it with her tears, as the pledge of her changeless and undying love.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FUNERAL SERMONS—OBITUARY ADDRESSES.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—PSALM CXII, 6.

"He has fallen as falls the summer tree,
In the bloom of its honors, ere the blight
Of autumn has seared a leaf that adorns it."

THE tidings of the death of Mr. Walker was received with profound grief wherever he was known, but more especially by the members of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences. No minister has died recently in the great Mississippi valley whose departure has been more universally lamented by the members of our denomination. Resolutions expressive of his great moral worth, and loss to the Church of one of its "brightest ornaments," were passed by "official" bodies in many stations and circuits. Funeral sermons and obituary addresses were written and delivered simultaneously in different parts of the Cincinnati conference.

Rev. Michael Marlay, in compliance with the official request of the quarterly meeting conference of Winchester circuit, preached a second sermon on the death of Mr. Walker, at the Winchester camp meeting. I had the pleasure of hearing him preach a *third* funeral discourse, on the death of our much-

beloved Walker, by the request of the official members of the quarterly conference of Concord circuit. This sermon was founded on 1 Thessalonians iv, 13, 14, and delivered at the Concord camp-ground, eight miles north of this city. It was more eloquent and moving than the first, and left a fine impression on the large assembly. All of us seemed to feel that day that Mr. Walker

"Should have died hereafter."

Two funeral sermons were preached by Rev. Samuel Clark in Iowa; one at the camp-ground, and the other at the church, where repose in silence the remains of Mr. Walker's parents. Rev. David Warnock preached a sermon on the occasion of his death at the old Walker homestead in Champaign county.

An eloquent funeral sermon was preached at Buena Vista by Rev. A. W. Musgrove, in compliance with the following official document:

"At the fourth quarterly meeting conference for Buena Vista circuit, Hillsboro district, Cincinnati annual conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, held August 2, 1856, at East Monroe, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, it hath pleased almighty God to remove by death our beloved presiding elder, the late Rev. George W. Walker; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, by the quarterly meeting conference of Buena Vista circuit,

"1. That in the death of our lamented presiding elder, the Church has sustained a great loss; society, a bright ornament; truth and religion, a warm and zealous friend and champion; error and vice, an uncomprising and deadly foe.

"2. That though we deeply lament this, to us, inscrutable dispensation of divine Providence, yet we sorrow not as those that have no hope; being firmly persuaded that if *we* improve the grace of God, we shall be permitted to hail our departed brother

'Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and feared no more.'

"3. That we hereby respectfully request the Rev. A. W. Musgrove to improve this melancholy event, by preaching a sermon on the occasion, in this place, to-morrow, at 11 o'clock.

"4. That the members of this quarterly conference do hereby tender to sister Walker their heartfelt condolence and sympathy.

"5. That the preacher in charge of this circuit be requested to forward a copy of this preamble and resolutions to sister Walker, and also to the Western Christian Advocate, for publication; and also, that a copy be spread on the journals of this quarterly conference."

Rev. William I. Ellsworth, pastor of Raper Chapel, improved this melancholy dispensation by preaching in his church, in this city, an able and well-timed dis-

course, the concluding portion of which I take great pleasure in presenting the reader.

The sermon was founded upon these appropriate words: "But go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." Dan. xii, 13.

Mr. Ellsworth commenced by saying: "The worship of God is always solemn, but is rendered peculiarly so on the present occasion by association. We have met to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of that great and good man, Rev. George W. Walker, etc. 'Religion,' says Mr. Watson, 'saves us from many evils, but does not shield us from the stroke of death. It blunts its point, but does not avert the dart,'" etc.

After speaking of the work of the Christian minister, his dismissal and glorious reward, after the toils of his earthly mission were ended, Mr. Ellsworth remarked: "I am not here to eulogize the dead. The character of Mr. Walker needs it not. The emotions of my heart, on this mournful occasion, are too big for utterance. I do not wonder that you, too, weep, and mourn his early death. Often has he stood in this pulpit, and spoken 'all the words of this life.' But we shall hear his voice no more. He has gone to the

> 'Land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign.'

"I loved him as a brother, and shared his confidence and esteem. I would honor his memory by speaking

of his many virtues. He was long and favorably known by the laity and ministers of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences, as one of the most efficient, trustworthy, and successful servants of the Church. His early religious training was in the Roman Catholic faith, his parents being members of that Church. But the dogmas of that jesuitical and proscriptive ecclesiastical organization did not suit the ingenuous and independent mind of young Walker. He therefore sought his religious associations elsewhere, and seems to have been directed by the hand of Providence to the Methodists. Here he soon imbibed a strong partiality for their doctrinal teachings, and earnest manner of preaching, and when some twenty years of age professed conversion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, at a camp meeting in the vicinity of the town of Urbana, in this state.

"It was not long after this, till the Church became persuaded that God had called the young man to the great and responsible work of the Christian ministry. She accordingly gave him license to preach, and sent him into the harvest-field, where for the period of more than thirty years he was a noble reaper and sheaf-gatherer for his Lord. His first appointment in the regular work was to the old Union circuit, in 1826. Subsequently he traveled in the territory of Michigan, and over the greater portion of southern Ohio, preaching the word of life alike to the dwellers in the back forests and in the populous city. During his ministry, he filled a number of the most important

and popular appointments, in the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences.

"At the last Cincinnati conference he was appointed by Bishop Morris to the Hillsboro district, where he closed his life and labors together, in the town of Wilmington, on Thursday morning, July 31, 1856, aged 52 years. Truly, we may say that a 'prince and a great man has fallen in Israel.' Brother Walker needs no commendation or eulogy from me, and yet it is proper on this occasion that I should bring before you some of the more prominent traits of his character, as a man and Christian minister. Mr. Walker possessed a fine physical man. His person was large, well-proportioned, muscular, and formed for endurance. He had a good forehead, the perceptive faculties predominating; a strongly-knit brow, indicating decision; a keen, flashing, dark-blue eye, softened by the light of good-humor; nose sharp; lips compressed, showing firmness of character, and withal a bland and noble countenance, indicating a kind heart and generous nature. Intellectually, he was liberally endowed by nature, and had he enjoyed the means of a thorough early mental training, would have stood in the front rank of American preachers. Under all the disadvantages, however, of this lack of literary training, by close application to study, and reliance upon God, he came to be a workman in the Church that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, and giving to saint and sinner their portion in due season. His sermons were gen-

erally well prepared, and were addressed to the heart as well as the intellect. He preached as though he believed the message he was delivering, and felt its importance, and seemed to have his eye alternately upon his audience, and upon the retributions of eternity. In a word, he preached as one who felt he must give an account for the faithful performance of his duty. He therefore never 'daubed with untempered mortar,' or 'healed the hurt of the daughter of the Lord's people slightly.' Nor did he leave the sinner to conjecture whether he was meant to be addressed or not, but made him feel that he was the man, and often left the arrow of truth deeply infixed in his heart. As the result, therefore, of his labors, God gave him many seals to his ministry, many stars for his crown. Few men in our own Church, or elsewhere, have been more successful in winning souls to Christ than George W. Walker. In this respect, God put a great honor upon him, and thousands will thank God in the day of eternity that they ever heard his voice, and sat under his ministry. He was likewise a good pastor—a shepherd that cared for his flock—faithfully visiting his people; counseling, advising, and sympathizing with them, as circumstances might require. He was himself a cheerful Christian, and sought to infuse a similar spirit into the minds of others. He also had a tender heart for the afflicted, and was always ready to minister consolations to the sick and dying. He was a wise and safe administrator of discipline; kind but faithful in dealing with

offenders; never cutting them off till there was no reasonable hope of cure. As an evidence of his wisdom and prudence in the councils of the Church, he was four times chosen, by his brethren of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences, a delegate to represent them in the General conference. During the last twenty years of his life, he took an active part in the business of the annual conferences, of which he was a member, and was generally considered by his brethren a safe leader in all the councils of the Church. He was an indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He not only did the work the Church assigned him, but did all he could, and seemed not to think his work done while there remained any thing to do. He made it a matter of conscience to fill all his appointments unless providentially prevented, and to be there at the time. He was equally at home in the pulpit, kneeling beside the penitent, or abroad among his people, as a Christian pastor, or in the chamber of sickness and death.

"George Walker was a true man. He loved the Church of his choice—her people—her doctrines—her Discipline—her earnest and spiritual worship—and faithfully did he defend them. He was warmly attached to his brethren of the ministry, and loved them as fellow-laborers in the great work of converting the world. His work on earth is now done; but like a true Christian and moral hero, he fell at his post, with his armor on. He fell covered with the laurels of a thousand battles."

CHAPTER XLVII.

SOLEMN RITES AT WILMINGTON.

The bitterness of death is past.—1 SAMUEL XV, 32.

What aileth the people that they weep?—1 SAMUEL XI, 5.

"Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away—only *themselves die faster.*"

ON the 17th of August, solemn and appropriate services were held in the Methodist Church, at Wilmington, Ohio—the place where Rev. G. W. Walker had closed the labors of his long and useful ministerial career. The esteem in which he had been held by the citizens of that place, and the neighboring community, was amply evinced by the almost universal attendance.

The funeral sermon for that occasion was, by request, delivered by Rev. Alfred M. Lorrain, author of "Sea Sermons," etc.

The sermon was delivered in his peculiar, fervent manner, with "dripping tears," and produced an overwhelming effect upon the audience. I am truly glad, for the sake of those who did not hear it, to be permitted to present an outline of that discourse, which is so characteristic of the warm heart and generous

soul of Alfred M. Lorrain, whose "praise is in all the Churches." The preacher selected for his text 2 Timothy iv, 6, 7, 8.

He introduced his subject by observing, that if these words had been spoken by the expiring friend of any one present, they would have sunk, with imperishable force, on an affectionate heart. But how much more worthy of consideration are they, when we reflect that they were uttered by Saul of Tarsus—he who was once considered an implacable enemy of the Gospel—he whose every breath was impregnated with malice and vengeance against the disciples of the Lord? We are naturally led to inquire,

I. By what strange process was he prepared and made ready to be laid, with impunity, on the altar of death? This question is of the most vital importance, when we remember that every sinner, under the Gospel dispensation, must experience a similar revolution, preparatory to a happy death. Saul's experience was *conviction, conversion, and sanctification.* Here the minister dwelt awhile on the individual case of Paul, defining and defending the three several states of grace, and showing them to be the common privilege of all.

II. He noticed that the apostle knew certainly that the time of his departure was at hand. He had either received his sentence, or God had revealed it to him. He knew the time and the manner of his execution. He went on to argue, that in view of the

limited term of man's existence on earth, and that compared with the endless eternity to which we are hastening, we may each exclaim, "The time of my departure is at hand;" only Paul had this advantage, he knew the day of his exit, we do not. There may be some in the congregation who are much closer to the brink than Paul was when he penned these lines.

III. There were several things which cheered the apostle in "the house of his pilgrimage," and in the near view of death.

1. He had fought a good fight. The enemies he contended with were the *world*, the *flesh*, and the devil. These are the foes of all the members of the Church. And as it regards his ministerial conflicts, they are the portion of Christ's ministers now, saving the corporeal persecutions he endured; the absence of which, in this day, is a gracious parenthesis in ministerial suffering accorded us, for a season, by the tender mercy of the Most High.

2. He kept the faith, in *doctrine* and in *practice*. So must we.

3. The terminus. He finished his course, and now the crown. The preacher eulogized the liberality of the apostle, "Not for me only, but for all who love the appearing of the Lord."

He moreover maintained that, bating the plenary inspiration, and the occasional power of working miracles, and variation of circumstances, the ministry of Christ is the same in all ages—the *fight*—the *departure*—the *crown*—these are all sure, as well as the

promise, "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." In bringing his subject to bear on the pious dead, he remarked: Mr. Walker, like the rest of us, was once, doubtless, a wild and heedless youth, without the knowledge of God. But we have thought, that in the absence of mental and religious culture, he might have possessed the full frame-work of a man. Noble, generous, dignified, as he was, we suppose that at no period of his life would he have stooped to any thing mean or low. We are not informed in regard to the circumstances of his conviction, but think that the maternal influence had much to do in shaping his career. We knew his mother—a Methodist of the purest cast. She had been reared in the Roman faith, and had become the mother of a family before she was brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth. Her conversion was like opening up a new revelation in the family. We still remember the thrilling account she used to give of her experience in love-feast. After her conversion, she overheard her daughters conversing on the subject. "Well," said one, "mother is born again." "What is that?" said another. "Why, she is now holy, and she will always do right, and not give way to her temper any more." Another said, "We will know more about that in the evening, when mother goes to milk *that* cow." The cow was a very stubborn and rebellious beast that mother had to manage. Hearing this, she went to her closet, and to her knees, and implored the Lord to grant her grace and pa-

tience for every time of need, so that she might not do or say any thing that might lessen the opinion her children had of religion. So when the hour of temptation came, she took her pail, and approaching the cow in the kindest manner, she gently stroked her back, and addressed her in words of unusual pleasantness. The cow looked amazed, and stood still in her tracks, through the whole process, even to the "strippings." "And I verily thought at the time," said Mrs. Walker in the love-feast, "that the cow was also converted." The true secret was, the cow had never been approached in such a godlike manner. Gentle men have gentle horses.

Now a new leaven had entered the house, and the youthful heart of George, doubtless, often swelled, and his bright eyes often filled, in listening to the new and rapturous theme of his mother. He joined the Methodist Church under the administration of Rev. George Gatch, who was then a youthful minister in the itinerancy.

It was in the year of 1828 that we became personally acquainted with Mr. Walker. His father's family was embraced in the field of our labor; and he had come home on a visit. He was with us at some of our meetings and camp meetings. We were both young in the work, and our hearts soon flowed together like two drops of water. He had been sent to the north of our then vast conference, where the fevers and the chills of the climate had well-nigh ruined a constitution remarkably robust. It was a

wise move of the appointing power in bringing him down into southern Ohio, and thereby securing to the Church his valuable labors of thirty years' duration. Mr. Walker was drilled in the school of itinerancy—that hard itinerancy of by-gone years—so laborious, so ennobling. He has filled every post in the itinerancy, with the exception of the Episcopacy, which he assuredly would have graced, if the providence of God had called him to it. Well do we remember how in the General conference, at Boston, the eye of the stranger, in roving over that august body of men, would light and rest on his noble figure; and then I would smile, for I was proud of his appearance. * * * * Brethren, when called to this solemn work, I came promptly; but still I dreaded the ground I am now entering on. You see that my feelings, thus far, have been braced sharp up to the wind, but I must slack off my sheets a little, and ease my braces.

> "Time, great instructor! thine it is to prove
> What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love."

We need not tell you, gray-haired men, how he discharged the duties of a circuit preacher—how, in the zeal of his youth and the fullness of his soul, he bounded over your then large and difficult work. In later years he has filled very important stations, and always to the satisfaction of the Church. Difficult agencies have been committed to his trust, and these conference agencies throw the minister on all his resources, in heaven above, and on the earth

beneath. He has thrice been appointed to the office of the presiding eldership; and it was in this duty he finished his course. We need not tell you of his success; his swelling congregations, his powerful meetings, your present grief—too big for utterance—all attest that your ministerial glory has been smitten to the ground. The sound of his last labors has scarcely died on your ears. We hope that the unction, which attended them, will never leave your hearts. His last labors seemed to be the sweetest; yes, say you, like the last notes of the dying swan. May we never forget them! Here he preached his last *sermon;* here he sung his last *hymn;* here he breathed his last *prayer.*

> "He watched, he wept, he prayed, he felt for all;
> And as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds—and led the way."

Like your own pleasant Barrett, he fell in your midst, all harnessed for the fight.

> "His body, with his charge, laid down,
> And ceased at once to work and live."

But here comes an idea moving most delicately but thrillingly over one of the finest fibers of my soul. I see, in fancy, the bereaved and widowed one. O, how many thoughts are awakened! The other old homestead rises up before me—the hospitable cottage of Dr. Elbert, the sanctified, the beloved physician. And, sisters, we must again cite your attention

to maternal power. Mother Elbert was the personification of all that is good and benevolent. Many a time we reposed our wearied frame under that hospitable roof; and many a cold winter's night, after having retired to rest in a warm room, before such a blazing fire as the last generation could afford, has Mrs. Elbert returned twice, sometimes thrice, to see what more she could do for her guest. "Brother, let me put another quilt on your bed." "No, sister, I have as much as I can breathe under, and feel very snug." "Then let me make you another cup of tea to sleep on." "No, ma'am, I have fared sumptuously, you have covered all my wants, and I am as happy as a king." She would then seem afflicted that she could do no more. It was here that we first saw Mrs. George W. Walker, or Miss Elbert, as she then was. We soon discovered she was full of grace and truth; but we had no idea, then, that she had so highly cultivated her mind. The poetry which she has since given to our periodicals is of a high order; and the little we have seen of her prose possesses a style and chastity that many of our best authors might earnestly crave. When we think of the suddenness of this blow, its frightful magnitude, and then think of the refined and sensitive mind on which it falls, our spirit is overwhelmed. We are not afraid that the sorrows of the world will work her dissolution, or that her piety will lose weight in the crucible. But are there not some strokes of divine Providence, which, although received with due

submission, yet dissever all our earthly enjoyment? Surely the *arc en ciel* of her domestic joy has melted away; and she is worthy, brethren, of your deepest sympathies and most fervent prayers. But here a bright side of our subject rolls up—the crown, the crown! We have seen the *fight*, and the *departure;* but who has seen the *crown*, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give in *that* day? Do you say, what day? We answer, in the morning of the *resurrection.* We can bear with infidels in their railing against the doctrine of the resurrection, but when professed Christians doubt we are amazed. The resurrection of the dead is the most magnificent idea ever revealed to man, excepting the doctrine of the atonement, with which it is so intimately connected; but it is not only magnificent, it is convicting, saving. During the last war with England we were serving, as a volunteer, under Harrison; and while in Fort Meigs, we tented behind a large battery. From that battery, every morning before daylight, was fired a heavy piece of ordnance; at the same time, a band of thirty drummers, and as many fifers, broke loose in the reveille, a piece of music embracing almost every tune, and similar, in its variety, to the song of the nightingale. When that gun fired the encampment shook from gate to gate; the rattling of arms, the confused hum of human voices, the neighing of horses, the provoked music of the songsters of the forest, all broke upon the ear; and we would think, as often as it was repeated, so will

it be in the resurrection, and then it would come to us,

> "How shall I leave my tomb,
> With triumph or regret,
> A fearful or a joyful doom,
> A curse or blessing meet?"

Yes, so it will be in the resurrection. Soon the dark and gloomy night of the grave will roll over, and when the jar of the archangel's trump shall come booming and thundering down the rocky channels and branches of these Miamies, the graves will burst, the tombstones fly, the saints rise, the Church shout, the songsters of six thousand years pour forth immortal melody, and all sentient and innocent beings give forth signs of joy! O, what a scene! "Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!" But the conflagration will play harmlessly round the glorified. Brethren, you have seen our brother engaged in the *fight*, you have witnessed his *departure*, and you will most certainly see the *coronation*. Yes, and if faithful, you will share the joy; for the crown is not for him only, but for all ye who love the appearing of the Lord. In the mean time we will cherish, constantly, the hope, the glorious hope,

> "The hope by Jesus given,
> That when our days and years are fled,
> We all shall meet in heaven."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

APPRECIATIVE SERVICES AT HILLSBORO.

And all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death.—2 CHRONICLES XXXII, 33.

"His soul to him who gave it rose:
God led it to its long repose—
Its glorious rest.
And though the warrior's sun is set,
Its light shall linger round us yet—
Bright, radiant, blest.' LONGFELLOW.

AT a meeting of the official members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Hillsboro station, held August 4, 1856, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased the great Head of the Church to remove by death our beloved presiding elder, Rev. George W. Walker; therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That while we deeply feel the event which has deprived the Church of a most able and efficient minister, we would humbly submit to the wisdom of that Providence which doeth all things well.

2. *Resolved*, That we offer our sincere sympathy and condolence to his surviving wife and relatives, and pray God that they may have his supporting grace under this bereavement.

3. *Resolved*, That we hereby request Rev. George C. Crum to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion, on Wednesday, August 27th, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and that the ministers and members of the Church in the Hillsboro district be invited to attend.

4. *Resolved*, That these resolutions be forwarded for publication in the Western Christian Advocate.

J. M'D. MATHEWS, *Secretary*.

The fourth quarterly meeting conference of the Highland circuit, Hillsboro district, Cincinnati conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, passed the following preamble and resolutions, which are entered in the minutes of the quarterly meeting conference:

Whereas, in the all-wise though inscrutable providence of God, our beloved presiding elder, Rev. George W. Walker, has been removed from our midst, in the strength of his manhood, and maturity of his mind and Christian character; therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That while we deeply regret his early and very unexpected removal from our midst, depriving us and thousands of his able ministry and wise counsel, that we bow submissively to that Providence that is too wise to err.

2. *Resolved*, That we cherish with grateful hearts a remembrance of his gentlemanly deportment, *able*, *bold*, and very efficient ministry, and mild, yet firm presidency in our quarterly conferences.

3. *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with our

bereaved sister Walker, and hereby assure her that she shares in our supplications at the "throne of grace," for support and comfort in her deep mental and bodily afflictions.

4. *Resolved*, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be forwarded to sister Walker, and also to the Western Christian Advocate for publication.

5. *Resolved*, That we concur in the action of Hillsboro station, relative to the funeral services of our deceased brother Walker, which service we shall be pleased to attend as a body.

JOHN L. HUGHES, *Secretary.*

In compliance with the foregoing resolutions, Rev. George C. Crum, the talented author of the "Beatitudes," who succeeded Mr. Walker on the Hillsboro district, preached a most eloquent and powerful sermon on the death of his predecessor in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Hillsboro, August 28, 1856. The occasion was one of uncommon interest. The district was well represented, both by the ministers and laity. And my correspondent informs me that he "never witnessed such a weeping congregation before. Tears and sobs marked our mournful interview. The effort on the part of Mr. Crum, to control his feelings while speaking, I learn has since caused him a slight indisposition. Many of Mr. Walker's friends wept till they were sick. We all mourn for him as one that mourneth for an only son. He was

greatly beloved in this town and on the district generally. His place will not soon be filled in the Cincinnati conference."

OUR DUTY TO OUR DECEASED PASTORS;

OR, THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED ON THE DEATH OF REV. GEORGE W. WALKER.

BY REV. G. C. CRUM.

Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.—HEBREWS XIII, 7.

Two circumstances render this occasion profoundly solemn and impressive. We are in the house of God. We are assembled to mingle our tears over one, who living we loved, and whose memory, now that he has gone down to the grave, we shall long cherish in our hearts. One whom many of us have long known, who has borne the heat and burden of the day, and who has gone in and out before us, as a laborious and faithful pastor; one who, in the various relations borne to the Church, the family, and the world has been found wise, efficient, and faithful—whose life was a bright illustration of the truth and power of religion, and who was as ripe in Christian virtues, as he was laborious and useful; in a word, one who counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, has been removed from our midst. Yes, George W. Walker is dead.

The Church militant has lost another soldier; the Church triumphant has gained another victor. Such an event demands more than a passing notice. It is worthy of solemn thought and prayerful attention.

Among the various relations which we sustain to each other, certainly none is more interesting than the relation of pastor and people. As God has no higher distinction for man than to call him into the ministry of reconciliation, so he has combined, in this high office, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, they are found here. We look upon a faithful pastor as we look upon no other man. We may regard others with strong sentiments of veneration, esteem, and love; but his office connects him with eternity; he breaks to us bread from heaven; he toils to secure for us the heritage of eternal life; and our regards for him are as tender and as holy as his office is sacred and beneficent. It is not the fear of a trembling slave, or the superstitious awe of ghostly power, but something akin to that sweet, trustful, and affectionate sentiment, which we ever feel toward our *best* friend. Living, we are to entertain for him feelings of holy love, which shall lead us to know and to esteem him very highly for his work's sake; and when dead, we are to cherish his memory, and imitate his example. "Remember them which have the rule over you, [or, more properly, them who have been your guides,] who have spoken to you the word

of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." This text contains a statement of our duty to our deceased pastors. The duty is threefold.

I. First of all, the remembrance of them is enjoined. How wonderful is the faculty of memory? If the soul can look to the future, and taste the pains and pleasures of coming ages, with equal facility can it retread the paths of life, and taste the joys and sorrows of by-gone years. The forms and faces of buried ones, it calls from the grave; it awakens the music of their voices, and touches them again with the bloom and freshness they wore while yet with us. O who does not love to call from the dim and clouded past those precious ones, whose image memory has painted upon the tablet of the soul, and whose virtues she preserves among her holiest treasures—father, mother, brother, sister, friend! I see them as in other days. They are not dead, they *live* in memory. And the pastor, shall he be forgotten amid the cares and engrossing pursuits of life? No, says God, remember *him*. Let his words and his virtues ever live in your heart; let them shine in your life. Two reasons are assigned for this:

1. They were our guides. When a man is traveling a perilous and unknown pathway, no one is more highly prized than a kind and competent guide; and when the journey is completed, how often does the grateful traveler recall the assuring words and kindly offices of him who conducted him in safety through

so many perils! With a far greater pleasure should we recall our spiritual guides. No path is more perilous than that which leads from earth to heaven. It stretches through a hostile world, embarrassed at every step with gins and pitfalls, and beset with legions of wily foes. The guide who safely leads us amid such dangers as these, and where thousands have fallen and perished, is a friend never to be forgotten. Having themselves learned the way, they stand before us, saying, "Follow us, as we follow Christ." Deeply interested in our success, they warn us of threatening danger, counsel us in difficulty, and console us in distress;

> "And as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> *They* tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds—and led the way."

Those men of blessed memory! They poured upon us the holy waters of baptism; they stood by us when struggling amid the gloom and fears of penitence; they rejoiced at our deliverance, and first welcomed us into the kingdom of God; they comforted us in sorrow, and prayed for us in trial and affliction; and when hovering on the confines of eternity, they assured our fainting hearts with the promise of victory over the grave, and the prospect of a world where all tears are wiped away forever.

2. They have spoken to us the word of God. That word was the instrument of our conversion. You were asleep in sin, *dead* in sin; but that word, like

the voice which recalled the spirit of Lazarus, roused your dead soul, and sent through all its dark and polluted chambers the vital flame of a new and heavenly life. With a heart once as cold as ice, and as hard as adamant, you were brought under the influence of that word, which, like a hammer and fire, breaks and melts the stony heart into penitence before God. Out of the kingdom of darkness you have been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. You are now a child of God. You have fellowship with heaven, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. O what a wonder has been thus wrought in our hearts, once dark, now light in the Lord; once guilty, now justified freely, through the redemption which is in Jesus; once enemies and aliens, now children of God, and heirs of eternal life in heaven! That word has often been the instrument of comfort to you. Faint and weary, you have sometimes sat down under the ministry of those departed men. Heaven seemed to have inspired them. It was a word in season to you, sweeter than honey or the honey-comb. You heard and felt, as never before, that grace was sufficient for you; that there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; that God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able, and that with the temptation he will make a way of escape. Your heart was relieved; the clouds were driven away; faith succeeded to doubt, and fear gave place to courage and hope. You triumphed in God, and sang, in the exulting strains of the Psalm-

ist, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." And they spoke it, sometimes in thunder-tones, alarming your fears, and crushing down your vain imaginings, and then again like the murmuring of gentle streams, or the whispering of the breeze, calming your spirit to quietness and rest. But they speak no more. Under the green sods of the valley their weary bodies rest. That eloquent tongue is still, those lips are dust; but their memory shall be forever embalmed in our hearts.

II. We must imitate them—"whose faith follow." This is a comprehensive phrase, and includes the fruits and manifestations of faith, as well as the principle from which they flow. Faith without works is dead. If we copy their faith, we shall also exhibit the works which follow.

1. We should imitate the faith with which they embraced the Gospel and the Savior. Theirs was no mere intellectual assent, no mere historic faith in the Gospel history. It was this, but it was infinitely more. Faith with them was the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. The Gospel record was with them a truth, seen and felt; not indeed with bodily senses, but with the keen perception of faith. Human depravity with them was no myth, or fable, but an awful reality. Christ was not an idea, but a living individuality, a mighty Savior, who had power on earth to forgive sins. He was to them a prophet, and from his lips they had learned the way of salvation; a priest, for they had a present

salvation through his merits; a king, for their hearts were his temple, and their affections his throne. All this they know by faith. They embrace him and his atonement with the ardent affection with which one does a friend, from whom he has been long absent. They relied upon him with all their being, and therefore could claim and realize all the fullness of his salvation. Here we should follow them; our faith, like theirs, should be a living principle; our whole nature should feel the mighty force of its energy, and should move in obedience to its power. Their footsteps mark the way to the cross, and if we follow them, we shall, erelong, behold the adorable Sufferer,

> "And see him heave, and hear him groan,
> And feel his gushing blood."

2. We should follow them in their trust in a superintending Providence. Itinerancy seems peculiarly to demand this. Take no thought for the morrow, is its language, and thus it seems to shut up our pastors to an exclusive trust in God. Having no fixed abode; compelled to dissolve, after a brief period, the most cherished attachments; and cut off from pursuits which yield pecuniary profit, whence can they look but to heaven? and in whom can they so safely trust as in Him who succors the falling sparrow? And, thank God! our fathers, in this respect, have left a noble example to their sons. In tracing the events of their changeful lives, we find them sometimes in circumstances of hazard and distress—threading the

pathless woods, and tempting the swollen and angry floods; administering the consolations of religion amid pestilence and death; persecuted by the wicked; and wanting, sometimes, the very necessaries of life; yet their language was, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Simple trust in God supported them in every trial, comforted them in every sorrow, and gave them victory in every conflict. Our itinerant fathers, who laid the foundations of Methodism in the great west, possessed largely this trust in God. The fatigue and the peril attendant upon their work was enough to appall even men of stout hearts. The moral heroism demanded by the times could only be supplied by an unshaken confidence in God. This carried them forward till they sowed all this broad land with the seed of Gospel truth, and dying, beheld, with glad eyes, the field white for the harvest. My brethren, let us follow them here. Placing our trust in the God of our fathers, let us thrust in our sharp sickles, and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe. Then he that hath sowed, and he that hath reaped, shall rejoice together.

3. Let us imitate them in their labors. The sacred ministry is not a sinecure, or a life of indolence and ease. It is a work, in the most emphatic sense. The study, the pulpit, and the pastoral field, are each a scene of labor, and often require the

utmost energies of mind and body. Our pastors, who have gone before us, were men of work, of *one* work, whether engaged in contriving plans of good to men, or in carrying them out by deeds of high emprise. They rested not, but hasted to fulfill their course, and accomplish their work. Their work was their pleasure. God was with them, and toil was to them a rest and a refreshing—and here is the secret of their diligence. Like Paul, the love of Christ constrained them. Love to Christ, love for their work, love for souls, urged them on in winter as in summer, in restless efforts to save the lost. Among others whom we have known, the history of our beloved Walker affords a fine illustration of this. On the wings of love he was borne to a distant and unhealthy territory, and there, amid surrounding perils, he proclaimed the grace of God, and led many a wandering soul to the fold of Christ. Brothers, if we would follow such faith, we must labor. Like those who have preceded us in the holy ministry of Christ, we must realize the condition of perishing men. We must not only believe it as a doctrine, but feel it as a reality. Then only shall we put forth efforts befitting the extremity, and worthy the examples before us. We must love our work—love it better than ease or worldly wealth—better even than life. This, when sacrifices are necessary, will enable us gladly to make them. Amid tribulation we shall be joyful; and in perils bear ourselves as bravely as those who have trod the same path before us.

Like our friend and brother, we shall then fall at the post of duty; and, whether at home, with our dying head on the bosom of devoted love, or away on the pillow of a stranger, we shall finish our course in the triumphs of faith and the certainty of heaven.

III. We should deeply ponder the termination of their lives—"considering," says the apostle, "the end of their conversation." Conversation here means deportment, conduct of life; and the particular thing we are to consider is the conclusion of their course, the manner in which they departed out of this world.

1. And one of the first things we may consider is, that their end was not associated with regret and disappointment. The conduct of many, through life, has been such that their end has been imbittered by the sharpest stings of remorse. Amid the solemn glooms of death the truth flashed upon them, and terrible were its revelations—life wasted, their most cherished principles false, their hopes a delusion, themselves lost. Ah me, what a sight for a *dying* man! what wonder if their hearts bleed, or even burst with agonizing remorse! Such is often the end of the formalist, the worldling, and the skeptic. In what strong and brilliant contrast stands the end of a Christian, or Christian minister! From his lips fall no expressions of disappointment, or words of shame and regret. O my brethren, after all the obloquy which has been heaped upon the Christian minister, after all the toils and labors of his life, when was it ever known, that in a dying hour he gave his testi-

mony against the cause he had advocated? Who ever heard him say, I am sorry I did not give myself to the acquisition of wealth and fame; I have spent my life in a fruitless enterprise; I bitterly lament my folly? Never, my brethren, did such words fall from the lips of a dying minister. On the contrary, he has been heard to say, "Had I a thousand lives, I would consecrate them all to the glorious work of preaching Christ and him crucified." Thus, too, ended the earthly course of our brother. As a man he might have won distinction in other pursuits; "but what things were gain to him, these he counted loss for Christ." He had no regrets that he had forsaken all for Christ; he was not disappointed in the final result. He, whose presence cheered him amid the toils of itinerancy, sustained him at the end, and enabled him to render his last testimony in favor of religion, and honorable to the Christian ministry.

2. Consider also that their end was peaceful and triumphant. With what infinite tenderness does God look upon the dying saint! I have sometimes seen a fond mother bending over the pillow of her sleeping child. Long had disease wasted that tender form, long had it agonized in wakefulness and suffering, but the crisis had passed, the danger was over—and it slept, deeply and sweetly slept; and as she gazed upon the pale, sweet face, she said, "Sleep, my darling, how precious is thy sleep!" So God looks upon the dying couch of his toil-worn servant, while a

voice straight from heaven proclaims, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints—peaceful and triumphant." Thus died Stephen, with visions of glory bursting upon him. Hearken to the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course." So of thousands. Death has been swallowed up in victory! "O," said the dying Wesley, "the best of all is, God is with us!" "The battle is fought, the victory is won!" said Payson, as he entered the vale of death. If our feelings will permit us, let us take our stand at the bedside of our dying brother. As one read to him those sweet words, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," he exclaimed, "That is it, my brother—Peace! I have peace with God, through Jesus Christ.

> 'This all my hope and all my plea,
> For me the Savior died.'"

And in this peaceful, trusting, and triumphant frame of mind he fell asleep in Christ, almost stepping from the pulpit into the paradise of God.

Considering the end of their conversation, mournful may be the duty, but salutary will be its effect. For here we may,

(1.) Strengthen our faith in the truth of religion. Never have I stood by the expiring saint, without feeling that Christianity was a sublime and glorious reality. The evidence shines no where more brilliant than amid the glooms of death. Long-cherished delusions usually break up in that honest hour, while

the soul clings to truth as its sheet-anchor amid the wild waves of Jordan. These evidences accumulate with the growth of Christian experience; they reach their climax when the Christian dies. As I stand in the chamber where the good man meets his fate, considering the end of his conversation; when I see that through life it has led him aright, strengthened him in weakness, and cheered him in distress; and that now, when soul and body are parting, it fills him with inexpressible joy and a hope full of eternal life, I feel that such a religion is divine: henceforth I give my doubts to the winds. Infidelity vanishes, and faith triumphs in the crowning proofs of my religion and my immortality.

(2.) Here, too, we may gain encouragement. A happy termination should always inspire us with courage to proceed. Difficulties there are, dangers beset the path, and enemies lurk on every side. But O, the end!

> "Tho' long the way, tho' rough the road,
> It leads the pilgrim home to God."

Though dim in the distance, yet I see the end; an end of peace, and joy, and holy triumph. And still beyond, as if standing upon the "Delectable Mountains," I see the celestial city. O, hearken! did not I hear a voice from thence, saying,

> "Come in, come in,
> Eternal glory thou shalt win."

Then let it ever encourage us that the end is glorious. Whatever may be the sacrifices, whatever

may be the dangers, let us press onward. With our eyes upon the end, let us journey on to the final hour; then shall we realize, with those who have gone before us, the sufficiency of divine grace, and the triumphs of complete victory.

My beloved brethren, our elder, our friend, our *brother*, is no more. No more shall we look upon that noble form, no more hear his spirit-stirring tones. We knew him well, and loved him much. He was a noble man, a true Christian, a tender friend, a faithful pastor, a stanch champion of truth and right. We deeply grieve, but we do not murmur.

Rev. G. W. Walker was born in Frederick county, Md., November 26th, 1804. His parents were members of the Roman Catholic Church. In that Church he received baptism, and his early religious training. Speaking of his religious faith in childhood, he remarks: "Though young, I at one time believed that the Roman Catholic was the only true Church, that all others were heretics, and that Roman Catholics alone would be saved." In 1810 Mr. Walker's father and family emigrated to Ohio. The country was new and thinly settled, and no Church or priest within their reach. But the Methodist itinerant was there, and a small but flourishing society of Methodists in the immediate neighborhood. Not long after removing to this neighborhood, his father, as much from curiosity as any thing else, purchased a Bible. That Bible, like the one in Luther's cell, proved to be a light shining in a dark place. Its influence upon the

minds of the parents was decided and powerful. To this precious book, more than any thing else, is to be traced the deliverance of this family from Romish thralldom and their conversion to God. The first to unite with the Methodists was the mother. The father, whose prejudices had been partially softened, was not prepared for this event; all his feelings were aroused, and his opposition strongly expressed. At length, in the spirit of mutual concession, they agreed that the matter should rest for one month, during which he was to read the Bible, and pray for light and direction from God. She also was to make it a matter of solemn prayer. At the end of the month, if his opposition remained, she pledged herself to leave the Methodists forever. They then separated for the day, little thinking under what happy circumstances they would meet in the evening. Under a pressure of feeling, such as he had never known before, he repaired to a distant field, but not to work. Much of the day was spent in prayer; and at evening, as the sun shed his last beams on the earth, the Sun of righteousness arose upon him with healing in his wings. I leave you to imagine the joyfulness of their hearts when they met in the evening. Within two weeks he united with his wife in the Methodist Church, under the ministry of Rev. Michael Ellis. In it they lived and died. The family was now brought directly under the influences of religion.

Brother Walker united with the Church under the ministry of the Rev. James Quinn, but from the fas-

cinations of gay company was led astray, and was soon far from the fold of Christ; but through the instrumentality of his pious sister he was brought back from his wanderings. Occasionally the Spirit wrought powerfully upon his heart, but an impression upon his mind that if he yielded he must enter the work of the ministry, made him refuse submission to those merciful calls. At length, at a camp meeting, held a few miles from his father's, he was brought to sue for mercy at the foot of the cross. There he found salvation by faith, and there publicly testified that God had power upon earth to forgive sins. Not long after he re-entered the Church, under the ministry of the Rev. George Gatch, then traveling Mad River circuit. At this time his mind was deeply exercised upon the subject of the Christian ministry, and he gave himself to the study of the holy Scriptures. At night principally, and sometimes all night, he gave himself to this sacred employment. In 1825 he was licensed as an exhorter by the Rev. A. Eddy, then on the Mad River circuit. The facts which we have thus far narrated we have gathered from some fragmentary papers found in brother Walker's portfolio. From the Minutes of the annual conferences we gather a few more facts.

At the Ohio conference, held in Hillsboro, October 4, 1826, brother Walker entered the traveling connection, and was stationed on the Union circuit, under the charge of Rev. William H. Raper. From this period on through many years, and up to the

close of an honored and useful life, he is identified with the itinerancy. A constitution of Herculean strength, joined to uncommon energy and force of character, and under the control of a vigorous intellect, held him on his way, often beset by danger and death, till he fell at his post, almost stepping from the pulpit to the paradise of God.

Soon after his entrance into the ministry he was sent, by the authorities of the Church, to Michigan. Two years he spent in that new and distant territory, exposed to numberless perils and privations. The west has, perhaps, not opened a harder field of labor for an itinerant than Michigan at that period. But no swollen river, no dismal swamp, or dangerous fen, could daunt the lion heart that beat in the bosom of George Walker. He fulfilled his mission, and was returned to Ohio. In 1839 he took charge of the Lebanon district, where he remained four years. In 1843 he was stationed in the city of Cincinnati, where some three years more were divided in arduous labor between Wesley and Morris Chapels. Next he was stationed upon the Dayton district, where, after serving his constitutional term, he was returned to the city and stationed at Christie Chapel. Two or three subsequent years were occupied in important agencies connected with the Wesleyan Female College and the Congress-Street Church. At the conference of last September he was appointed to the Hillsboro district, and had commenced his fourth quarterly visitation when he was called from works to rewards. On this

district brother Walker and his devoted but deeply-afflicted wife were much beloved, and here, as ever, he abounded in labors.

But let us approach the final scene. Brother Walker was not terrified at the approach of death. Asking the physicians one day what they thought of his case, and seeing them hesitate, he said, "Speak candidly, gentlemen; I am not afraid to die." When asked if he wished to send any word to the members of the Cincinnati conference, his simple reply was, "They know Walker."

The last four days of his life he suffered intensely, and his lucid intervals were few and short. Nearly the last thing he distinctly uttered was an appeal to his ministering brethren: "O, ye ministers, ye ministers!" he cried, with his dying breath, "I want you to put down sin and Satan." Soon after, at twenty minutes past four o'clock, on the 31st of July, he fell asleep, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the thirtieth of his ministry.

Circumstances at present forbid entering into any extended analysis of his character; but a few things we must say. In the death of our beloved brother a great and good man has fallen in Israel. In the true sense of the word, he was a great man. In person, he was a fine specimen of manhood; in intellect, he was far above the ordinary standard. He possessed a sound understanding and a clear judgment, and, though not a learned man, in the common sense of that term, he had a large acquaintance with men

and things, and his opinions were always treated with respectful deference by his brethren. As a preacher, he was both argumentative and declamatory. None who have heard him will soon forget his powerful Scriptural reasonings, or the tremendous power of his appeals; sweeping onward, sometimes like the mountain avalanche, he seemed to storm the heart that would not yield to the milder entreaties of love. He was high in the esteem of his brethren. Several times in succession, and when the Church needed men of clear heads and stout hearts, he was elected to the General conference, a post of high responsibility, as well as a token of their confidence. That trust committed to him he never betrayed. He stood firmly to Methodism, guarding her ancient landmarks with unsleeping vigilance. Though often seemingly stern, he possessed a most genial disposition and a heart ever open to the pleasures of social life. A buoyant, hopeful heart, and a fine flow of spirits were his; seldom, indeed, did care cloud his brow or shadow his face with discontent. Brother Walker was a good man. He was deeply experienced in the glorious truths he preached to others; and in preaching he spoke as if he believed and felt their high significance. We knew him well, and knew him as a deeply-devoted and pious man; a man of prayer, of faith, of fervent love to God and man. To live and labor for Christ was to him a pleasure. The groan of penitence, the wrestling of ardent prayer, the breathings of celestial love, and the swelling notes of praise from new-

born souls, found a responsive chord in his heart, ever burning, as it did, with zeal for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom; and for this he wrought with a giant's strength till God took him up to heaven. Thither he has ascended. We shall see him no more. No more shall we hear those impassioned bursts of eloquence from his tongue. That tongue, that noble heart, lies still amid the shadows of the grave. Immortal till his work was done, he rests in paradise, and when we next behold him, it will be in the full light of this beautiful promise: "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

At the close of this sermon Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D. D., arose and made some touching and eloquent remarks, which it would be impossible for any one to write out from memory, after the excitement of the occasion had passed away. He commenced by saying: "I know that I should not attempt to exhort; yet, permit me to add my humble tribute to the memory of one I so highly esteemed, yea, one whom I so tenderly loved as a minister of Jesus Christ. O, can it be, that one so dearly beloved has passed away to his eternal home in the skies? I can not realize that Rev. George W. Walker is dead. How mysterious the ways of divine Providence! When I parted with him but a few weeks ago at Indianapolis, he appeared in good health, and had a brighter prospect of

'length of days' than many of his colleagues. O, can it be that we shall look no more in time on that noble form? O, can it be that we shall never hear that manly voice proclaiming the comforting truths of our holy religion? Yes, my brethren, it is even so! A great and good man has fallen in our midst.

"He commenced his itinerant year only two years in advance of myself. He was then blessed with excellent health, and had an iron constitution, well fitted for toil and active labor in his Master's vineyard. I had a frail frame, and promised myself, at most, a short career in the active field of the itinerancy. Twenty-eight years have fled sway since I first joined hands with our lamented brother in the harvest-field. O, why is it that he is taken and I am left behind? The Lord hath done it: 'even so, Father, it seemed good in thy sight.' Death sought a 'shining mark' when he hurled his dart so unerringly at one whose departure from earth we most sincerely mourn on this solemn occasion. How very forcibly are we reminded 'that all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass!' The highest ornaments of piety, the most gifted sons of the Church, and the most useful and talented of her ministry, will erelong fade as the 'flower of the grass;' but, when removed from earth, they shall bloom in immortal freshness and beauty in heaven. I knew our departed brother well. I was intimately associated with him as presiding elder in the Bishop's council, and on the Book Committee, of which he was the honored and

influential chairman at the Western Book Concern, in Cincinnati, for many years, and also in our annual conferences. He was one of 'nature's noblemen.' He was always ready for any good work; an ardent lover of our Church, and zealous and faithful in his ministry. We have often been associated in labors where important and responsible duties were to be performed. I take great pleasure this day in bearing my public testimony to his constant fidelity. He was an able minister of the New Testament, 'rightly dividing the word of truth.' He had many seals to his ministry in the different fields of his itinerancy. O, yes! even here in our midst are found those who shall be 'stars in the crown of his rejoicing.' But he has gone; no more will he mingle with his brethren in the councils of the Church—no more will he occupy this pulpit to preach Christ and him crucified to his fellow-men. How sad the thought! But, beloved brethren, we shall see him again, but not in this vale of tears and sadness. We shall hear the tones of that voice, but not here below. We, too, must die and sleep in the dust, but we shall awake and live again. I heard a voice saying, 'Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' O, the joys of that rapturous morning, when we shall all awake in the likeness of the Redeemer! Then, O then we shall see our departed brother Walker in that

'Blessed region, the heaven of love!'

"Brethren, dry up your tears, he is 'not dead, but

sleepeth.' He shall awake again—we shall grasp his friendly hand, 'never more to part *again*.'

'Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.'

"Heaven every year is becoming more endeared to us. Our friends, whom we ardently loved, many of them have gone on before.

"Brethren in the ministry, let us keep our 'lamps trimmed and brightly burning.' If we are only faithful we shall soon join 'the new song of the redeemed' in sweet fellowship with a Bigelow, Raper, Lakin, Collins, Christie, and our departed brother Walker, and a score of others, who have gone to the rich and enduring rewards of immortality."

It is due to Mr. Crum to say that the Cincinnati annual conference adopted the substance of the closing part of his eloquent sermon as an "obituary," which has since been published in the General Minutes of the annual conferences.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SADDENED PRAISE.

Thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise: thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee.—GENESIS XLIX, 8.

"Sacred to all thy memory,
Enshrine within those hearts most dear,
Who shared thy early sympathy,
And shed with thee the grateful tear.
But there's a widowed heart that feels
The grief which pen can not express,
As o'er her wounded spirit steals
The thought of her own loneliness."

REV. E. HOUSE, the assistant editor of the Western Christian Advocate, thus announced the death of Mr. Walker:

"It becomes our mournful duty to announce that the Rev. George W. Walker, of the Cincinnati conference, died, at the house of brother Jacob Brindle, in Wilmington, O., on the 31st of July, at 4½ o'clock, A. M. The tidings will be received with profound grief by thousands. There was a manliness, a warmth, a generous and sympathizing open-heartedness, a real hearty Christian affection about brother Walker, which endeared him, beyond most men, to those who knew him. He died in the fifty-second year of his age, and in the thirtieth of his ministry. A more ex-

tended memoir will soon appear in the columns of the Advocate."

The following notice is from the pen of Rev. A. Lowrey, author of Positive Theology:

"My heart is full of sadness. As you have already learned, George W. Walker is dead—a true man, and real Christian—a man of noble and generous impulses—a strong and ardent preacher. Touching integrity, brother Walker belonged to the class of Raper, Christie, Bigelow, Hunter, and others.

"No one—not even those who stood opposed to him in view and policy—will say that George W. Walker ever did a mean thing. He was an honorable man. He was a man, too, of great sympathy and kindness. Though bold in look and expression, yet few ever felt quicker or more deeply.

"He was the friend of the young and feeble preacher. I sincerely and deeply mourn the loss of such men. Tears dim my vision, and I must cease to write."

The following interesting and truthful tribute, dated Richmond, Indiana, August, 1856, is from the pen of Rev. Augustus Eddy, a man generally known throughout the west, and one who had known Mr. Walker from a very early period in his history:

"Your note requesting me to furnish incidents connected with the early ministry of Rev. G. W. Walker, has been on hand for some time, but I have delayed

compliance with your request, partly because I did not know what *kind* of a memoir of his life would be prepared, but mainly because it is painful even to admit, that one of my dearest earthly friends—one so noble and useful, is dead! But so it is, and all that I, and all that his friends can do now, is to bow to the Divine decree that has removed him from us, and to 'mark the footsteps that he trod,' so as to overtake him and enjoy his loved society again, in heaven. My first acquaintance was formed with him in the fall of 1825, on Kings creek, in Champaign county, a few miles north of Urbana, O. He had been converted but a few months, and was warm in his first love. I was struck at first sight with his noble appearance, and I am still of opinion that he was one of the finest specimens of human nature that I have ever seen. At that time, his mind was but slightly cultivated, but he was *intensely* studious, and sought information from every source within his reach. He commenced the study of English grammar in the spring of 1826, and in ten and a half days he could parse any plain sentence in English accurately. When I expressed surprise at his proficiency, and inquired whether he had not studied his author before, he answered negatively, and remarked, 'I did not know the difference between etymology and syntax two weeks ago, but I have studied hard, and prayed earnestly, and GOD HAS HELPED me.' And so he believed to the day of his death. Who can for a moment doubt that God heard his prayer,

and poured light upon his mind, that marks the great work that was to be performed by him? This is now plain to us, after his brilliant and faithful career during the past thirty years.

"Mr. Walker possessed an intellect of great power. His judgment was sound in *every thing*, about which it was exercised. His understanding was comprehensive, and filled with that kind of knowledge that fitted him eminently for the pulpit, and for his duties in the annual and General conference—for the important work of governing and building up the Church of God. His *will was iron*, when duty called, and smiles and threats were equally vain to turn him from his course. His memory was good, but nothing extraordinary. I know that many suppose that, for his accuracy in regard to *dates*, *persons*, and *things* in general, and especially with reference to the holy *Scriptures*, he was indebted to a strong and very retentive memory. Not so, but principally from *hard study*, in connection with EARNEST PRAYER, with which he received DIVINE ILLUMINATION. He had a noble spirit, and was possessed of natural and moral courage in an extraordinary degree. Although he was not given to a spirit of vainglorious boasting, yet he could meet danger and difficulty with a calm dependence on divine Providence, almost peculiar to himself. He had a tender, a sympathizing heart—tears for the suffering, and smiles for the joyous. He was generous, as our educational and charitable institutions can abundantly testify, but the records of *his*

charities are more especially stamped upon the hearts and *memories of the poor*, the widows and the fatherless. He was a *constant* friend, and if he ever found that his confidence had been misplaced, and had to be withdrawn, it brought sadness to his heart. He had a CATHOLIC SPIRIT, and his great heart took in the brotherhood of faith. He loved the Church of his choice with constancy, and for her prosperity and good he was always ready to labor or suffer. His feelings were *eminently itinerant.* Who ever knew him to be self-seeking in regard to his appointments, or sulkily complaining that his *talents had not been appreciated?* He was GUILELESS—too COURAGEOUS to resort to deceit, and too conscientious for *double dealing.* Another trait in his character, that it seems to me should not be forgotten—he was a good *economist* in temporal matters. While his house was hospitably open, his ambition was not for costly parade and show, where those who are *not hungry* are fed. He never sought by ostentatious display to captivate the frivolous. By his good management in temporal things, he avoided being a tax on his brethren from year to year, and always had something for his *less prudent*, but 'NEEDY BRETHREN.'"

The following is an extract of a letter from Rev. J. B. Finley, the "Pioneer Chief:"

"EATON, October 20, 1856.

"REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,—*Dear Brother:* Of Rev. George W. Walker I can write nothing at pres-

ent but what might be said of him by every Methodist preacher that knew him. He was a man of sound judgment, and had a clear understanding of Divine things, good gifts, and generous piety. Diligent in his calling, and popular as a man and minister of Jesus Christ, he was very successful and useful, and many will bless God in eternity for his

'Patience of hope, and labor of love.'

He was very highly esteemed throughout the Methodist connection, wherever he was known. May we imitate his example, share his reward, and be so happy as to meet him in heaven!"

The following is from Rev. Wm. Nast, D. D., editor of the Christian Apologist:

"CINCINNATI, December 24, 1856.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I returned yesterday from a missionary tour to the north-west, after an absence of nearly three weeks, and found your kind note. I hope you will not charge it to indifference on my part, that I did not send you yet the expression of my sentiments, with regard to our beloved brother Walker, of blessed memory, in writing. I could only say, in a very poor and unworthy manner, what others have said infinitely better. A character like that of brother Walker, makes such a deep and clear impression that a description seems not needed; an impression that never can be effaced, on every one who

saw and heard him but once. I never saw so much manliness combined with so much gentleness; so much sound judgment with so much fervor of feeling; so much firmness of purpose and principle with so much regard to the peculiar circumstances and feelings of those with whom he had to deal; so much universal charity and impartial regard for the stranger with so much patriotism for his own countrymen, and *esprit de corps* for those associated with him in the same work. He was a very warm friend of our German mission work from the beginning. His strong faith, large and liberal views, his sound judgment did not suffer him to despise the day of small things with us. He advocated our cause in our feeblest efforts, and inspired us often with great confidence. I have no doubt that many of our ministers were inspired to try to imitate his virtues; especially his sense of right; his boldness in upholding what he believed to be right. The German brethren felt under especial obligations to him, that he did not refuse the agency for the Congress-Street Church, when it would have been irretrievably lost to them, had he not taken it up. I wished he could have lived to see how the German brethren repented of their former want of interest in securing that Church, and how by a noble effort they paid off the last debt, and secured that property for its original design. He will, however, though not with bodily eyes, see from on high how his labors in this enterprise, as in others, were not in vain. Often have we said to one another, 'O that

the Lord would raise up among the Germans such a man as George W. Walker!' So be it. Amen."

The following is from Bishop Hamline:

"SCHENECTADY, N. Y., October 17, 1856.

"REV. M. P. GADDIS,—*Dear Brother:* I have made several attempts to trace the features of brother Walker's character, as they impressed me during our twenty years' acquaintance, but I find by the time I have written ten lines, my tendency to apoplexy is so distressing that I can do nothing. It would give me a mournful pleasure to do it if I could. I loved brother Walker. He was one of our noblest men—*large-hearted*, full of zeal, fine abilities, well-read, prudent, courageous as a lion in the path of duty, and my private intercourse with him as a Christian brother, was of the most edifying character. It cheers me to anticipate meeting him in heaven. May the MASTER raise up a host of such ministers to bless the Church!"

The following is from the Rev. William Simmons:

"XENIA, November 18, 1856.

"DEAR BROTHER GADDIS,—I never had the pleasure of being associated with him on circuit, station, or district; hence my acquaintance with him was more of a general character; yet our intercourse at conference and on other occasions was of that *free*, *full*,

and *brotherly kind*, which was to me very pleasant and profitable.

"Brother Walker was not only a Christian gentleman, dignified, but not affected, free and familiar, but not trifling. I always considered him a *Methodist itinerant preacher*, in the true sense of that phraseology. I never knew him to ask for a place or any accommodation in his appointments, nor shrink from responsibility when laid upon him. He was not the man to feel that he *must* or should be consulted with reference to any new or hard field of labor. This was emphatically true with regard to his last appointment to the Hillsboro district, where he succeeded me. As I had never been consulted with reference to work of this kind, I did not feel that it was my duty to communicate with him on this subject. And when the appointment was read out, he remarked pleasantly to me: 'Well, I was not expecting this appointment; I thought it would have been filled by brother C.' Yet I believe he was satisfied, as I doubt not he always had been heretofore. I am thus minute because I consider his DEVOTION to the *practical workings* of our great and efficient itinerant plan well worthy of imitation by his brethren in the ministry, especially young men who are now forming their ministerial character among us. I spent about six hours with brother Walker the day before his death, at Wilmington. I found him very low, and most of the time his mind was wandering, yet, when roused, and his attention fixed, he not only recognized me, but spoke

feelingly of HIS interest in Christ, and his firm hope of eternal life through the infinite merits of his death. While we were engaged in prayer the Lord was evidently present to *comfort* us, and especially the dying man and his afflicted companion. At one time he repeated the name of my son-in-law—the Rev. Charles G. Meredith—in such a way as to make those who were present feel as though the spirit of that sainted man was mingling with us in our devotions. O, the place was glorious! Heaven seemed to fill the room! I left this hallowed spot resolving to be a better man, and a more faithful minister of the Gospel of Christ. Lord help me! Amen."

The following letter was addressed to M. B. Walker, Esq., by his sister Mary:

"HOME, IOWA, August 21, 1856.

"The very sad intelligence of our loss reached us through the Advocate before your letter to Z. had arrived. It was too plain to leave any room for hope, and yet we did not fully believe it till we received your letter. O yes, he is gone to return to us no more! I parted with him in our church-yard, near the graves of our dear parents. Little did I think then, when he imprinted the last warm kiss on my cheek, that we should never meet again on earth, and that he would so soon be called to reap the rich rewards of 'well doing.' O, in fancy, I thought I could see father and mother welcoming him to a seat 'safe

at home' among the redeemed throng in heaven. For a time I was so overpowered that I could scarcely realize where I was. We were all together last Sabbath, and read the notice of his death from the Western Christian Advocate. I now feel most deeply for my bereaved sister Catherine. I know you all love her, but I think I love her more than you all since my brother George has gone to his rest. To console and soothe her wounded spirit would be the sweetest pleasure of my life. She has been a kind sister and a guardian angel to me. Give her my tender love and regards. Her afflicted and bereaved condition affects my heart deeply. O, if I could, I would fly to her in the true spirit of sisterly love, and infold her to my heart, while together we would mingle our tears of regret for the 'noble dead.' On next Sabbath there will be a funeral sermon preached on the death of my dear brother George, near Dr. John Elbert's. Our loss is, indeed, a great one. We all loved him, and hung with delight and *reverence* on the words which fell from his lips. Though recently separated far for him, we all knew that our names were carried daily by him to a throne of grace. I now feel that a *strong prop* has fallen from under me. It is true, *this pillar* could not be discerned by the natural eye, yet, I knew—yes, I felt assured it was *always there.*

"'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' and 'the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.'"

The following letter to Mrs. Walker is from Samuel H. Elbert, attorney and counselor at law, Fort Des Moines, Iowa, dated August 12, 1856:

"My Dear Aunt,—I have just received a letter from Captain M. B. Walker, Esq., communicating the sad intelligence of the death of that dearest of uncles. It is so unexpected that I can hardly realize that he is no longer of earth—that he no longer moves the light of the family circle, or goes out on his mission of love and mercy.

"No one, my dear aunt, sympathizes with you in this, your greatest earthly sorrow, more deeply than I. Such a sorrow and such a sympathy have no language; they find expression in *tears* only. At such an hour how beautiful the life of the righteous! We sorrow not as those having no hope. In this life he did his Master's work faithfully and nobly, and his crown is in his Father's hand. He now swells the 'harvest hymn of immortality.'

"Society has lost a useful member; the hearthstone, the light of a familiar and much-loved presence, that he might lend light to another and better sphere. The Church militant has lost a brave and efficient soldier, that he might join the Church triumphant. He fell at 'his post' with his passport, to that better land, in his hand. Is it right that we should grieve, my dear aunt, too much? True, he was still in the vigor of manhood, yet his life was *long* and *useful*. His harvests of immortal souls

were many and fruitful. He lived to enjoy the reward of his labor, the honors of the Church, and the love and respect of all who knew him, and has gone now to enjoy that greater reward—'A HOME IN HEAVEN.'

"I would be glad if I was with you in this hour of sadness. Tears of sorrow are now falling in this far-distant land, as silent tributes to his memory. May God bless you and sustain you, my dear aunt, in this time of affliction!"

The following beautiful and touching letter from a daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Lewis, of precious memory, breathes a sweet spirit:

"CINCINNATI, August 15, 1856.

"DEAR SISTER WALKER,—While so many of your friends are offering their sympathy to your bereaved heart, and tears are falling far and near for your beloved husband, *our* cherished friend, permit me to intrude one moment upon your time, and remind you that you are most affectionately and prayerfully remembered by our entire family.

"Sad, indeed, were our hearts upon receiving the mournful intelligence that brother Walker was no more. Next to my sainted father, and the lost ones of our own household, no death has ever made us more deeply sorrowful.

"My dear mother has been much affected at your sudden and unexpected loss, and desires me to say,

that 'she loves you and daily supplicates a throne of grace in your behalf.' Her stricken heart feels deeply, and she weeps tears for you. She has drank deep of the cup of sorrow; and bitter experience has taught her how to feel deeply for you as a sister and friend. She exhorts you as you have often exhorted her, to put your trust and confidence in 'Him who is too wise to err, and too good to do wrong.' 'Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal;' and though sympathising friends may crowd around you, there is *One alone* who can truly afford consolation to thy bereaved heart. Your Savior is your true comforter, and I trust you will be supported and sustained. Brother Walker was loved and esteemed by our whole family. From early childhood I have been taught by my dear parents to regard him as one of the best of God's disciples; but his labors are now over. O, how many stars will deck his crown in glory! They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

"How happy the thought that we can 'look beyond this vale of tears to that celestial clime,' where parting never comes, and pleasure never dies; where, if we are faithful, we shall be united to our 'loved ones,' in bliss for evermore. May heaven-born faith spread its shield around you; and in thy soul

> 'May a beacon-light
> Guide thy steps in peace aright;
> And balm from God's own fountain flow,
> Heal all thy wounds of earthly woe!'

"Mother has attempted to write several times, but her feelings will overcome her in the effort. She longs to see you, and will probably visit you soon. She thinks she can comfort you by mingling her tears with yours. May the Lord bless you, and sustain you! is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

"ALMIRA LEWIS HAGANS."

CHAPTER L.

A BROTHER'S TESTIMONY.

I am distressed for thee, my brother: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.—2 SAMUEL I, 26.

"His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night."

THE following tribute is from Mr. Walker's youngest brother, M. B. Walker, Esq., who had the best opportunity, of any one living, of forming a correct estimate of the life, labors, and true character of our deceased friend and brother, Rev. G. W. Walker:

SPRING HILL, Dec. 29, 1856.

REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,—*My Dear Sir:* I have seated myself to comply, in the best manner I may, with your renewed request. It will be a matter of permanent regret that I have been unable, through the many cares and duties which surround and incumber me, to furnish you any important aid in the execution of the task you have so generously undertaken, and in which I am truly happy to learn you have made such encouraging progress. So great was my love for my deceased brother, that I could

scarcely write his biography without incurring censure for extravagant eulogy, now that he is gone from the stage on which he so nobly acted his part, and there is no longer an incentive to envy. The public must indulge a *brother*, who so long enjoyed the love and tender care of him whose voice no longer speaks in my ear, but whose lessons, I hope, are engraven upon my heart, in this small tribute to the memory of him who, though he sought not praise while among us, more richly deserved it than many who have lived and died amid its trumpet-notes. The early chapters of your book will unfold the reasons which led my brother to the adoption of the profession, in which he spent thirty years arduously employed. A man should be known in his private relations rightly to estimate his public character; and though I was quite a child at the time my brother entered the itinerancy, yet I well remember the event, and the almost superhuman efforts which he made for several months prior, and for years subsequent, to correct the defects of early education, and supply the want of more thorough mental training. His ardent application to study excited my attention at that time. I could not then judge of his proficiency, but, in after years, I came to know that his efforts were not unsuccessful. His kindness to me, as his youngest brother, made an early impression upon my mind, and no subsequent act of his life, even in the least, impaired it. In later years I became deeply indebted to him for the means of obtaining an education, as well as for much

wise and wholesome counsel, through my youth and riper years. And though ever ready to afford that counsel, aid, and relief, of which he saw a friend in need, yet he was farthest from an obtrusive meddler in other men's affairs. He was ever wise in manner as in matter. Being the eldest son in my father's family, and attaining his manhood in advance of the rest of us, he had it often in his power to render important assistance to his brothers and sisters; and there is no one of us who may not call to mind the struggles through which his strong arm and ready hand has borne us.

Though his profession afforded him but a very meager income, such was his prudence and economy in the management of his pecuniary affairs, that out of the little which he received, he had always something to impart to the sons and daughters of want and affliction; and if his own supplies would not meet the case, he would go to some friend who was able, and say to them, "Do likewise," etc., and the request, seconded by the example, scarcely, if ever, failed.

The Methodist itinerant, at the time my brother commenced his public labors, required physical as well as moral and intellectual power, to serve in a western field of labor. My brother was physically a very strong man; and while he was tender, and easily wrought upon by any object of love or pity, he had the lion's boldness in front of real danger. Being early trained to the life of a farmer, he could use any of the implements of husbandry with remarkable

power and dexterity. Having also acquired a knowledge of the business of blacksmithing, he was a master workman in iron; and many the time, during his travels in the ministry, did he take the hammer and rasp from the hand of some tyro, and with astonishing skill perform the task of shoeing his own horse, rather than a nail should be misplaced on the foot of a faithful animal, or in any wise abused by a bungler at his craft.

My brother was an accomplished swimmer; and many times accomplished more astonishing feats than that of which Lord Byron so often boasted. He never hesitated to throw his own life upon the waters; and more than once did he snatch that of another from their drowning grasp.

As to his moral courage, it was of that character which enabled him to accomplish whatever his hand found to do. It mattered not what the labor or the peril, if duty called, the call was obeyed; and though often called to go into the low places of earth, into the lazar-house, amidst the noisome pestilence, and there offer the counsels of truth, or administer the sacrament of the Church to the sick, the distressed, and dying, you could ever read upon his calm, dignified brow, the evidences of a happy spirit; and though often borne down with labor, he was ever forgetful of self, when the wants of another called on him for action or exertion. I have said that he was tender-hearted, and could ever weep with the afflicted, yet he had that courage which stands unblanched at

the cannon's mouth. As I have said, my brother's early education was neglected, and consequently he was deficient in classical learning. His profession led him to Biblical and belles-lettres studies. He also had great fondness for legal study; and during the late legal controversies in which the Methodist Episcopal Church has been engaged, he applied himself closely to the investigation of those doctrines and rules of the law which governed—or ought to have governed—the decision of those questions; and thus he became very much interested in the reading of standard works on law, and these he comprehended with astonishing facility. His mind was intuitive and strong; and he had oratorical talent in a degree which enabled him to rank with the Rapers, the Christies, and Bigelows; and these latter names, had they been called to the forum, would have equaled the Pitts, the Sheridans, and the Henrys.

My brother was a man of order, and had administrative talent, as his successful management of the interests of the Church, whenever committed to his charge, will attest.

In his reading of books, he was careful in the selections which he made, and read nothing which he thought could dissipate or enervate the mind. He had a poor opinion of works of fiction generally; and this opinion was not formed in the absence of all reading, for he tasted the waters before he pronounced them bitter. He was devotedly fond of sublime poetry, and treasured in memory many of the beauties

of Young, Milton, Gray, Cowper, etc. He also read Homer attentively from Pope's translation, and would often use in his sermons quotations from these, his favorite authors, with very powerful effect. The Bible was, however, to him the Book of books; and few men have read and studied it more attentively, or become more familiar with its language as well as its precepts. I have often heard him in preaching quote from memory, readily, any text in the Bible, in proof of the doctrine he was preaching, which it contained, running from book to book, and from chapter to chapter, and from verse to verse. He was an earnest, sincere, and dignified man in private life, as well as in the pulpit; yet he had good conversational powers, was cheerful, often lively, always pleasant and companionable, and no one could add more to the happiness of the home circle. Though he had no child of his own, his love for children made him their companion, and often their playmate, when relieved from active employment. The little ones of our circle were often gratified at his home-comings, with such simple presents as childhood most esteems. They were always greeted with fondness. There is one yet living who can speak, from long experience, of the tender devotion of his heart to her in the character of a husband.

I have spoken thus much as a brother, yet to me he was more than brother, in the fulfillment of the offices of a parent—he was a father to me, as well as brother and friend. And in all these relations, what-

ever he undertook to do, was performed with dignity and propriety, with fondness and fidelity, and in a manner to impose no humility on the recipient of his favors. Many the charities he bestowed, of which the world knew nothing, making it a rule of life rather to give to those of doubtful merit, than turn any empty away, lest the really deserving should thereby be neglected. Some small but judicious investments in government land, made several years before his decease, had rendered him very comfortable in his worldly affairs. He disposed of his property by will, made during his last illness, in a manner comporting with his accustomed benevolence, to his brothers and sisters, having made ample provision for the temporal wants of his beloved wife.

In matters of business he was scrupulously punctual and correct, but he was often known, when others stood in need of his aid, to give the last dollar he had, and even borrow for their accommodation. He took a deep interest in the cause of education; and without a child in the world, at the time of his death he owned several scholarships in different colleges and universities. To the deserving youth struggling to obtain an education, he was ever ready to give assistance; and some of those are now living, who, by his aid, obtained a thorough education, and are now giving evidence to the world of their early deserts.

Of his labors in the Church I will not speak. Others have borne testimony of his faithful and efficient

labors. As he loved the Church, he was ever ready to defend her against enemies, within and without. Outside of the Church he was a man of progress, but to the Church and the ministry he constantly upheld "old landmarks."

I have spoken of his fondness for the study of law. It was also his custom, when not otherwise engaged, and advised that any thing of special interest was before the courts, to attend their sittings, paying the strictest attention to the arguments of counsel, and the opinions of the court. He would thus, in a very short time, make himself complete master of every thing which was transpiring, taking a lively interest in its progress. The knowledge thus acquired of forms and details, as well as of principles, often became of use to him when called upon in the Church to assume, to some extent, the duties of the advocate or the judge.

In person he was well formed, but a fraction less than six feet in hight; had a powerful frame, yet closely knit together. His habit was full, his carriage erect and dignified; his features were regular but well-defined, and strongly expressive of a generous and noble nature; his brow was arched and heavy, his forehead high, broad, and open, his hair dark, and somewhat inclined to stiffness. In his dress he was neat, cleanly, and careful, regarding comfort, but not disregarding elegance; never, however, violating professional propriety, or losing his dignity in ornament or show; nor did he ever affect singularity or quaint-

ness, thus showing a decent respect for the customs of society.

He was accustomed to finish whatever he undertook, arguing, and often observing, that "that which was worth doing, was worth doing well." I have often thought that this idea was carried with him into the pulpit; and when preaching on subjects peculiarly interesting to him, made him consume more time than would otherwise have been preferable to him. His custom was to reason from cause to effect, yet he would often institute analogies. His mind was mathematical, and he had a love of exact science. He was in all things practical. I never knew him bewildered in theories; and so great was the original strength of his mind, that he detected the false or the faulty almost at a glance. He read character well, but never judged hastily or harshly. He had a boundless charity for the faults of others, and never deemed one, however low he or she might have sunken, beyond the hope of redemption. He could well adapt himself to the society he was in, so far as this could be done without compromising his character or principles. This he was never known to do, nor do I believe he could have been tempted to do so. He had due respect for the opinions of others, and in many things would take counsel, but he was self-reliant, and seemed through life to think that it was his duty to bear the burden of others, rather than to place his own upon their shoulders. He felt his own strength, and believed it was given him for wise and benevolent

purposes, and so believing, he used it as the fulfillment of duty.

I fear that some who may read this letter, may think I have already said too much in praise of one who was my brother—none, however, will think so who knew him well. Such as were acquainted with him, know that he was governed by correct principles and noble impulses. His character may not have been without its defects, and it may be difficult for me to see them now, or call them to mind; yet I knew him most intimately for thirty years, and speak now not to misrepresent his true character, but to make it known for the imitation of others, and in so doing, I am fully aware that I have but poorly discharged but one of the many duties I owe his memory.

Hoping, my dear sir, that your book may be eminently successful in offering to the world the example of a true and noble character, in placing before young and old the acts of a life devoted to the service of God and the good of mankind,

I remain yours, etc., M. B. WALKER.

CHAPTER LI.

BEAUTIFUL TRAITS.

Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.—PHIL. IV, 8.

None of us liveth unto himself.—ST. PAUL.

"Contentment spreads her holy calm
Around a resting-place so bright;
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm
In gazing at so fair a sight."

IT may be proper here to remark, as it regards the personal religious experience of Mr. Walker, that it was not of that evanescent kind which is constantly vacillating from deep gloom or despondency to ecstasy and joy, yet he possessed a deep feeling, and had, no doubt, many spiritual conflicts. But, amid all the varied scenes and trials of life, there seemed always to be a consistent uniformity in his religious experience, characterized by a strong and unwavering faith in the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, with a humble trust in his mercy for his personal salvation through the atoning sacrifice of Christ, his Savior.

In labors he was abundant, endeavoring to do good in every possible manner. If we may judge of the genuineness of faith by the strength of the *test* by which it is tried, we may safely conclude that his

was the "gift of God" which exhibited the fruits of "patience, long-suffering," and entire resignation to the will of God under very protracted family afflictions, and bereavements, and disappointed hopes, deeply affecting all the tender sensibilities of his noble soul.

During the last few months of his life, while Mrs. Walker was very seriously afflicted, and at times nigh unto death, his spirit seemed deeply chastened and humbled before the Lord; yet he always exhibited in his letters to Mrs. W., and in his conversation with others, a patient yet cheerful resignation to the *whole will of* HIS HEAVENLY FATHER.

His wife remarked to me, that at the time of his conversion he gave himself up fully—*a whole sacrifice* to God—time, talents, soul, and body, to do the will of his Savior; and that, judging from his actions, conversation, letters, and preaching, he was "not of them that draw back." He never expressed a doubt of his acceptance with God. He had a deep sense of his unworthiness and imperfections. On hearing any person speak of his being the means of their salvation, it would affect him to tears. He conversed much on the subject of Christian perfection. Holiness was his motto. He prayed and preached much on the subject, and in his life and labors endeavored to perfect the same in the fear of God. Mrs. Walker remarked to me that his faith was stronger than hers. He would cheerfully have died as a martyr for the cause of God. His professions in regard to his attain-

ments in grace were very humble, and characterized by a deep sense of his unworthiness, with an unwavering trust in God, and a firm reliance on the atonement for a present and full salvation, and a joyful hope of eternal life when

"Life and its labors are o'er."

Mr. Walker's social traits of character made him the ever-welcome friend in the domestic circle. He was very fond of little children. Though he had no living child of his own, yet he delighted to witness the development of mind manifested in their innocent prattle, but more especially did he delight to witness the operation of the Holy Spirit on the young and tender heart. Hundreds and thousands of little children will not only remember his Sabbath school addresses, but his earnest appeals to the young in the pulpit and prayer meeting, and how he encouraged them to come to the altar in times of revival. When scores of them have been converted, he has been known to take them by the hand with the deepest interest, and commit the little lambs to the fostering care of the Church. He encouraged and defended early piety wherever he went. The children generally loved him most ardently, and wherever he went was known by the familiar name of "Uncle Walker." His brother's children shared deeply in his affection. Their spiritual and temporal welfare lay near his heart.

He loved to talk with them, and to instruct and

amuse them whenever the opportunity presented itself. When absent, he always remembered them, and prayed for them. I take the liberty to give an extract of a letter to each of these dear little ones, whom he loved so ardently, simply to show the kindness and tenderness of his noble heart, amid the arduous duties of his profession.

"CINCINNATI, January 3, 1851.

"MISS MARY ELIZABETH WALKER,—*My dear little niece:* The deep anxiety I feel for your happiness in this world, and also in the world that is to come, prompts me to write you these lines. You are a delicate little flower, in a cold and wintery world. You may be chilled by the wintery blast, or nipped by the untimely frost in an early hour. Or you may live to be a woman—to be aged. Now your uncle, G. W., is very anxious that you should be a very GOOD GIRL; so that you may always be happy, both here and hereafter. Love your father and mother, and your little brother and sister, and all with whom you associate. Be kind to all. Obey your parents. Do not be proud or vain. Read the Bible and other good books, and do not forget your prayers. May God bless you! Aunt Kitty joins me in love to you."

"CINCINNATI, January 3, 1851.

"MASTER JOHN OLIVER WALKER,—*My dear little nephew:* I have learned from your father that you and all the children have the hooping-cough. That is a

very severe disease. When I had it I came very near dying with it. I hope you will all recover, and be very well before long. I am very anxious that you should be a good boy—the best in Dayton; and I am equally anxious that you should be the wisest boy in Dayton; but this you can not be unless you are a good boy. Well, to be good, you must love God, and love your father and mother, and your sisters—and you must love every body so well that you would do them no harm, but all the good you can.

"My dear John, I want you to study your lessons well, always tell the truth, never say any bad words, say your prayers, and God will be your friend and guide, and will bless you in this world and in that which is to come. God bless you, John! Aunt Kitty joins me in love to you."

The following letter from Mrs. Judge Townsend, of Albia, Iowa, dated October 16, 1856, contains many truthful remarks, from which I take great pleasure in making a few extracts:

"My Dear Aunt,—It is not very long since I wrote you, but have received no answer. I suppose you are too feeble to write. We have been talking a great deal of you, aunt. The past is so full of beautiful, tender, touching memories! O, how they melt the heart, bedew the eye, and make the lip grow tremulous while we recount them!

"I learn through the Western Christian Advocate,

that Rev. M. P. Gaddis is preparing a biography of uncle. This is well thought of, and his biographer well chosen. Immediately after I read the notice, I went to a trunk of old letters, and soon found a large budget from you and uncle. I have just finished reading them over. O aunt, what a world of pleasant remembrances did they recall! They are such a *treasure* to me now, I am almost afraid to risk them out of my hands. Their words sweep over my soul like the notes of some old familiar song—now dying away to a soft whisper in the far-distant past, and again swelling into a distant melody—making the heart-strings vibrate with tender emotions.

"In calm contemplation of uncle's character, I see him always a '*model*' of a minister and Christian gentleman. I had ample opportunity of studying his character under almost every variety of circumstances, and I can not recall a *single act* that would not bear the strictest scrutiny—that was otherwise than honorable and magnanimous. But there are some *prominent* traits, that shine like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' He possessed the *rare talent* of making those about him feel *at ease*, and while he was courteous to all, he was *particularly the friend of the poor. He never sought any man's favor or friendship merely because he was rich or powerful.* He did his duty in the fear of God, and I doubt if the *fear of man* ever entered his soul. A remarkable lover of order and neatness, he never disgraced the pulpit or his home with any thing untidy. On the other hand, he was

equally free from the charge of *foppishness*. Hospitality, kindness, and generosity, made his home ever a most attractive place for visitors, and his family a charmed circle. He possessed the physical strength, the courage, the decision and firmness that enables the soldier to march undaunted up to the cannon's mouth. Yet his intercourse with his family was marked with an affectionate tenderness. However stormy might be the outer world in which he mingled, his home circle was never allowed to suffer from its influence. Always cheerful, ever ready to speak a word of encouragement to those who needed it, a safe counselor, an unwavering friend, it is no wonder he was such a universal favorite, wherever he went.

"Years ago, I heard an aged, distinguished minister say of him, 'I have heard ministers of the Gospel entertain themselves for hours in finding fault and picking flaws in the character of their brethren, but I *never heard George W. Walker do so.*' I could dwell for days on the *goodness* of my uncle, and then leave the task unfinished. I send you a part of his letters. There is much in them too *personal* to allow of publication, but there are extracts too good to be buried in obscurity. I insist upon their return, whenever convenient."

CHAPTER LII.

AFFECTION'S LAST TRIBUTE.

She goeth unto the grave to weep there.—JOHN XI, 31.

"True, indeed, it is
That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard. With them
The future can not contradict the past;
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone." WORDSWORTH.

THE following touching tribute to the memory of Mr. Walker, is from the pen of his bereaved companion, dated,

SPRING HILL, October 25, 1856.

REV. M. P. GADDIS,—*Dear Brother:* Love for the memory of my dear husband, and a desire that his example may prove a blessing to others, induce me to make an effort, as far as possible, to collect my thoughts, and control my feelings, that I may portray, though but imperfectly, his virtues in the domestic and social relations of life. Other pens might do him much greater justice, were they as intimately acquainted with his private character. His indefatigable labors, and his abilities as a minister in the Church of Christ, are known to the community among whom he labored for some thirty years. Others have spoken of his lion-like courage in opposing vice, in

promoting truth and righteousness, in defending and relieving the oppressed; but upon those who are honored in the endeared relations of parent, brother, sister, and wife, devolve the tender, though mournful task on the present occasion, to speak of his filial obedience, his veneration for, and his devoted love to, his aged parents; the deep and self-sacrificing interest which he felt in the welfare of his brothers and sisters; his tender, ever-enduring, and I may well say, undying love, as a husband. His love and affectionate care for his mother and sisters were almost proverbial; and this pure affection remained unimpaired during life. He seldom spoke of his aged parents without the unbidden tear, and an emotion corresponding with the deep feeling of love and sympathy which pervaded his generous heart.

As a brother, he always manifested the most intense solicitude for the temporal and spiritual welfare of those endeared to him by the fraternal relation. What he deemed an error, either in principle or practice, of his dearest friends, did not fail to receive his godly admonition or reproof. Honesty of heart, purity of motive, and candor in expressing his sentiments, were ever prominent traits in his character. I never knew him use dissimulation, or equivocate, under any circumstances. Truly in this he imitated his Master, in whose mouth was no guile. Although Mr. Walker was ever intrepid in the field of conflict, and inflexible in purpose, in regard to the performance of duty, yet in the family, or social circle, or by the bed

of affliction, he was ever welcomed as the cheerful, tender, and sympathizing friend.

As a husband, his love and affectionate care for me, were such as none but my now stricken and desolate heart can fully appreciate. It was ever his greatest earthly pleasure to promote my comfort and happiness, both temporally and spiritually. When, in the order of providence, I have been called to pass through very protracted and severe affliction, all the tender sensibilities of his soul have been tried to the uttermost, especially when ministerial duties called him to leave me; yet his heart fainted not in the day of adversity, but humbly relying upon the mercy of our heavenly Father, he would claim the promise, "All things shall work together for good to them who love God, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Thus encouraging his faith, he went on in the path of duty, leaving me with all his interests in the hands of that God in whom he so implicitly trusted. A few weeks previous to his decease, when about leaving my sick-room, to attend his quarterly meeting, speaking in reference to the trial of leaving me, he remarked, "'T was in this cause the martyrs bled;" thus encouraging me to suffer patiently those privations, which are not worthy to be compared with those of the primitive Christians who suffered in the cause of our blessed Savior. The tender sensibilities of his heart were not chilled by advancing age, but were rather matured and sanctified by that grace which imbued his whole life and char-

acter. He could seldom read a touching incident without tears; and the presentation of a flower, or a simple poetic stanza, in token of my love, would cause the tear of affection to tremble in his eye. And this tender affection continued unabated to the last hour of his conscious existence on earth.

For more than twenty-six years we mutually shared life's joys and sorrows; and believing, as I ever have, that our union was of God, through every vicissitude of life I have felt to thank and praise Him who honored and blessed me with such a husband. I would not idolize his memory; but my heart will cherish forever the tender recollections of his unceasing love and affection, his many virtues and excellences, and thank and adore the God whom he served for that grace which was bestowed upon him, and through which he was enabled to endure through many long years of toil and care, as seeing Him who is invisible. I might speak of his Christian benevolence, his many charities, of which none knew except myself, and the recipient of his bounty, but I forbear.

As a Christian, I believe he steadily grew in grace. He possessed strong faith in God, and in his special care over his children. For several months previous to his decease, he preached frequently on the subject of holiness, and I believe was striving to perfect the same in the fear of God. The morning on which he left me for the last time on earth, in family worship he prayed in an unusual manner in reference to the uncertainty of life, and for the protection and guid-

ance of our heavenly Father during our separation, then bade me farewell with his usual tenderness—bade his brother's family farewell. When he started down stairs I met him at the top of the stair-way; he bade me a second farewell, saying, with emphasis, as he pressed the farewell kiss on my cheek, "*I'll not forget you.*" I watched him as he rode away, for the last time, little suspecting what a bitter cup my heavenly Father was preparing for me. In a few days I was summoned to his bedside. But O how changed! The painful scene I will not attempt to describe; yet, during lucid intervals, words fell from his precious lips which helped to soothe my bleeding heart. He remarked, "Let the holy and blessed will of God be done; and we must say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" At another time he said,

"He 'll not live in glory, and leave me behind."

And again, "I am ready to live or to die." And when very near the closing scene, he exclaimed: "Shout! Shout! Why don't you shout?" Thus his precious spirit passed away from earth; no doubt to behold that glory of his blessed Savior, which Christ says he will give to his faithful servants. O may that grace, which enabled him to endure to the end, be vouchsafed to sustain my desolate heart, and fainting spirit, during the few days of life's lonely journey which yet may remain to me; and I trust, through the mercy of God in Christ, that I shall soon join my

dear companion, and the saints of all ages, in ascriptions of praise to Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to whom be glory forever! C. WALKER.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Walker, a few weeks after she returned home from Dayton, during the present winter. It contains much that is beautiful, tender, and touching. None, I presume, can read it without tears. It is dated Spring Hill, December 13, 1856: "Melancholy reflections occupy my mind. The present year, 1856, now fast drawing to a close, O what solemn scenes through which I have passed! Language fails to express what my soul has felt. I am reminded of Moses, where he speaks of that 'great and terrible wilderness,' through which the children of Israel were called to pass; yet I would not fail to record the loving-kindness of the Lord, which, like the 'cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night,' has illuminated the otherwise dark and desolate path, and, when heart and flesh have failed, 'sustained my fainting head.' The furnace of bodily affliction, through which I was called to pass during the early part of this year, had, I trust, through the Spirit, a purifying influence upon my faith, and a crucifying tendency in reference to this world; yet there was one tie that seemed to hold me here. That precious tie has been removed, and now draws me heavenward; and though I sorrow deeply for the separation and absence of him who was my earthly *all*,

the noblest of men, the best earthly companion, the servant of God, yet I sorrow not as those who have no hope. Though, like Mary, I go to 'the grave to weep there,' and strew the last roses of summer o'er his precious bosom, I remember that Jesus wept with the sisters of this beloved friend, and I too may weep, and whisper gently to my loved one sleeping there, 'I will soon come and rest by your dear side, till that blessed morn when the voice of Jesus shall bid us rise.' But my thoughts must not linger at the tomb, but, through my tears, look away to the land of the blest, the home of the saints. *Sweet home*—where I hope soon to join his happy spirit, in ascriptions of praise to God and the Lamb, for evermore!

"When I visit his grave, and strew those little tokens of affection and love over his precious body—tokens which he loved to receive from me during his life—it reminds me of the almost prophetic language of a poetic stanza, which he wrote in a letter previous to our marriage. After speaking of anticipated happiness, he referred to our separation by death, saying, 'May I never cease to love you, till I take my leave of time, and time-things, and go to join the angelic songsters around the throne of God! And may it be that,

> "When I come to yield my breath,
> And life's warm current cools in death;
> That when I 'm laid upon the bier,
> You 'll drop the tributary tear!

You 'll frequent oft my lonely tomb,
To see the bending cypress bloom;
In silence oft you will be seen
To deck it with the evergreen!'"

"To this expressed wish my sad heart will mournfully respond, while life shall last, and

'When summer's last, sweet rose is gone,
And wint'ry blasts shall chill,
I 'll bring the fadeless evergreen,
To say I love you still.'

"In the midst of these reflections, my poor heart struggles with conflicting emotions. Nature indeed feels deeply; yet, by the help of grace, would, with humility, say, 'Father, thy will be done,' while I pour out my soul in sorrow into the bosom of my sympathizing Savior, whose mission was to heal the broken-hearted, and who alone can give permanent peace and comfort to the disconsolate soul. Christian sympathy, though it can not heal, yet does much in soothing the bleeding, desolate heart. It is a stream from the great fountain of Infinite compassion and love. Your sympathies and prayers, my dear sister, with those of many other Christian friends, have done much to comfort and sustain me in my deep affliction and sorrow; while the hope of heaven, like a bright star, has cheered me amid the surrounding darkness. O may it guide me to the port of everlasting rest!

"I trust I shall have your sympathy and prayers till life's lonely journey shall close, and we meet where faith is lost in sight, and prayer in endless praise."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE UNFINISHED PORTRAIT.

Now of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum.—HEBREWS VIII, 1.

Bind up the testimony.—ISAIAH VIII, 16.

. . . . . "Not to be tainted
With the smallest error, is the sole prerogative of heaven;
But that immunity was not given to earth."

IN a finished production by the hand of a skillful artist, the *details* of the picture are as correct as the *outlines* are grand and imposing. However well I may have succeeded in drawing an outline of the character of Mr. Walker, as a Christian minister, I am painfully sensible that the details are unfinished. TWELVE months, instead of four, would scarcely have given time sufficient to do full justice to a life so varied and useful as that of Rev. G. W. Walker.

His mind was cast in nature's finest mold. Although deprived in early life of the advantages of a good education, yet, without aid or instructors, by diligence in the study of good books, he had acquired a very liberal stock of useful knowledge. For a man who had never enjoyed the advantages of a liberal course of education, he possessed great depth of understanding. His reasoning was consecutive and

clear, and at times bold and convincing. He was a powerful preacher. His discourses were Scriptural, solemn, and practical. His strong and manly voice, and eloquent appeals, enabled him at times to overwhelm his audience. At our popular meetings he was a great favorite. Powerful awakenings generally followed his "Boanergian" efforts on the camp-ground, and at his quarterly meetings on the district.

I know we often hear it remarked in these times of modern "progression," that we have no longer any use for men who preach "*awakening sermons.*" We are told that God only works by the "still small voice," etc. This is a great error, and has done an incalculable amount of injury to the cause of the Redeemer, in these "latter days." The Gospel system is still the same, and the hearts of the children of men are still "set in them to do evil." Nothing will so effectually arouse the sinner from his deep repose, as the *thunder-tones* of the violated law. It must "speak out," at least with the *authority* of the "schoolmaster," in order to bring the sinner to Christ. I believe fully the sentiments once uttered by the late Richard Watson: "The Lord was not in the wind, nor in the fire, but in the 'still small voice.' Yet that still small voice might not have been heard, except by minds *roused* from inattention, by the shaking of the earth, and the resounding of the storm."

Mr. Walker was an *earnest* man in the pulpit, in the altar, and at the prayer meeting. Doctor Paley

once remarked, "Be the particular doctrines of the Methodists what they may, the *professors* of those doctrines appear to be in earnest about them; and a man who is in earnest about religion can not be a bad man; much less a fit subject of derision." Mr. Walker was always in *earnest*, and by his unwavering faith and zeal in his Master's cause, was the honored instrument of the conversion of many thousands of souls, purchased by the blood of the Son of God. Mr. Walker was not only *earnest* but energetic in his pulpit efforts. A very amusing incident, illustrative of his manner, came recently to my knowledge. While preaching at ———, on a favorite theme, he became so deeply absorbed as to lose sight of every thing but the point under discussion, and the souls of his dying hearers. When about midway of his discourse, by a violent gesture he knocked the Hymn-Book off the pulpit with such violence, that it struck the head of a young lady in the congregation on the bonnet, and fell into her lap, to the great amusement of his congregation. Mr. W. did not perceive it at the time. At the close of the sermon he could not find his Hymn-Book. The congregation was much amused at his perplexity. At last he discovered it quietly reposing in the lap of a young lady in front of the pulpit, who was kind enough to hand it up to him in a much more *gentle manner* than she had received it. Mr. Walker, in speaking of this occurrence afterward, said that he was unconscious of what passed at the time, and did not approve of

that method of attacking sinners, especially unconverted young ladies.

Mr. Walker had a tender and sympathetic heart, and a genial warmth of manner.

> "For penitents he heaved a consoling sigh,
> Next to their tears, a grateful sacrifice."

O, how often were "mourners in Zion" comforted by his kind words, while his exhortations, so full of "good cheer," raised up them that were "bowed down." He had great *veneration* for his superiors in office, and *reverence* for all in authority. His final appeal was always "*to the law and testimony.*"

Another beautiful and commendable trait in the character of Mr. Walker was entire freedom from "*clerical vanity.*" He was a sincere and faithful friend—the "soul of honor," and was never known to turn his back upon friend or foe. He had firmness and courage in an extraordinary degree. A brother minister once remarked of him, "Only convince Mr. Walker that it *was duty*, and he would *charge* the mouth of a volcano." He shrunk from no responsibility or danger when duty called him. I have just heard of another instance where he nobly periled his own life, to rescue a brother minister, whose life was in jeopardy.

He had a sound judgment, combined with a quick apprehension and great firmness of resolution. He was not rash or impetuous. He seldom followed the sudden impulse of the moment, but displayed un-

usual foresight and calm reflection. One has somewhere remarked, that "*prudence* of the right stamp is the practical exposition of a correct judgment, and a *pure heart*. It regards the future as well as the present, immortality as well as time, and each according to their respective importance." These remarks are very applicable to Mr. Walker. Prudence was a prominent trait in his character. Mr. Walker was not a "*secular minister*"—preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ was the great business of his life. He gave himself *wholly* to this work. He never engaged in *speculations* with the hope of accumulating a fortune. He never was known to neglect any of his appointed duties, as a minister, to "serve tables," or attend to his temporal business. He never manifested a worldly or money-loving spirit.

His love for his parents, brothers, and sisters, was proverbial, and that love was reciprocal on their part up to his dying hour. His attachment and love, especially for his youngest brother, was of a strongly-marked character. He counseled and comforted him as a father would a beloved and only child. His letters to his brother breathe such a pure spirit of "brotherly-kindness," and disinterested love, that one can not fail to rise from their perusal "refreshed in spirit." In a letter, dated Mount Auburn, February 17, 1853, containing sound views of the human constitution, and some minute directions concerning the proper care of the body, and the necessity of mental quiet or composure of mind—as essential to true

greatness—he remarks as follows: "Now, my dear brother Moses, remember the admonition of the Bible, 'shun the appearance of evil,' and ever follow that which is good both for soul and body in time and eternity. I am ready to do any and every thing for you within the compass of my ability. I know you believe this. Yea, I am ready, I hope it is not idolatry, *to lay down my own life if I could be the means of saving yours*—in the divine sense of salvation. Alas! I often reproach myself that I have not tried to do more for you in a spiritual point of view. In *assuming* that it would be more agreeable to you, I fear that I have suffered our intercourse to partake too much of a secular nature. In doing so, I have not only failed to do you *good, spiritually*, but I have suffered loss myself. O, forgive me this folly! If you should die without leaving an assurance that you had gone *home to rest*, O how could I survive the shock! I know that the word of God is true, *fearfully* true in regard to the finally impenitent, and *gloriously* true in regard to all who will *let God save them*. SALVATION is as free as the breath of heaven to *all* who will receive it by faith in Jesus Christ, and you yourself can have it. GOD BLESS YOU!"

In reading such noble sentiments, how forcibly are we reminded of the language of St. Paul: "I say the truth in Christ: I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have continual sorrow and heaviness in my heart. For I

could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

The *benevolence* of his heart, and the charities of his life were only fully known to his family and special friends. Out of the means with which his heavenly Father had intrusted him, he often made the heart of the widow sing for joy. As the almoner of God, the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him also. He has often been known to borrow money out of the bank at the regular per centum, and loan the same to a more needy friend or brother, without exacting the usual *interest*. His contributions, in the aggregate, were large compared with his *available* means. His hand was never shut against the application of the homeless and friendless, and his ear was always open to their tale of sorrow and distress.

I have before stated that Mr. Walker was enthusiastically fond of his profession. Preaching the Gospel was the great business of his life. He loved to do it. Before he was restored from his backslidden state his mind was constantly dwelling on the subject of the ministry. When working in the blacksmith-shop of Mr. ——, at Urbana, while the family were at dinner, and the workmen refused to go into the house because of the presence of visitors at the dinner-table, Mr. W. closed the doors of the shop, and told his fellow-workmen if they would be still he would preach them a sermon. They readily consented, and Mr. Walker mounted the anvil-block, and

announced his text, and preached with so much earnestness as to attract the attention of Mr. D.'s family. When they approached near enough to hear what he was doing, they recognized that he was preaching with success on the same subject from which their own minister had discoursed on the Sabbath previous. Mr. Walker had forgotten this occurrence, but, when reminded of it in after years, remarked, "I was certainly sincere at the time, although the hands in the shop looked on it as a good joke."

He never refused to preach when his health and strength permitted him to do so. He did not devote much of his time to *writing*, yet I find among his papers, many well-written sermons, addresses, and essays, many of which have never been published. The articles on "The Supremacy of the Pope," "The Great Apostasy," "The Tendency of Romanism," abound with fine thoughts forcibly expressed. He was not fond of controversy, yet he occasionally "*showed his opinion*," through the medium of the press, upon some of the most exciting and agitating questions of Church polity. He often preached, by request, on the subject of baptism with great success. He also published an able article on "What Constitutes Valid Baptism." His "essay" on "Justification," and "Elocution," together with many of his missionary and Sabbath school addresses, are well-written papers, and give unmistakable proof that, with a little more practice, he would soon have

wielded an able pen. He was a devoted friend of young ministers, aiding them not only by good counsels and encouraging them with kind words, but often assisting them, pecuniarily, in time of need or distress. He was instrumental in the conversion of many young men, who are now able and efficient ministers of the New Testament. He licensed a number to preach, some of whom are still in the local ranks, and others are devoting all their time to *soul-saving*. At one round on the Lebanon district in 1840, he licensed nine to preach, and signed the recommendation of no less than twelve to enter the traveling ministry. Rev. Thomas D. Crow was converted to God under one of his "awakening discourses," in Champaign county. Two or three years subsequently, while Mr. Crow was boarding at Urbana, Mr. Walker met him, and said to him, in an affectionate manner, "Well, brother Crow, what a fine constitution God has blessed you with to wear out in his service!" This remark had much to do in giving a proper direction to Mr. Crow's future course. He now stands high as a minister among the young men of the Cincinnati conference. "A word in season how good it is!"

Mr. Walker could *read character* as well as any minister that I have known, except the lamented Raper, and father Collins. Truly it might be said of Mr. W., that the "secret of the Lord" was with him. On meeting with Jeremiah B. Ellsworth once in the grove, while attending a camp meeting, he

put his arm around him and said, "Brother, are you not exercised upon the subject of preaching the Gospel?" Mr. Ellsworth informed me, up to that period no one had been made acquainted with his state of mind upon that subject, but this unexpected question afforded him a fine opportunity to unburden his mind and heart to Mr. W. It was not long after this till he gave himself up to the work of the ministry, and entered the itinerancy.

Mr. Walker was one of our best "*Church financiers.*" He made an excellent agent to raise money for Church purposes. In consequence of his popularity, in this respect, he was often solicited to deliver addresses at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church, or to preach a dedicatory sermon at its first opening for divine service. On such occasions his services were more sought after than any one among us. He was *always successful*, on such occasions, in raising "material aid," generally enough to liquidate all claims against the building. During his ministry he dedicated FORTY churches in Ohio. He was honored of God and the Church. He served as presiding elder *nine* years, and spent NINE years of his ministry in the stations in Cincinnati and its environs. He also acted as chairman of the Book Committee for many years, discharging this onerous duty with fidelity and commendable zeal. He was a member of the General conference, at Baltimore in 1840, at Pittsburg in 1848, at Boston, 1852, and at Indianapolis in 1856. Mr. Walker was not an "*hon-*

orary" member of the annual or General conference. He was a "WORKING MEMBER." I never knew him placed on a committee simply to make up the requisite "*number*." He was a diligent and successful WORKER.

I do not place much reliance on what are usually termed *impressions*. Sometimes they prove deceptive. We are exhorted to "try the Spirit," and "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." There is certainly, on earth, a strong and indissoluble bond of union among all true believers—a sweet communion of spirit, a *oneness* of soul that no power can dissever, or distance annihilate,

> "Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
> Nor life, nor death can part."

This "softest sympathy," and "mixing" of soul, as Mr. Wesley calls it, can never be explained to the irreligious.

> "Didst thou not make us one
> That we might one remain;
> Together travel on,
> And bear each other's pain?"

O yes, and when we are separated in times of trouble, affliction, and bereavement—

> "On the wings of faith and love
> We to each other fly."

This is a cherished opinion of mine, with which I would not willingly part. I have more than once experienced the truthfulness of these beautiful sentiments, expressed by Mr. Wesley in many of his hymns.

During the last illness of Mr. Walker, especially for about a week before his death, I was strangely drawn out in prayer, and had some peculiar feelings and emotions that I can not possibly explain or account for upon any other principle than that to which I have just referred. One day, while I was walking alone on the street, in this city, the following words were forcibly impressed on my mind: "What is your life? it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." The impression was so deep and sudden that I instantly paused on the sidewalk, and exclaimed mentally, "Lord, what does this mean?" I resumed my walk, but could not dismiss the subject from my mind. I spoke of it to the first man with whom I had an opportunity to converse. The impression was *fixed*. It followed me by night and day wherever I went. "What is your life?" "What is your life?" "What is your life?"

I also spoke of it to my brethren in the class-room. I talked about it to my family and friends every day. It was sanctified to my good. I felt deeply sensible that something would soon follow this *impression* of a very *noticeable character*. Of course I could not tell, but it led me to self-examination, prayer, and watchfulness. I committed the matter all into the hand of my heavenly Father. "His path often lieth in the deep waters," and all his ways are unsearchable and past finding out. Four or five days after my mind had been thus forcibly impressed by the

Holy Spirit, I met the Rev. J. C. Bontecou in this city, from whom I received the first intelligence of the expected dissolution of my friend and brother, Rev. G. W. Walker. On hearing it, I was instantly struck dumb, and I mentally exclaimed, "It is all explained now. I was not mistaken. 'What is your life? it is even a vapor,' etc. Mr. Walker will not live. I shall see him no more."

Ah! my dear reader, a few days afterward, when I attended his funeral at Spring Hill, and saw him laid down to "rest in his last long sleep," I realized a sad and comprehensive commentary on the shortness of human life, and felt the full force of the words which had been so powerfully impressed on my mind—"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE? IT IS EVEN A VAPOR," etc.

We are all hastening to the tomb, and know not what a day may bring forth. The time and manner of our death is wisely concealed. Let us live a holy life, and the "testimony of last words" will not be needed to assure our friends that we have gone to rest. We may die *suddenly* like Dr. Adam Clarke, Whitefield, Dr. Sargent, Bishop Emory, Lakin, and others; but if we live holy,

"All will be well with us forever."

Mr. Whitefield desired to "DIE SILENT." God granted his request, and took him home in a "chariot of fire." He anticipated a sudden death, and, without the least reluctance or aversion, thus expressed himself to a

friend; that which made him think it likely he should not give a dying testimony for his Lord, and which reconciled him to it was, "that it was the whole business of his life to bear witness." "Death, which should dismiss his spirit from the body, could scarcely add a theme he had not dwelt on, or supply, while yet his spirit lingered in time, a new expression of praise to the Redeemer." We shall live and speak by our lives after the grave shall cover our bodies. Mr. Walker, although "dead, yet speaketh," and will, by the light of his example and deeds, for centuries to come.

An American biographer has truthfully said, "It is peculiar to the children of God, that before they reach that perfect life which awaits them in heaven, they will have lived two blessed beneficent lives on earth." This made the apostles say of the faith of Abel, "By it he, being dead, yet speaketh." For thousands of years men have had knowledge of the name and faith of that gracious saint. Through that whole period, indeed, he has been sleeping among the dead; yet, he has all the while had a most precious life among the living. In the experience of eminent saints, the one of these two lives is, at the longest, short; the other is, at the shortest, long. The one is spent by the living among the living; the other cometh up to the living from among the dead. The one is the light of labor, and example, and influence, moving rapturously toward the grave; the other is the power of faith, and love, and suffering in per-

ennial memories coming back from the tomb. In the one, the faithful may see rich fruits from the short summer of their toils; in the other, they will hear of fruits richer still, because so many ages shall lie within their harvest-time. In the former, faith sometimes does its work, like Abel's, in one great sacrifice; in the *latter*, that faith, living in some God-inspired record, often carries on its work through long generations and over distant realms. To those who have finished well the *former* of these lives, religious biography seeks to secure the most beneficial results of the *latter;* and whether that biography swell to volumes, or be but as the brief paragraph which has brought down to our knowledge the triumph of Abel's faith, yet if it include all, and only all, that God would keep alive, "it doeth excellent work, and shall have unfailing fruits." None of us like to be forgotten. Our works will follow us. I feel encouraged to hope that after my tongue "lies silent in the grave," and my "right hand shall forget its cunning," the unpretending volumes which I have written during my *exile* from the pulpit, will continue to exert a saving influence upon the world.

Mr. Walker had greatly endeared himself to his brethren in the ministry of the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences. When his name was called at our annual conference, at Ripley, and the "Committee on Memoirs" made their report, the fountains of feeling were unsealed—his brethren wept aloud like children. Bishop Ames kindly offered an opportunity for

remarks upon the life and character of the deceased. A number of brethren promptly embraced the privilege, among whom were Revs. G. C. Crum, M. Marlay, J. F. Wright, Dr. Charles Adams, William Simmons, Wm. Young, and G. Moody.

Rev. William Young, I have been informed, spoke in a most affecting manner of one or two personal interviews which he had with Mr. Walker and his family recently. To Mr. Young it was now a pleasing reflection that he had been reassured of the love of that good man, and that, on his part, that Christian love had been fully reciprocated, and he hoped erelong it would be perfected in glory.

Rev. Granville Moody remarked in substance as follows: "Brethren, you all know that I am not a man of tears. I can not weep upon all occasions of sadness. I wish I could; but I can not refrain from tears on this mournful occasion. In the death of Mr. Walker I have lost a special friend—a friend and brother with whom I consulted on all important questions, and one to whom I went with all my troubles. He could do more with me than any other man among my acquaintances. When he died, my '*oracle*' and '*confession*' was taken from me. I can not speak without shedding a tear over the memory of one so dear to me," etc. I have been told the feeling at this moment was so intense, and the scene so affecting, that no farther remarks were made, although many desired to speak.

Mr. Walker did not send to our conference any

message but simply this: "THEY ALL KNOW WALKER." Ay, and we all loved him most affectionately. We loved him ardently for his manly deeds and noble bearing as a minister of Christ. And now, that he is gone to the world of spirits, it is pleasant to reflect, we shall meet again in that land where virtue meets its full reward.

"Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea storm's rage is o'er,
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what forms they range the shore.
Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer noontide ray;
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away."

It will be gratifying to Mr. Walker's brethren in the ministry to learn that Mrs. Walker has already had erected to the memory of her beloved husband a most beautiful monument. It stands in the cemetery, at the head of the family vault, in sight of his brother's residence, at Spring Hill. The ground base is of the best Dayton limestone, twenty inches thick. The plinth, or second base, is of Vermont marble, molded, eight inches thick. The obelisk, or spire, is seven feet six inches in hight, fourteen inches square at the base, and gradually diminishing to eight and a half inches at the top. This beautiful obelisk is made in the best workman-like manner, out of the finest Vermont statuary marble, and highly polished. The monument is placed on a good foundation of solid mason work, which gives the top of the spire

an elevation of eleven feet from the ground. On the west side of the obelisk is the following inscription:

REV. GEORGE W. WALKER,

A FAITHFUL MINISTER OF CHRIST

FOR THIRTY YEARS IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

Finished his Course at Wilmington, July 31, 1856,

IN THE FIFTY-SECOND YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"WHERE SHOULD I DIE BUT AT MY POST?"

"Not the toils of his mission nor the weight of the cross
Could drive him from duty whilst here;
In faith ever strong, counting all things but loss,
A crown of bright glory to wear.

Rest, rest, my beloved, thy labors are o'er,
And life, thy eternal reward;
Where sickness, and sorrow, and death are no more,
With *thee* may I rest in the Lord!"

WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.
REV. XIV, 13.

On the east, or opposite, of the monument is sculptured a hand upon an open Bible, with the forefinger pointing to the words of the Savior—

I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.—JOHN XI, 25.

As you turn from reading this touching inscription upon the insensible marble statue, which the hand of affection has caused to be erected to perpetuate among the living the memory of a man of *real worth*, do not, I beseech you, become forgetful of your own frailty and the certain doom that awaits you. "THE LIVING KNOW THAT THEY MUST DIE." Rest not till

you are assured of the approving smiles of Him "whose favor is better than life." Labor to secure by *living faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a consistent life of well-doing, "glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life."

You have now accompanied me to the close of these Brief Recollections. I have called you to the contemplation of a life of uncommon excellence, and to imitate the beneficent example of one, who, for more than thirty years, has been a "bright and shining light." I have conducted you to the close of his life—to the peaceful, "quiet grave."

We have seen "the last of earth." Here we must separate for the present. God speed thee onward to a happy home in heaven! Remember this world is a state of *action*, not of *rest*.

WORK HERE AND REST HEREAFTER.

FAREWELL.

"Unto this world's pilgrim, no rest for the sole of his foot;
Even from stage to stage he traveleth wearily forward,
And, though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not sleep among the flowers."

FINIS.

VALUABLE AND POPULAR WORKS.

FOOT-PRINTS OF AN ITINERANT.

BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,

OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

TWELVE THOUSAND COPIES ISSUED.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY MESSRS. SWORMSTEDT & POE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. PAGES, 546.
PRICE, $1; GILT EDGES, $1.25.

EXTRACTS OF TESTIMONIALS.

From Dr. Thomas Bond, New York.

THIS is a stirring narrative, and a very instructive volume. Revelation and experience are the true sources of religious knowledge, and this biography presents a fine exemplification of the efficiency of the itinerant mode of Gospel ministration adopted by Wesley, and still perpetuated in Europe and America, and still owned and blessed by the great Head of the Church to the spreading of Scriptural holiness on the earth. Mr. Gaddis was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, of Irish parents, who emigrated from the province of Ulster, and were descended from the strictly Puritan stock from Scotland, who settled in Ulster, and from whose Protestantism that province now enjoys its great superiority over the other portions of Ireland. The parents were bigotedly strict and exclusive in their creed and Church usages, and abhorred Methodism little less than Romanism. A short time previous to their removal to Ohio their eldest son strayed from the fold into the contagious atmosphere of a Methodist camp meeting, when he took the infection, was converted, and, after much persecution, was permitted by his parents to join the Church they so religiously and conscientiously despised. The life and conduct of the boy brought the mother to think there was something good in Methodism after all, and she was induced to hear for herself, and became convinced that, though brought up in "the straightest sect of our religion," she had never been born of God—never attained to an assurance of the pardon of sin by the witness of the Holy Spirit. She sought and found this blessing, and united herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The husband and father was inconsolable. He deemed himself and his family irreparably disgraced by his son; but now his wife was perverted from the Church of his ancestors, and carried away with the Methodist delusion. He mourned, but was softened. He yielded to the entreaties of his wife and eldest son, and consented to become yet more vile by attending Methodist worship, where he was convinced of sin, converted to God, and became a useful member of the Church he once so much despised. Finally all the family, including the author of the "Foot-Prints," became partakers of like precious faith. Some have gone to the Church above, while some, among whom is our author, yet linger on the shores of time, giving proof, by an upright walk and holy conversation, of the divine efficacy of the faith they profess.

Mr. Gaddis gives us a detailed account of his call to the ministry, his long resistance of the call, and the consequent mental suffering he endured, till, yielding to his impressions and to the advice of his religious friends, he entered upon the work, and solemnly consecrated himself to the glorious "work of the ministry, and the edification of the body." He continued in active service for more than twenty years, when he was compelled to take a superannuated relation by a bronchial affection, which rendered him incapable of further active service. In addition to his autobiography, the volume abounds with inci-

dents which came under his own observation, and all either calculated to alarm the unconverted, or to build up believers in their most holy faith. It pleased God to give him great success in his labors—wonderful success indeed. In all the circuits and stations in which he was appointed to minister in the word and doctrine, souls were given to him for his hire, and in most there was great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and a large ingathering to the fold of Christ.

We commend this precious volume to readers of all classes, but especially to ministers of the Gospel. It will enlarge their knowledge of divine things, quicken their spirituality, warm their zeal and earnestness in their only legitimate work—the endeavor to save souls, and direct them, by both precept and example, how to accomplish the work whereunto they are called.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

From Dr. Watson, of Chicago.

This is a work by our old friend—one who is the friend of every good man—ay, of all the world—MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS, of the Cincinnati conference. It abounds in those touches of nature that make every man akin. Especially will this be found true as it respects the Methodist public, who possess for such narratives and incidents a peculiar appreciation. It will come over the souls of such like remembered music of other and more primitive days, when the candle of the Lord shone upon their heads, and the world seemed to be less in a hurry to get to perdition, and heaven more familiar because nearer. The Chinese think the spirits of the departed linger where their bodies were laid, and resort to their graves to commune with them. With no superstitious views of the matter, it may be well said, that there are unnumbered thousands of Methodists throughout the west, who yet hear voices and hosanna shouts, rising from the disappearing beechen and maple groves of Ohio and Indiana, when camp meetings used to be as probably they can never be again; and when the circuits and itinerancy possessed types, if not attractions, now forever passed away. The past in Methodist history, which can never be restored, and to which the present can never be likened, but bids fair to become, daily, more dissimilar, must ever be pregnant with memories pleasant to the heart as the balm of a thousand flowers. Mr. Gaddis's book is another of those volumes that restores such reminiscences with all the freshness of a spring morning. It is like the winding shell that ever sings in the ear of the superannuated mariner a sad refrain of his ocean-home, now far away, kindling grief-sweetened and grief-chastened joy in his dampened eye. And as an addition to this department of our literature, incomparably the most popular of any we have, "Foot-Prints" will doubtless contest the palm of public favor with any that has yet appeared. Nor will Methodists alone be delighted and edified with it. It is a narrative of providence and grace in the concrete, and will be a banquet to every soul possessing spiritual affections. It is written in a spirit of vital and all-confiding piety, and with great simplicity.—*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

From Dr. Aydelotte,

FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF WOODWARD COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The facts of the case are these: I had recently purchased two of the remarkable works of the day—"Tulloch on Theism, a Prize Essay," and "Young on the Christ of History"—promising myself a rich feast. But I had scarcely taken hold of these productions before I spied the "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant," by Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis. I soon became so absorbed in the last as to lose sight both of Tulloch and Young. The truth is, I was fascinated by the narrative of the preacher; and yet this fascination, unlike other fascinations, was not all mysterious. It can easily be explained. The *perfect simplicity* of brother Gaddis's style gives a life-like truthfulness to all his descriptions. As he leads you on from scene to scene, the whole is *daguerreotyped* before you. I can not, therefore, sympathize with the author when he tells us, by way of apology, that his feeble health would not permit him to revise his narrative. He would have spoiled it, I am confident, had he attempted to improve it. I would almost as soon think of polishing the style of the ingenious dreamer of Bedford jail—honest John Bunyan. The result of such a process could scarcely fail to be a volume coldly correct and logically dull—one in all respects just the opposite to the "Foot-Prints."

It would be impossible to give a greater amount of facts and incidents in a

smaller compass. The emigrant ship—its crowds of families—sufferings from short allowance—the fever breaking out and hurrying one loved one after another into the deep blue sea—the landing—new home in the west—pioneer life, its hardships and dangers—the dark, interminable forest—hill and dale—the fruitful champaign—the log school-house—youthful sports and escapes—early history of Methodism and its faithful preachers—the humble country church—the camp meeting—the conversion of sinners—the trials and joys of God's people—touching death-bed experiences—all pass before you with the vividness of a drama; and you rise up at the close deeply gratified, and yet disappointed that the curtain was dropped so soon. Yet it is wise in an author, as well as in a preacher, to send one away with an appetite.

It will please and profit the pious of every name, and even worldly readers can not resist the charms of its narrative.

You have now my complaint against the "Itinerant" for interrupting my studies; perhaps you may have a similar ground of complaint against him. I leave him to your judgment. But I must, in duty bound, add that I heartily forgive him, and thank him too, for the entertainment and edification with which I have hung over his "Foot-Prints."

B. P. AYDELOTTE.

Cincinnati, September 25, 1855.

From Dr. Thomson.

I sat down to the perusal of the "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant," by Rev. M. P. Gaddis, in no criticising mood; indeed, I was determined to be pleased with it for its author's sake. When an enlightened and good man, moved by love for souls, leaves a lucrative calling for the work of the ministry, and, after spending his best days in the service of the Church, is obliged by sickness to retire without ample resources for the support and education of his family, we can not but feel for him. Brother Gaddis has nobly refused to touch the collections of the Church for her superannuated and worn-out ministers, leaving his share to be divided among the widows and orphans of such as have died in the itinerant field. He has spent his time since his retirement pleasantly and usefully in writing his book. It is a work, however, which needs not our mercy; it will bear criticism much better than many works of far greater pretensions; its sweet simplicity of style and thought is its charm. It is chiefly autobiographical, and this portion of the book is the more interesting one—many of its descriptions are thrilling. The other part is historical, and possesses great interest.

One can not easily rise from it till he has finished the last chapter, and when he has closed it he can scarcely fail to feel that he is a better man. It is well calculated to make a deep religious impression, and should be circulated among young men; to such of them as have ever been sensible of a call to preach, it will be a trumpet-note—to all it will be full of salutary warning and admonition.

It seems, like the author himself, to be a universal favorite, for the press, both secular and religious, is loud in its praise. I was particularly struck with the volunteer notice of our friend, Rev. Dr. Aydelotte, than which the author need desire nothing more.

It is very gratifying to learn that the book is likely to have an extensive sale, both at the east and west.

E. THOMSON.

Ohio Wesleyan University, October 29, 1855.

From Dr. Durbin.

We picked up the "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant" as we were departing from New York to the west, and found it a very interesting book. Perhaps it may have been peculiarly so to us, because it covered the ground of our early ministry in the west, and recited the names of many of our earliest and best friends, some of whom have gone to their final rest. It contains a fresh picture of early western itinerant life among Methodist ministers, and is imbued with the spirit of piety. There are remarkable and beautiful incidents and passages in it, which illustrate life in the early Church in the west.

J. P. DURBIN.

Philadelphia, November, 1855.

From Dr. Kidder.

If the writer of the "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant" were as well known in the east as he is in the west, it would be unnecessary for me to add another to the many flattering notices which his autobiography has already received. After some twenty years' active service in the itinerancy, chiefly in the state of Ohio, Mr. Gaddis has been forced by ill-health to desist from preaching, and has published his "Foot-Prints," as a means of adding to the slight income of a worn-out preacher no longer able to blow the Gospel trumpet. It is really surprising to see what a series of thrilling incidents Mr. Gaddis has been able to collect from the scenes of real life through which he has passed. All these are related with great pertinence, and made to bear directly upon the subject of religion. I am assured by some young persons who have read the volume, that its narratives are decidedly more *interesting than fiction*, while they can scarcely fail to leave good impressions on the mind and heart. I take pleasure in recommending this book to those who have not yet become acquainted with it.

D. P. KIDDER.

New York, December 4, 1855.

From Bishop Hamline.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your book has been a feast indeed to me and to my family. I did not look at all for such a book. I was not aware that you had so many choice incidents, full of instruction as well as entertainment, on hand.

To speak plainly, it is a rare book, and will not only do good to thousands, but will preach to multitudes after you ascend to glory. It is destined to an extensive sale, and not for a brief period, but for years and years to come. It will rank among the very best books of its class, while Methodism and its ministers are loved on earth. So I believe.

L. L. HAMLINE.

Schenectady, N. Y., October 18, 1855.

From Dr. Clark,

EDITOR OF THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Brother Gaddis is one of the most genial spirits we have met with in the west; his experience has been largely varied, and its details and incidents now gathered into a volume make a most *telling work*. We trust that its circulation will keep pace with, and even excel that of the Autobiography of the "Old Chief."

From the London (Wesleyan) Quarterly Review.

The following "Brief Literary Notice" is copied from the London Quarterly Review for July, 1856, a Wesleyan Methodist "Review" well known in England:

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. JAMES B. FINLEY. Cincinnati. 1854.

"FOOT-PRINTS OF AN ITINERANT. *By Maxwell P. Gaddis, of the Cincinnati conference.* 1856.

"To those whose minds are sufficiently expansive to feel an interest in the spread of religious truth in the remote parts of the world, and under circumstances very different from those with which we are familiar in this country, we commend these volumes. They belong to the religious literature of America, and have all the freshness and redundance which characterize the soil. The reader will find the earnest evangelist, in homely guise, wandering amid the gloomy forest paths, threading the mountain gorges, or crossing vast and flowery prairies, in the pursuit of his noble purpose, indifferent to the numberless discomforts and real dangers in his path. They will see how singularly fitted he is for his peculiar work, and admire the providential wisdom which provides the moral and physical training especially required for its achievement. But chiefly will they rejoice to find that the same great triumphs which elsewhere attend the preaching of the truth, track the footsteps of the backwoods evangelist—that the sling and the smooth stone from the brook are made as effective, under God's blessing, as the more polished weapons of well-stored armories. The future historian of America will be compelled to admit the force of undoubted facts tending conclusively to show, that to this class of itinerant preachers must be attributed the preservation of tens of thousands of his scattered and isolated countrymen, who must else have lapsed into a state of degradation little removed from that of the savages whom they have displaced."

From Hon. Judge Bellamy Storer, Cincinnati.

The simple yet beautiful and touching description of the many incidents this excellent man has been permitted, in the discharge of his religious duties, to witness, his untiring labor, strong faith, and ardent piety, give no ordinary value to the work. It is refreshing in these days of artificial thought and cold *formalism*, when philosophy, falsely so called, has taken the place of the old-fashioned Gospel, to find here an outpouring of true evangelical feeling, assuring us that the writer of these delightful pages is a Christian in the highest sense—not the follower of a sect, but of our common Master. We earnestly hope the volume may find its way into every Christian family; no one, certainly, can read it without being made wiser and better.

From Dr. T. M. Eddy,

EDITOR OF THE NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

I am highly delighted to see how wide is the demand for the "Foot-Prints" of Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis. I meet it every-where I go, in town and country—among rich and poor. Many buy and many borrow it. And wherein lies its charm? I answer, that the book is readable *per se*. It is written in simple, earnest style, and such the people love. But there is another—it lifts the vail and gives a view of the inside life of itinerancy; it opens the closet-door, and leads us into its secret struggles, its heart-anguish, its vitalized realities! It paints the facts which make the chivalry of itinerancy; it is a living panorama.

From Dr. L. D. Huston,

EDITOR OF THE HOME CIRCLE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

To us this book is a treasure. Its author, one of the kindliest spirits we have ever known, has long been our cherished friend. He has been an eminently successful itinerant, having labored in some of the most extensive and remarkable revivals of religion which have occurred during the last twenty years; and we suppose there is not in Ohio a man of his age so universally beloved by the Methodists. In tracing his "Foot-Prints," we have been led to many a "remembered spot," while the portrait and autograph are as familiar and dear as things of the household. The work will, of course, have a large circulation where the author is known; and we can assure our people that its pages will impart instruction and comfort wherever they are read.

From Rev. John T. Mitchell.

The author of "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant" has written a *good book*, in an attractive style—a book that will live and do good when he and all his generation shall have passed away. I congratulate him that he has thus repeated and perpetuated his itinerant labors, and hope he may reap a rich reward here, and doubt not but that his crown will be the brighter when every man shall receive according to his work. To my friends scattered in the north-west, and elsewhere, I would say, most cordially—Read these Foot-Prints. Put this book in the hands of your children, and commend it to your neighbors; it will do them good. God bless the superannuated itinerant, and renew his youthful vigor!

JOHN T. MITCHELL.

Urbana, Ohio, March 4, 1856.

From the Masonic Review.

We have given this book a thorough reading, and now thank the author for furnishing us a work so full of interesting description and thrilling narrative. Its pencilings are drawn by a master-hand, and its sketches of scenes and characters are true to the life. Its stories are told with a truthfulness and vividness that move the heart, and, despite of philosophy, the tears will flow—luxurious tears, that make you feel happier when you have shed them. We cordially commend this volume, by brother Gaddis, to our readers. They will realize the worth of their money, twice told, every time they read it.

THE SACRED HOUR.

BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,

OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

THREE THOUSAND COPIES ISSUED.

STEREOTYPED BY JOHN K. GERHARD, AT THE OFFICE OF THE RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE, DAYTON, O.; AND PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY SWORMSTEDT & POE, AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, CINCINNATI.
PRICE, 60 CTS.; GILT EDGES, 75 CTS.

Embellished with a Fine Steel Engraving of Miss Caldwell.

EXTRACTS OF TESTIMONIALS.

From the Methodist Quarterly Review, for October, 1856.

"THE SACRED HOUR, by Maxwell P. Gaddis, Author of 'Foot-Prints of an Itinerant.'"—It is generally a defective title of a book which does not of itself give a "*key*" to the subject. Two Christian ladies, attracted by Christian sympathy to each other, covenant together as mutual assistants in the solemn and delightful work of attaining personal holiness of heart and life. A regular spiritual correspondence by letter, a concerted *sacred hour* of simultaneous prayer, a systematic devotional study, daily, of the same portion of Scripture, the appropriation of Fridays to special fasting and devotion, and the committing to memory each day one Scripture passage as a motto for the spiritual life of the day, were the articles of their holy covenant. The correspondence and the resulting Christian experience, terminating in the translation through the gates of death to a better world of one of the ladies, form the substance of the work.

Surely holiness is the "central idea of Christianity." It is the end for which the Church exists and the Christian should live. Every Christian should avail himself of those means which he feels to be suited to his peculiar make, to attain this high blessing. There are doubtless thousands in our Church to whose hearts this little book would prove a special blessing.

From the late Rev. J. V. Watson, D. D.,

EDITOR OF THE NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

The "Sacred Hour" is another volume from the pen of Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, author of the "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant." If this second attempt at authorship, by our old friend, be a tithe as successful as the first promises to be, brother Gaddis will have no cause to complain that the public does not appreciate his labors. His first book—the "Foot-Prints"—we believe, has reached its ninth, if not its tenth thousand, though but a few months from the press. We doubt not but that the "Sacred Hour" will help to consecrate the hours of thousands. We find it full of marrow and fatness—of that spirit of faith, prayer, and consecration which will find a responsive echo in every heart dead, or dying, to the world.

From Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D.

The idea as expressed in the title of this book is beautiful. We commend both the example and the book to our readers. We find in the former what all young Christians may imitate, and in the latter numerous allusions to Sunday schools and the teacher's work.

From Bishop L. L. Hamline, D. D.

It has rendered several hours of my life *sacred* by the hallowing influence it shed upon my heart. It adds another volume to those which owe their being and authorship to your supervision. And this, like others, contains no word, I think, which you will regret when dying. I rejoice that, while your pulpit labors fail, you can wield a pen for Christ. Next to the former, I know of no service so desirable and useful as the latter.

From the Home Circle, Nashville, Tenn.

We are persuaded that no one can read this book without receiving benefit from its perusal. The spirit of the author, which has been our admiration from early youth, is fully shown in these pages. His childlike earnestness, the simple fervor of his wish to be still employed in the service of God, substituting his pen for his ruined voice, are in glorious contrast with the whining, fault-finding spirit which darkens the declining years of many invalids. With all possible emphasis do we recommend this book to all who admire evangelical piety, or are seeking a holy heart.

From the Editor of the Indianapolis Daily Journal.

Knowing all the parties introduced into this book, as well as the author himself; familiar by frequent mention of several incidents dwelt upon in the book, we give our indorsements to all the statements therein contained, as being true to life, in word and action. The book is really one of superior merit. It has a mission to fulfill which other contributions to personal religious knowledge have not aimed at. We are satisfied that all believers in the doctrine of experimental religion, not to say others, will be all the better for the perusal of "The Sacred Hour."

From the Religious Telescope.

This work has in it, from beginning to end, what is now so much needed in all the Churches—the savor of *genuine godliness*. The *Letters* reveal the interior life of two Christian ladies—one living on earth and the other in heaven—who were most ardently attached to Christ and each other. These letters are followed by several chapters of good things in Mr. Gaddis's peculiar and effective style.

From the Unity Magazine.

We very cheerfully recommend the Sacred Hour to our readers. It is an excellent book to put into the hands of young converts. It is full of good things. Get a copy for your children.

OHIO CONFERENCE OFFERING;

OR, SERMONS AND SKETCHES OF SERMONS, FROM THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

EDITED BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS,

OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

FIVE THOUSAND COPIES ISSUED.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR, BY MESSRS. SWORMSTEDT & POE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. 12MO.
PAGES, 423. PRICE, $1.

EXTRACTS OF TESTIMONIALS.

From the Methodist Quarterly Review.

The volume is worthy of a most extended circulation, in view of its intrinsic excellence.

From Dr. M'Ferrin,

EDITOR OF THE NASHVILLE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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